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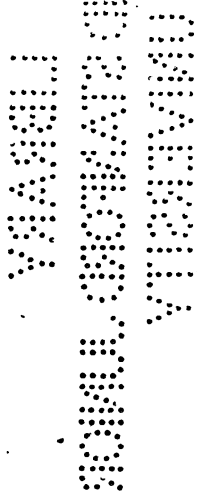
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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1814.

ART. I. *A Voyage to Terra Australis, undertaken for the Purpose of completing the Discovery of that vast Country, and prosecuted in the Years 1801, 1802, and 1803, in his Majesty's Ship Investigator, and subsequently in the Armed Vessel Porpoise and Cumberland Schooner. With an Account of the Shipwreck of the Porpoise, Arrival of the Cumberland at Mauritius, and Imprisonment of the Commander during six Years and a half in that Island.* By Mathew Flinders, Commander of the Investigator. In Two Volumes, with an Atlas. London. 1814.

THE very same day, we believe, that ushered into the world the volumes before us, released from its cares and vexations their unfortunate and injured author. He may indeed be considered as singularly unfortunate, in so far as, without any fault of his own, the latter, and what might have been the best, years of his life, were passed in bitterness of heart, in cruel disappointment, in sickness, and in prison. A brief sketch of the transactions which brought upon him those evil days will not be misplaced, as they arose immediately out of those professional duties, on which he was employed, not so much for his own benefit, nor for that of his country alone, as for the general interests of science, and the good of mankind. We confess too that we indulge a feeling of gratification in holding up to the scorn and detestation of mankind the author of his unmerited sufferings; a gratification that is not diminished by the circumstance of that author being one of those willing and active instruments of a base and malignant tyrant, whose crimes, instead of meeting that exemplary punishment which they so justly deserved, have, unhappily for the world's repose, been rewarded with wealth and honours.

Mr. Flinders, when employed as a lieutenant of one of his Majesty's ships on the New South Wales station in 1798, had various opportunities of gratifying an ardent desire of, as well as evincing great skill in, exploring unknown coasts and harbours, and of affording proof how well qualified he was to conduct a voyage of nautical discovery. The existence of a strait dividing New Hol-

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land from Van Dieman's land had been suggested as a probable fact by Mr. Bass, the surgeon of the *Reliance*, deduced from an observation which he had made, while running down the coast in a whale boat, that the heavy swell, which rolled in from the westward, could proceed only from the great southern ocean. It was deemed of considerable importance to the new settlement on the eastern coast, to ascertain this fact; and Mr. Flinders, together with Mr. Bass, was sent on this service in the *Norfolk*, a small decked boat of twenty-five tons burthen, built of the fir of the island from which she was named; and in three months he returned to Port Jackson with an interesting account of the survey of the coasts of Van Dieman's land, and the circumnavigation of that island, which confirmed the conjecture of Mr. Bass; and the strait now bears his name.

In the following year, he was again sent in the same vessel to explore the coast to the northward of Port Jackson, of which nothing more was then known than the imperfect notices given by Captain Cook. Having visited and minutely examined all the creeks and bays as far to the northward as the 25th degree of latitude, and more particularly *Glass-house* and *Harvey's* bays, he returned to Port Jackson with a very satisfactory account of his discoveries. Such indeed was his ardour for nautical discovery that, four years before the period of which we are speaking, he launched a little boat eight feet long, significantly named *Tom Thumb*, the crew of which consisted of himself, his friend Bass, and a boy; in this he entered Botany Bay, and explored George's river, twenty miles beyond the termination of Governor Hunter's survey. Again, in 1796, the *Tom Thumb* put to sea with her stout crew to explore the coast to the southward of Botany Bay; they made several discoveries, encountered many dangers, and were, almost miraculously, saved from being swallowed up, by gaining the shelter of a projecting point, which they called *Providential Cove*.

The naval administration at home began, as it would seem, to be somewhat ashamed, that, after an unmolested possession of ten years, so very little should be known, and so much remain to be discovered, of the sea coasts of New South Wales.

'It was not without some reason,' says Captain Flinders, 'attributed to England as a reproach, that an imaginary line of more than 250 leagues in extent, in the vicinity of one of her colonies, should have been so long suffered to remain traced upon the charts, under the title of UNKNOWN COAST.'

This reproach it was therefore determined to wipe away by completing what Nuyts and Tasman, Dampier, Cook, and Vancouver had left unfinished; and Lieutenant, now Captain Flinders, was pointed

pointed out as the most proper and capable person to be employed on such a service.

On the 18th of July, 1801, he sailed from Spithead in the *Investigator*, a north-country-built ship of 334 tons, with a complement of 88 persons, including an astronomer, a naturalist, a natural history painter, a landscape painter, with their four servants, a gardener and a miner. Having touched at Madeira and the Cape of Good Hope for refreshments, the *Investigator* proceeded across the southern ocean, and on the 6th of December approached Cape Leuwen, on the south coast of New Holland, when Captain Flinders immediately commenced his operations by examining and verifying the points on the coast, islands, and inlets of that great extent of land called Nuyts land; and more minutely exploring the unknown portion of that coast which extends from the point where Nuyts and Vancouver terminated their discoveries to the place where the *Investigator* met the *Géographe*, commanded by Monsieur Baudin, near the eastern extremity of Bass's strait, which Captain Flinders calls Encounter Bay. Here he gives to the French Captain an account of his discoveries, proceeds to Port Jackson to refit, which he entered on the 9th of May, 1802.

On the 22d of July Captain Flinders again departed from Port Jackson, steered northerly along the east coast, and explored Northumberland and Cumberland islands, and the *Great Barrier reefs* of coral rock, through the intricate and dangerous passages of which he conducted the *Investigator* for fourteen days. Continuing, after this, his course to the northward, and passing Torres straits, he entered the great gulph of Carpentaria, every part of the eastern side of which, with its projecting capes, creeks, bays, and islands, he examined with minute attention. Here, however, it became necessary to caulk the ship, when, to his great mortification, the officers reported her to be in such a rotten state as to be wholly unfit to encounter bad weather; they added, that if she should get on shore under any unfavourable circumstances, she must immediately go to pieces; that she was too far gone to bear heaving down on any account; but that in fine weather, and barring accident, she might run six months longer. With such a vessel it would have been little short of madness to continue, as he had hitherto done, 'to follow the land so closely, that the washing of the surf upon it should be visible, and no opening, nor any thing of interest escape notice.' To attempt a passage to Port Jackson at this season, by the west, would be to encounter the unfavourable monsoon; by the east, stormy weather and multiplied dangers in Torres strait. On these considerations he proceeded to complete the survey of the gulph of Carpentaria, which occupied three of the six months which was the reported probable duration of the ship.

ship. Captain Flinders's health, and that of his ship's company, began now to feel the effects of fatigue, and the want of nourishing food, in a debilitating climate, and an atmosphere abounding with heat and moisture. It was therefore deemed expedient to make for Timor, and accordingly the Investigator anchored in Coepang bay on the 31st of March, 1803.

Leaving Coepang bay on the 8th of April, he stood towards Cape Leeuwen, having searched in vain for the *Trial Rocks*, the existence of which had been doubted by many, and which, if they exist at all, have a situation very different from that assigned to them in the charts. Passing to the southward along the western coast, he anchored in Goose island bay in the archipelago of the Recherche, passed Bass's strait a second time, and on the 9th of June entered Port Jackson, having lost many of his best men by the dysentery, together with Mr. Good, the botanical gardener, 'a zealous worthy man, who was regretted by all.'

Here the Investigator, by a regular survey, was found so excessively rotten, that she was reported 'not worth repairing in any country, and impossible, in this country, to be put in a state fit for going to sea.' She was therefore condemned and sold. It was with great reluctance that Captain Flinders, on finding it impossible to continue the survey, embarked as a passenger in the Porpoise storeship, 'in order to lay his charts and journals before the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and obtain, if such should be their pleasure, another ship to complete the examination of Terra Australis.' Lieutenant Fowler, who commanded her, was directed by the Governor to 'take especial care to lose no time in getting to England by the route Captain Flinders might indicate.' The route he chose to pursue was that of Torres' strait, not only with the view of making the speediest passage, but of obtaining at the same time some additional knowledge of its navigation. The commanders of two ships bound for Batavia being desirous of accompanying him obtained permission to do so. These ships were the *Bridgewater*, commanded by Captain Palmer, and the *Cato*, of London, commanded by Captain Park. In pursuing their course to the northward, on the night of the 17th of August, the Porpoise suddenly found herself among breakers, and momentarily afterwards, 'striking upon a coral reef, took a fearful heel over her larboard beam ends.' Her foremast was carried away at the second or third shock, and her bottom was presently reported to be stove in, and the hold full of water. The *Cato* and the *Bridgewater* were not more than a cable's length from the Porpoise, and they appeared to approach so closely that their running aboard each other seemed inevitable..

'This was an awful moment; the utmost silence prevailed; and when

when the bows of the two ships went to meet, even respiration seemed to be suspended. The ships advanced, and we expected to hear the dreadful crash; but presently they opened off from each other, having passed side by side without touching; the *Cato* steering to the north-east, and the *Bridgewater* to the southward. Our own safety seemed to have no other dependence than upon the two ships, and the exultation we felt at seeing this most imminent danger passed, was great, but of short duration; the *Cato* struck upon the reef about two cables length from the *Porpoise*, we saw her fall over on her broadside, and the masts almost instantly disappeared; but the darkness of the night did not admit of distinguishing, at that distance, what further might have happened.—(Vol. ii. p. 300.)

The *Bridgewater* was more successful. By a light at her mast-head it was perceived that she had cleared the reef; and it was hoped that she would tack and send boats to their assistance. This not being the case, Captain Flinders volunteered to communicate with Captain Palmer in the gig, to which he swam, but she was nearly full of water, had only two oars, and no regular boat's crew, and the ship was standing from them; they therefore remained quietly under the breakers till morning, when the *Bridgewater* had entirely disappeared. Captain Park and the crew of the *Cato* had passed the night in momentary expectation of perishing, but clung to the hope that the *Bridgewater* would send her boats in the morning to rescue them; from the *Porpoise* they entertained no hope. A dry sand appeared with the day-light half a mile distant, and at the same time the *Bridgewater* standing towards the reef; but she soon tacked and was seen no more. The boats of the *Porpoise* were sent to receive the *Cato*'s men who swam on spars or pieces of plank to them through the breakers. Several were bruised against the coral rocks, and three lads were drowned. With all possible expedition several casks of water, of salt meat, flour, rice and spirits; and such pigs and sheep as had escaped, were landed from the *Porpoise* upon the sand-bank. As the only prospect of safety in this perilous situation was the establishment of perfect discipline, Captain Flinders as senior officer took the command of the whole. Of Captain Palmer's conduct he speaks in the severest terms.

He bore away round all; and whilst the two hapless vessels were still visible from the mast-head, passed the leeward extremity of the reef, and was to for the night. The apprehension of danger to himself must then have ceased; but he neither attempted to work up in the smooth water, nor sent any of his boats to see whether some unfortunate individuals were not clinging to the wrecks, whom he might snatch from the sharks, or save from a more lingering death; it was safer, in his estimation, to continue on his voyage, and publish that we

were all lost, as he did not fail to do, on his arrival in India.'—(Vol. ii. p. 307.)

But there was an EYE that marked him.—The officers and crews of the *Porpoise* and *Cato*, as Captain Flinders observes, reached England in safety, whilst Captain Palmer and the *Bridge-water*, who left Bombay for Europe, were never heard of more.

After remaining on the sand-bank two days, a council was held on what was best to be done; and it was determined that a cutter should be sent to Port Jackson to communicate the disaster; but as her arrival there, at that season, was extremely doubtful, it was further resolved that two decked boats should be built from the wreck. It appeared to be the general opinion that Captain Flinders should undertake the passage in the open cutter; and to provide against sickness and accidents, Captain Park, of the *Cato*, volunteered to accompany him. The number of men on the sand-bank was ninety-four, and the water and provisions were found on survey to be sufficient for three months' consumption. Most of the charts, logs, bearing-books, and astronomical observations, were saved; but the rare plants collected on different parts of the south, east, and north coasts of Terra Australis, for his Majesty's Botanical Gardens at Kew, were totally destroyed, as were also the dried specimens of plants.

The sand-bank to which the unfortunate crews of the two ships owed their safety, was about one hundred and fifty fathoms in length by fifty in breadth, and the general elevation about four feet above the level of high water.

It consists of sand and pieces of coral thrown up by the waves and eddy tides on a patch of reef five or six miles in circuit; and being nearly in the middle of the patch, the sea does no more, even in a gale, than send a light spray over the bank; sufficient, however, to prevent the growth of any other than a few diminutive salt plants.

A piece of timber found here, and judged to be part of the stern-post of a ship of about 400 tons, induced Captain Flinders to suppose it might, not improbably, have belonged to *La Bonssole* or *L'Astrolabe*. These coral reefs lay in the proposed route of *M. de la Peyrouse* from Botany Bay, and Captain Flinders observes, that had the *Porpoise*, like the *Cato*, fallen over towards the sea, instead of heeling to the reef, no more would have ever been heard of either than of the ships of that unfortunate navigator.

On the morning of the 26th of August, Captain Flinders left the reef in the cutter, which they named the *Hope*, and after a perilous voyage of 750 miles in this open boat, reached Port Jackson on the 8th of September. The governor immediately engaged the *Rolla*, bound to China, to go to the relief of the officers and crews of the *Porpoise* and *Cato*, and ordered two colonial schooners to accom-

pany

pany her, one of which was offered to take Captain Flinders through Torres strait, and by the most expeditious passage to Europe, if he should prefer this before taking the long route by China in the *Rolla*.

'This schooner,' says Capt. Flinders, 'was something less than a Gravesend passage-boat, being only of twenty-nine tons burthen; and therefore it required some consideration before acceding to the proposal. Her small size, when compared with the distance from Port Jackson to England, was not my greatest objection to the little *Cumberland*; it was the quickness of her motion, and the want of convenience, which would prevent the charts and journal of my voyage from being prepared on the passage, and render the whole so much time lost to this important object.'

On the 21st of September they left Port Jackson, but the second day shewed the *Cumberland* to be leaky and able to carry very little sail; the pumps being useless, the water nearly half filled the hold, 'and two hours longer would have reduced us to baling with buckets, and perhaps have been fatal. This essay,' continues Capt. Flinders, 'did not lead me to think favourably of the vessel in which I had undertaken a voyage half round the globe.'

On the 7th of October they anchored under the lee of the sand-bank, and were received with a salute of eleven guns, which had been landed from the *Porpoise*.

'On landing,' says Capt. Flinders, 'I was greeted with three hearty cheers, and the utmost joy, by my officers and people; and the pleasure of rejoining my companions, so amply provided with the means of relieving their distress, made this one of the happiest moments of my life.'

The people were immediately told that such as chose to be discharged from the service might return in the *Francis* schooner to Port Jackson, the rest would be received in the *Rolla*, and carried to China; with the exception of certain officers and men, who would be taken to England in the *Cumberland*, if they should chuse to risk themselves in so small a vessel, all of whom cheerfully accepted the offer, with the exception of his clerk.

In his absence they had planted on *Wreck-reef* bank, oats, maize, and pumpkin seeds, the young plants of which had come up and were in a flourishing state; and Captain Flinders feelingly regrets that they had no cocoa-nuts, the trees of which are capable of resisting the light sprays of the sea, to plant out. These trees are no bad beacons to warn mariners of their danger, and the fruit affords a salutary nourishment to shipwrecked seamen.

'The navigator,' he observes, 'who should distribute ten thousand cocoa-nuts amongst the numerous sand-banks of the Great Ocean and Indian Sea, would be entitled to the gratitude of all maritime nations,

and of every friend to humanity. I may be thought to attribute too much importance to this object, in saying that such a distribution ought to be a leading article in the instructions for any succeeding voyage of discovery or investigation to these parts; but it is from having suffered ourselves that we learn to appreciate the misfortunes and wants of others, and become doubly interested in preventing or relieving them. "The human heart," as an elegant author observes, "resembles certain medicinal trees, which yield not their healing balm until they have themselves been wounded."

When all were relieved from their distressing situation and disposed of according to their wishes, the Cumberland proceeded on her voyage, passed through Torres strait, examined the Eastern fields and Pandora's entrance, explored new channels among the coral reefs, examined Prince of Wales's islands, crossed the gulph of Carpentaria, and after anchoring at the Wessel's islands, on the western side of the gulph, stood for Coepang bay in the island of Timor; and having there refitted and refreshed the crew, sailed for the Mauritius, where the leaky state of the schooner made it necessary to touch. She was therefore anchored in the Baye au Cap, and from thence proceeded to Port Louis.

Some circumstances occurred while at Baye au Cap which raised a suspicion in the mind of Captain Flinders that they might detain the Cumberland at Port Louis, as it was remarked that the passport given by Citizen Otto, by order of the First Consul, was solely for the Investigator; but as the Cape of Good Hope was in the hands of the Dutch, and Captain Flinders was willing to persuade himself that the conduct of the creature of Buonaparte, who professed himself the patron of science, could hardly be less liberal than that of two preceding French governments, to Captain Cook in the American, and Captain Vancouver in the revolutionary war, he banished all doubt, and made himself confident of the same kind reception at Port Louis, which the Captains Baudin and Hamlin acknowledged to have met with at Port Jackson.

On his arrival there, however, he soon perceived his mistake. The Governor and Captain-General De Caen, at his first interview, behaved with true republican rudeness, affected to disbelieve him to be the officer described in the passport; treated him as an impostor and a spy; ordered all his books, charts, and papers on shore; the Cumberland to be seized; and himself and the master of the schooner to be conducted to a lodging in the town, before the door of which a sentinel was immediately placed. Ascending a dirty staircase, they were put into a miserable chamber, containing two truckle-beds without curtains, a small table, and two rush-bottomed chairs. If they could have slept in this miserable hole, undisturbed by the multitude of bugs and mosquitoes, the entrance of two grenadiers would have prevented their repose; one of whom walked

walked backward and forward between their beds, as a sentinel on his post, without paying the least attention to those who occupied them. In this miserable room Captain Flinders was kept a close prisoner nearly four months.

It would exceed our limits, were we to follow up the history of the repeated insults and cruelties heaped upon Captain Flinders by this tool of Buonaparte, for nearly seven years that he was unjustly kept in captivity in the Isle of France. The detail of the sufferings that he underwent, both in body and mind, occupy a very considerable, perhaps we should say rather too considerable a portion of the second volume; but they serve to mark the lamentable degradation of character which the French nation suffered under the dominion of a low-minded and malignant tyrant, and which we fear will require the lapse of another generation before it be completely worn out. Several of the French officers, and particularly Admiral Linois, applied to the Captain-General in his behalf, but in vain; this governor even refused him permission to leave his prison in the town for a residence in the country, though one of the French surgeons in the island stated it to be necessary, on account of his bodily health and scorbutic sores, contracted by long fatigue, scanty and poor food, and an unhealthy climate. At length however, by the intercession of Captain Bergeret, this indulgence was granted, and he was removed to the Garden prison, but not before his papers, his sword, and his spy-glasses were taken from him. To his letters and remonstrances he could obtain no answer.

His own health, and that of his master, began now to be seriously affected, and they were visited by M. Laborde, the principal physician of the Medical Staff, who gave a certificate, that country air and exercise were necessary for the restoration of their health; but the unfeeling De Caen contented himself by sending a message to the doctor, desiring him not to interfere with matters which did not concern him.

All applications in their favour from the most respectable inhabitants and officers, from the Marquis of Wellesley and Sir Edward Pellew, having proved fruitless; and a hint having been communicated that they might probably remain prisoners *during the war*,

‘The state of incertitude,’ says Captain Flinders, ‘in which I remained after nearly three years of anxiety, brought on a dejection of spirits which might have proved fatal, had I not sought, by constant occupation, to force my mind from a subject so destructive to its repose; such an end to my detention would have given too much pleasure to the Captain-General, and from a sort of perversity in human nature, this conviction even brought its share of support.’

The effect of long protracted expectation, and of hope deferred,
often

often changing its object and as often disappointed, was strongly marked in a faithful servant of Captain Flinders, who could not be prevailed upon to leave him when the others were exchanged.

'Despair,' says Captain Flinders, 'of our being ever set at liberty, had now wholly taken possession of his senses. He imagined that all the inhabitants of the island, even those who were most friendly, were leagued with the Captain-General against us; the signals on the hills communicated my every step; the political articles in the gazettes related in a metaphorical manner the designs carrying on; the new laws at that time publishing, shewed the punishments we were doomed to suffer; persons seen in conversation; every thing in fine had some connection with this mysterious league; and the dread of some sudden and overwhelming blow left him no peace, either by day or night. This state of mind continued some months, his sleep and appetite had forsaken him, and he wasted daily; and finding no other means of cure than persuading him to return to England, where he might still render me service, a permission for his departure was requested and granted.'—vol. ii. p. 458.

Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, with whom indeed the expedition might be said to originate, had applied early to the National Institute, to interfere for the release of Captain Flinders, who had been so unjustly detained. In July, 1804, the Council of State had decided 'to approve of the conduct of General De Caen, and from a pure sentiment of generosity to grant to Captain Flinders his liberty, and the restitution of his vessel.' In 1806, and not before, this decision was approved by Buonaparte; it was said to have been sent out in triplicate by French vessels; and a quadruplicate was forwarded from England, through Sir Edward Pellew, which was avowedly the first that was received, in July, 1807. This year however passed away, and the following also, but still no release—on the contrary, the limits of his parole were abridged.

It is pretty clear, from this conduct of De Caen, that the orders for Captain Flinders's release were either never sent from France, or that they were accompanied by counter-orders to detain him; and the object of this despicable conduct we think we have already rightly conjectured, in our review of M. Peron's book. Captain Flinders seems to entertain the same opinion of the views of Buonaparte, or the Institute in France, but thinks that vindictive or interested motives alone swayed De Caen. In the first instance they unquestionably did; and it was generally supposed in the island that if Captain Flinders had not refused to dine with him, after his ungentlemanlike conduct at their first interview, he would very speedily have been liberated. Having however once made him a prisoner, the next step was to justify what he had done by falsifying facts, and imputing motives that had no existence. His conduct was

was approved in France, and the following extract may explain why it was.

'The publication of the French voyage of discovery, written by M. Peron, was in great forwardness, and the Emperor Napoleon, considering it to be a national work, had granted a considerable sum to render the publication complete. From a *Moniteur* of July, 1808, it appeared that French names were given to all my discoveries, and those of Captain Grant, on the south coast of Terra Australis: it was kept out of sight that I had ever been upon the coast; and in speaking of M. Peron's first volume, the newspapers asserted, that no voyage ever made by the English nation could be compared with that of the *Géographe* and *Naturaliste*. It may be remembered, that after exploring the south coast up to Kangaroo island, with the two gulphs, I met Captain Baudin, and gave him the first information of those places, and of the advantages they offered him; and it was but an ill return to seek to deprive me of the little honour attending the discovery.'—vol. ii. p. 470.

That his prolonged confinement was a trick to rob him of the merit of his discoveries, we think will admit of little doubt. In M. Peron's first volume (the second never has, and now in all probability never will appear) he claims for his nation the discovery of all the parts between *Western-port* in Bass's strait, and Nuyts archipelago, to which is given the name of *Terre Napoléon*. Kangaroo island is converted into l'Ile Decrés; Spencer's gulph is named Golfe Bonaparte; and the Gulph of St. Vincent, Golfe Joséphine; and so on, along the whole coast to Cape Nuyts, not even the smallest island being left without some similar stamp of French discovery; yet the *Géographe* had but just entered the strait from the eastward, for the first time, when met by the Investigator, after Captain Flinders had explored every part of the coast to the westward, and informed Captain Baudin of his discoveries. He afterwards, at Port Jackson, shewed one of his charts to Captain Baudin, in the presence of M. Peron, when M. Freycinet, his first lieutenant, addressing himself to Captain Flinders, observed,

"Captain, if we had not been kept so long picking up shells and catching butterflies at Van Dieman's land, you would not have discovered the south coast before us."—'How then,' asks Captain Flinders, 'came M. Peron to advance what was so contrary to truth? Was he a man destitute of all principle? My answer is, that I believe his candour to have been equal to his acknowledged abilities; and that what he wrote was from over-ruling authority, and smote him to the heart; he did not live to finish the second volume.'

No, nor had he lived, could he have brought it out. The reference to charts in the first, which had no existence, made it necessary to produce those charts in the second, and they had none to produce.

'I shewed to Captain Baudin,' says Captain Flinders, 'one of my charts of the southern coast, containing the part first explored by him, and distinctly marked as his discovery. He made no objection to the justice of the limits therein pointed out; but found his portion to be smaller than he had supposed, not having been before aware of the extent of the discoveries previously made by Captain Grant. After examining the chart, he said, apparently as a reason for not producing any of his own, *that his charts were not constructed on board the ship*; but that he transmitted to Paris all his bearings and observations, with a regular series of views of the land, and from them the charts were to be made at some future time.'

After this we are not surprized at the dilemma in which poor M. Peron found himself, having referred to charts which had no existence. Luckily for Captain Flinders, though De Caen had robbed him of his log-books, one of which has never yet been returned, he had not the sagacity to secure the charts. It is on this ground we venture to predict, that although the second volume of M. Peron's voyage was sent to the press, it will either never be published, or, if published, will be accompanied with the pillaged copies, perhaps a little altered, of Captain Flinders's charts.

At length, in 1810, Captain Flinders was allowed to quit the island on giving his parole not to act in any service which might be considered as directly or indirectly hostile to France or its allies during the war; and he arrived in England on the 24th of October, 1810, after an absence of nine years and three months.

But the cruel and inhuman treatment of the French Governor of Mauritius had not only ruined his health but was the cause of losing him six years post rank in his Majesty's naval service, a loss and disappointment which could not fail to prey severely on his mind. A regulation of the Admiralty, it seems, forbids any officer from being promoted while a prisoner. Mr. Yorke, then first Lord of the Admiralty, directed that his commission should be dated as near to the date of his liberation as the patent which constituted the Board over which he presided would allow, but more he could not do. He also gave every encouragement to the speedy publication of the voyage, by ordering the charts and embellishments to be executed at the public expense, and a release from parole that had so improperly been exacted from him, was, after three strong remonstrances, obtained in 1812. But the seeds of disease had taken too deep root. By great exertion he completed the narrative, the charts, and the laborious calculations in a manner that does his memory the greatest credit as an able observer, navigator, draftsman, and astronomer. But when the exertion ceased, and the mind had lost its elasticity, the body sunk under the disease which accumulated misfortunes and disappointments had occasioned, and which a brutal and unfeeling slave of a despot had inflicted.

Before

Before we proceed to give some account of the discoveries made by Captain Flinders, we deem it but just to apprize such of our readers as may feel disposed to take up these volumes under an expectation of meeting therein the same degree of interest, which they will recollect to have been excited by the perusal of Captain Cook's discoveries, that they must necessarily be disappointed. We wish to remind them that the discoveries of Captain Cook were those of new worlds. He swept the whole ocean, from its navigable limits in the northern regions to those eternal fields of ice which surround the southern pole, exploring and describing new and unheard-of countries and nations and people; presenting to the world a grand and bold sketch of new objects, rendered more interesting unquestionably from their novelty and the endless variety of shape and feature under which they appeared, than from any particular accuracy or detail of outline. We would have them bear in mind that the comprehensive picture painted by Captain Cook, which left nothing to future navigators but to fill up the minuter parts, and to add here and there a few touches of light and shade must necessarily have blunted the edge of curiosity, and that we can now only expect the detail of what he had already given to us in the gross.

Those, however, who look for practical and useful information in geographical and nautical science, will not be disappointed in the perusal of Captain Flinders's volumes: they will perceive that to acquire a minute and correct knowledge of the coasts and harbours of *Terra Australis*, and of the winds and tides and currents of the adjacent seas, was the object nearest to the heart of our unfortunate author, that it engrossed his whole attention, and that he has completely fulfilled that object.

In an introduction of 204 pages, we are presented with a clear and methodical account of the progressive discoveries that have been made on the coasts of *Terra Australis*, as it was originally named, by the different nations of Europe; and of the several parts of each which yet remained to be explored. On the north, he points out that there was yet wanting a general survey of Torres strait; because if a passage through it, moderately free from danger, could be discovered, it would cut off five or six weeks of the usual route, by the north of New Guinea or the Eastern islands, in the voyage to India or China. The examination of the shores of the great gulph of *Carpentaria* was also very desirable, as nothing was known of its extent or shape excepting a little on the eastern side and that imperfectly. A more exact investigation of the bays, shoals, islands, and coasts of *Arnheim's*, and the northern part of *Van Diemen's* lands, was also desirable. On the west coast, towards the northward of it in particular, nothing had been done since the time of

Dampier,

Dampier, who, contrary to the Dutch charts, laid down De Witt's land as a series of islands, and gave it as his opinion that the northern part of New Holland was separated from the lands to the southward by a strait—the opening that appears had since his time been thought not unlikely to communicate with the gulph of Carpentaria; and some went so far as to deem it probable that a passage might exist from this gulph to the unknown part of the south coast, beyond the isles of St. Francis and St. Peter. This was a question in geography which it was high time should not remain unanswered in the nineteenth century, and Capt. Flinders has accordingly completely settled it by ascertaining that no such strait exists.

On the south coast full 250 leagues of land remained wholly unexplored; and it had been supposed that some great river might be found on some part of this coast, issuing from the mediterranean sea which fancy had pictured to occupy the central parts of Terra Australis, or perhaps the opening of the strait which others imagined would be found to divide this land into two or more portions. This was an important point to determine. On the east coast and on Van Dieman's land little remained to be done except the examination of several openings or bights that were seen and named by Captain Cook, but not examined by him—to which, however, may be added, a numerous list of islands of which a few only had been examined, and the vast chain of coral reefs which stretch at a considerable distance from the coast whose limits it was of importance to ascertain. Most of these objects have passed under the investigation of Captain Flinders, and if his ship had not unfortunately failed him, the whole would have been accomplished according to his ardent wish that nothing should be left for the future navigator to discover. It will be obvious that in a work like the present, which is more adapted for the use of professional men than the amusement of the general reader, and a great part of which is more for reference than for reading, we can select but a few detached passages either for instruction or entertainment. With the shores and their inhabitants Captain Flinders had but little communication, and the former are generally so barren and the latter so very low in the scale of humanity, as to afford but a moderate share of interest. Of the natural history, as far as relates to the vegetable kingdom, a concise and perspicuous account is given in the Appendix by Mr. Brown; and of the natives we shall hereafter have occasion to speak in the brief account we have to offer of the state of the colony of New South Wales.

The question whether New Holland, or Terra Australis, or Australasia, (which we agree with Pinkerton would, from its position, be the most appropriate name,) might not be divided into two great islands, by a strait passing between the gulph of Carpentaria and

and Bass's strait has been decided, as we have already said, in the negative by Captain Flinders. After the closest examination of the coast, he found but two great openings, to the very head of both of which he penetrated. To the larger of these, situated immediately behind Kangaroo island, he gave the name of Spencer's gulph, and to the smaller and easternmost that of St. Vincent's gulph. They were both found to terminate in low swampy ground covered with mangroves; the former at the distance from the entrance of 185 miles, its width at the mouth being about 48 miles; the latter at about half the distance. These two gulphs are separated by a tract of land which he calls Yorke's peninsula. The bottom of the gulph of Carpentaria he also found to be one continued and uninterrupted coast, so that nothing in the shape of a strait can possibly exist on either coast; neither did he discover in any part of these coasts a single river that deserved the name. It is probable therefore that the Hawkesbury on the eastern coast, though a mere periodical stream, whose sources are supposed to be in the range of mountains close behind the colony of New South Wales, is the largest river on the whole extent of coast which bounds this new continent. Whether other rivers flowing internally, and emptying themselves into a great mediterranean sea, do or do not exist, is a point that remains for future research; but Captain Flinders's observations prove beyond a doubt that no rivers of any magnitude find their way to the sea coast. There is, however, something so very extraordinary and so difficult to be accounted for in this want of rivers throughout an extent of country, equal to nearly three-fourths of Europe, and in a climate where there is no scarcity of rain, that the supposition of an internal sea affords the only solution; unless, indeed, we suppose that the country is principally composed of sandy deserts which, as in some parts of Africa, absorb the waters that fall from the clouds, and that the streams which descend from the mountains, creep unperceived under the sandy surface to the sea. The southern coast is by no means unfavourable to such a supposition. In Captain Flinders's charts we see hundreds of leagues of coast marked as 'low sandy shore'—'hillocks of sand'—'coast rising into sand-hills, terminating in barren mountains,' &c. We confess it is rather remarkable that in the course of twenty-five years, since the colony of New South Wales has been settled, no adventurous traveller has overcome the obstacles which are said to obstruct a passage over the Blue Mountains within sight of the settlement; but that we are left at this day as completely in the dark, as to the nature of the country beyond these mountains, as the prince of Abyssinia was of every thing beyond the *Happy Valley*, till Imlac instructed him how

how to pass the mountains. But our new colonists seem neither to possess the curiosity of a Rasselas, nor the intelligence of an Imrac.*

In his survey of the south coast, Captain Flinders appears to have examined with great care the only good harbour, called Port Phillip, which is separated by a narrow stripe of land from *Western port*, discovered by Mr. Bass, but *verified* by M. Peron; who, without knowing any thing of the matter, describes it as 'one of the finest that could possibly be found, combining all the advantages which may one day make it a valuable settlement.' 'Here,' says M. Peron, 'end the discoveries of the English navigators, and here begins our long examination of *Terre Napoléon*.' Yet this impudent assertion of a direct falsehood is from 'a man of candour,' as Captain Flinders is good-natured enough to call him. He robs him of the merit of having discovered and explored 250 leagues of sea coast, while debarred from asserting his right by an iniquitous and inhuman imprisonment, and yet he was a 'man of candour,' forsooth, and swayed by an 'over-ruling authority!'—We are sick of such apologies for deliberate baseness.

The positions of various capes and headlands in Bass's straits, the numerous islands, rocks and shoals already discovered, have been corrected and regulated by the careful and multiplied observations of the latitude and longitude by Captain Flinders; and the navigation of this strait and round Van Dieman's land has received much elucidation from the accurate and judicious remarks on the prevailing winds, tides, and currents in the surrounding seas.

Our knowledge of the bays and harbours within the limits of the colony of New South Wales had, at various times, been extended and improved by Captain Flinders previously to the present voyage, and he has now nearly completed the survey of the whole eastern coast, with its harbours and islands, which Captain Cook had but faintly sketched.

His account of the *Barrier Reefs* will be considered among the most interesting parts of the book. These reefs, which extend along the eastern coast of Terra Australis, and which occur, in almost every part of the Pacific Ocean, have nearly choked up the passage through Torres strait and rendered it exceedingly dangerous to navigation. These coral masses are, in some places, sunk many fathoms below the surface, in others just dry at low water; and in others they rise into banks like that on which Captain Flinders suffered shipwreck. In process of time they become islands, luxuriantly clothed with the prurient vegetation of a tropical climate. In Torres strait nearly the whole of these islands have reached this last stage of

* We doubt the account that has recently appeared in the newspapers of a party having crossed the mountains. It will turn out, we think, that they have penetrated only some twenty or thirty miles further into the interior towards the S. W. existence

existence in their progressive creation. It is supposed—indeed it can hardly be doubted—that the bases of most of them rest on the bottom of the ‘fathomless abyss,’ and that they rise from thence perpendicularly, like a gigantic wall, to the surface. Yet these immense fabrics, which cover many thousand square leagues, substantial as the materials are that compose them, owe their creation solely to the silent and unobserved labours of minute insects; to worms, so very insignificant, as scarcely yet to have obtained a place in that ingenious and systematic arrangement of nature, under which philosophers have endeavoured to comprehend all created beings. To this most curious and interesting subject we are desirous of calling the attention of our nautical readers; as being one which presents a wide field for future observation and research. With this view we shall transcribe the observations made by Captain Flinders.

‘In the afternoon I went upon the reef with a party of gentlemen, and the water being very clear round the edges, a new creation, as it was to us, but imitative of the old, was there presented to our view. We had wheatsheaves, mushrooms, stags’ horns, cabbage leaves, and a variety of other forms, glowing under water with vivid tints of every shade, betwixt green, purple, brown, and white; equalling in beauty, and excelling in grandeur, the most favourite *parterre* of the curious florist. There were different species of coral and fungus growing, as it were, out of the solid rock; and each had its peculiar form and shade of colouring; but whilst contemplating the richness of the scene we could not long forget with what destruction it was pregnant.

‘Different corals in a dead state, concreted into a solid mass of a dull white colour, composed the stone of the reef. The negro heads were ~~some that~~ stood higher than the rest; and, being generally dry, were blackened by the weather; but even in these the forms of the different corals, and some shells were distinguishable. The edges of the reef, but particularly on the outside where the sea broke, were the highest parts; within these were pools and holes containing live corals; sponges, sea eggs, and cucumbers; and many enormous cockles (*chama gigas*) were scattered upon different parts of the reef. At low water this cockle seems most commonly to be half open; but frequently closes with much noise, and the water within the shells then spouts up in a stream three or four feet high; it was from this noise and the spouting of the water that we discovered them, for in other respects they were scarcely to be distinguished from the coral rock.’—vol. ii. pp. 88.

It was this shell fish for which the Dutchman, in calling it a cockle large enough to furnish thirty of his crew with a good meal, was taxed with using the traveller’s licence. Captain Flinders mentions one of 47½ pounds in weight; but adds that he has since seen (and so have we too) a single shell more than four times that weight.

The Investigator, being driven from her anchors by the violence

of the tide, which gushes through the narrow passages in the coral reefs 'at a fearful rate,' Captain Flinders could not, without risking the safety of the ship and the lives of himself and people, make such further observations on those singular structures as he would otherwise have done: we shall, nevertheless, extract his 'general remarks' on the reefs which form so extraordinary a barrier to this part of New South Wales, 'and among which,' he adds, (p. 115,) 'we sought fourteen days, and sailed more than five hundred miles, before a passage could be found through them, out to sea;' because we think that, making allowances for some trifling inaccuracies of expression, he is generally right in his view of the subject.

'It seems to me, that when the animalcules which form the corals at the bottom of the ocean cease to live, their structures adhere to each other, by virtue either of the glutinous remains within, or of some property in salt water; and the interstices being gradually filled up with sand and broken pieces of coral washed by the sea, which also adhere, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of these animalcules erect their habitations upon the rising bank, and die, in their turn, to increase, but principally to elevate, this monument of their wonderful labours. The care taken to work perpendicularly in the early stages would mark a surprising instinct in these diminutive creatures. Their wall of coral, for the most parts in situations where the winds are constant, being arrived at the surface, affords a shelter, to leeward of which their infant colonies may be sent forth; and to this their instinctive foresight, it seems to be owing, that the windward side of a reef exposed to the open sea is, generally, if not always, the highest part, and rises almost perpendicular, sometimes from the depth of two hundred, and perhaps many more, fathoms. To be constantly covered with water, seems necessary to the existence of the animalcules, for they do not work, except in holes upon the reef, beyond low water mark; but the coral and other broken remnants thrown up by the sea, adhere to the rock, and form a solid mass with it, as high as the common tides reach. That elevation surpassed, the future remnants, being rarely covered, lose their adhesive property; and remaining in a loose state, form what is usually called a *key*, upon the top of the reef. The new bank is not long in being visited by sea birds; salt plants take root upon it, and a soil begins to be formed; a cocoa nut, or the drupe of a pandanus is thrown on shore; land birds visit it and deposit the seeds of shrubs and trees; every high tide, and still more every gale, adds something to the bank; the form of an island is gradually assumed; and last of all comes man to take possession.

'*Half-way island* (in Torres strait) is well advanced in the above progressive state; having been many years, probably some ages, above the reach of the highest spring tides, or the wash of the surf in the heaviest gales. I distinguished, however, in the rock which forms its basis, the sand, coral, and shells formerly thrown up, in a more or less perfect form of cohesion; small pieces of wood, pumice stone, and other extraneous bodies, which chance had mixed with the calcareous substances,

substances, when the cohesion began, were inclosed in the rock, and in some cases were still separable from it without much force. The upper part of the island is a mixture of the same substances in a loose state, with a little vegetable soil, and is covered with the *casuarina*, and a variety of other trees and shrubs, which give food to paroquets, pigeons, and some other birds; to whose ancestors, it is probable, the island was originally indebted for this vegetation.—vol. ii. pp. 115, 116.

It would be worth a voyage of discovery merely to ascertain the various species of *animalcules*, as Captain Flinders calls them, employed in the creation of these multifarious masses of coral rock, of whose summits innumerable islands are already formed, others constantly forming, and whose bases are submarine continents—to ascertain, if it were practicable, with some degree of precision, either by measuring the extent and submersion below the surface of some portion of living coral reef, as a record to resort to some ages hence; or by some other means, to determine the progressive rate by which those minute animals carry on so imperceptibly, and yet so effectually, their great work. The mind is so overpowered, while contemplating, in these gigantic masses, the apparent inadequacy of the means to the end, that were not the fact supported by a host of incontrovertible evidence, all reasoning and argument would be insufficient to establish its credibility; and yet, after all, we can more readily comprehend the creation of submarine mountains of two hundred fathoms in height, from being eye-witnesses of the operation, however inadequate the labourers may appear, than we can explain the formation of a mountain of limestone, familiar as it is, whose substance is the same, because we have not had the opportunity of taking nature in the act of creating limestone mountains.

There would seem to be no conceivable limit to the operations of these worms. We have observed that the whole of Torres strait is nearly choked up with the results of their extraordinary exertions, and the Pacific and Great Indian oceans are every where filling with them. The obstruction, however, occasioned by these masses of rock, gives a velocity to the tides which effectually impede their increase in certain parts, leaving open channels, which, from the rapidity of the currents setting through them, are not likely ever to be filled up.

Of these channels, which afford the only safe passage through Torres strait, Captain Flinders was desirous of contributing some more accurate information than we yet possess, and which he, no doubt, would have accomplished, had not the Porpoise been unfortunately wrecked on the coral reefs. As it is, the observations which he made on this strait, on his way to the Gulph of Carpentaria, are deserving of attention.

The great gulph of Carpentaria had as yet no definite outline on our nautical charts. It was the imaginary tracing of an undulating line intended to denote the limits between land and water, without a promontory or an island, a bay, harbour or inlet that was defined by shape or designated by name. This blank line was drawn and copied by one chart-maker from another, without the least authority, and without the least reason to believe that any European had ever visited this wide and deeply indented gulph; and yet when visited, this imaginary line was found to approximate so nearly to its true form as ascertained by survey, as to leave little doubt that some European navigator must, at one time or other, have examined it; though his labours have been buried, as the labours of many thousands have been before and since his time, in the mouldy archives of a jealous or selfish government—whether Portuguese or Dutch must be matter of conjecture, though the latter is the more probable. Of this gulph we have now, however, a complete and laborious survey; at the conclusion of which Captain Flinders thus expresses himself.

‘Thus was the examination of the gulph of Carpentaria finished, after employing one hundred and five days in coasting along its shores, and exploring its bays and islands. The extent of the gulph in longitude, from Endeavour’s strait to Cape Wilberforce, is $5\frac{1}{2}$ degrees and in latitude 7 degrees; and the circuit, including the numerous islands and the openings, is little less than 400 leagues. It will be remarked that the form of it, given in the old charts, is not very erroneous, which proves it to have been the result of a real examination; but as no particulars were known of the discovery of the south and western parts, not even the name of the author, though opinion ascribed it with reason to Tasman, so the chart was considered as little better than a representation of fairy land, and did not obtain the credit which it was now proved to have merited. Henceforward the gulph of Carpentaria will take its station amongst the conspicuous parts of the globe in a decided character.’—vol. ii. p. 228.

But if any doubts remained as to the visits of Europeans to the gulph of Carpentaria, Captain Flinders had indubitable proofs of its shores being the resort of some foreign navigators, which, from the broken jars, rafts, and remnants of bamboo lattice work, he concluded to be either Indians or Chinese. This conjecture was not weakened from finding, in another spot, more than an acre of mangroves recently cut down with the axe, the remains of a charcoal fire, palm leaves sewed together with cotton thread into the form of such hats as are worn by the Chinese, the remains of blue cotton trowsers and a wooden anchor with one fluke. The mystery was cleared up before he left the gulph. He fell in with, at the *English Company’s islands*, six Malay proas from Macassar, commanded by a chief of the name of Pobassoo, who told him that
there

there were upon the coast of the gulph, in different divisions, sixty proas of the same kind under a commander in chief of the name of Salloo. These proas, it seemed, were fitted out by the Rajah of Boni; they were each about the burden of twenty-five tons, and carried each as many men; their object was a small marine animal, which they called *trepang*, known to us by the name of the sea-slug, or sea-cucumber, to the Portuguese by that of *biche de mer*, and which is, we believe, a species of the actinia or holothuria, perhaps both. They obtain them by diving to the depth of from three to eight fathoms. When caught they are split, boiled, stretched upon slips of bamboo, dried in the sun, smoked, and then stowed in bags. One hundred thousand of these animals is the average cargo of each proa, producing, at Timor-laot, where the Chinese meet the proas to purchase them, from two to four thousand Spanish dollars, according as the trepang is of the grey or black species, the latter being accounted twice as valuable as the former. The chief of these proas was disposed to be friendly and communicative; he stated that he had been twenty years concerned in this trade, during which he had had little communication with the natives; of whom he cautioned the English to beware: he had not the least knowledge of any Europeans having settled on any part of Terra Australis; he knew nothing of any vegetable produce of the country fit for the sustenance of man; fish and turtle being all they procured while on the coast. They had no charts nor instruments of any kind, excepting a small pocket compass, apparently of Dutch manufacture. Each proa had a month's water on board, which was contained in joints of bamboo; their provisions consisted of rice, cocoa-nuts, and dried fish, with a few fowls for the use of the captain. They were Mahomedans, and shuddered at the sight of hogs on board the Investigator, though they drank wine without any sort of repugnance.

It is not to be expected that a nautical survey can furnish many opportunities, to those employed on it, for acquiring accurate information respecting the state of a colony planted in the corner of a vast country like that of Terra Australis, much less of the country itself and its original inhabitants. No better criterion can be assumed of the difficulties that lie in the way, than the fact that we have now had possession, in the shape of a colony, for the last five and twenty years, of the best part of the coast, yet know very little more of the nature of the country, of its inhabitants, and other productions, than what was known in the first three years of the settlement. Of this colony, therefore, we are not to look to Mr. Flinders's book for information. Still it may be proper to notice a few of the products which characterize Australasia, the first of which in the order to be considered is man. In this rank of beings, even the

Hottentot is superior to the original native of New South Wales, who may perhaps be justly placed in the lowest division of the scale of human kind. They are hideously ugly in their features; their noses flat, nostrils wide, eyes sunk in the head, overshadowed by thick black eyebrows, but moving rapidly like those of monkeys, mouth extravagantly wide, lips thick and prominent, hair black and clotted but not woolly, colour from jet black to bronze. Their stature is below the middle size, and their persons are ill made, their limbs small, and almost without muscle; owing perhaps to the extreme poverty and scarcity of their food—those on the coast living chiefly on fish, which the men take with spears, and the women with hook and line, sometimes with nets; those in the woods deriving their subsistence from grubs, ants and ants' eggs, fern-root, flowers of the *Banksia*, berries, and honey. These silvan satyrs are described as having remarkably long and lean arms and legs, which are supposed to be owing to the climbing of trees, which they ascend by making notches with a stone hatchet for placing the great toe, and in this way they will mount stems of trees seventy or eighty feet high.

To improve the native deformity of their persons, they thrust a bone through the cartilage of the nose, and stick with gum to their clotted hair the teeth of men or kangaroos, the jaw bones of fish, tails of dogs, feathers, &c.; they daub their bodies in a fantastical manner with red and white clay, and deform the skin with ugly scars. The women, as well as the men, were found in a state of perfect nudity. These, and their female children, are generally deprived of the two first joints of the little finger of the left hand; and the reason assigned is, that these joints might not be in the way of winding their fishing-lines over it.

They have no fixed habitation; their temporary hovels consist each of the bark of a single tree, bent in the middle, and just large enough to receive one person: some found on the coast were larger, in the shape of a bee-hive, in which a family huddled all together; but they had no furniture, no conveniencies, no comforts of any description. They make no provision for a future day.

Their minds indeed appear to be as brutal as their persons are hideous. They have not yet reached that point even in savage life which unites men into tribes or societies for mutual protection; their clans extend not beyond the family circle, of which the eldest is called by a name synonymous with that of *father*. They display not the least trace of religion; they pay neither respect nor adoration to any object or being, real or imaginary; hence they have no stimulus to a good action, nothing to deter from a bad one. One of those who accompanied Governor Phillip to England, being questioned as to the ideas of his countrymen respecting a future state,
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and whence they originally proceeded, answered—from the clouds, to which they were to return in the shape of little children, and live upon little fishes.

The paucity of their numbers would not seem to be owing solely to poverty and scarcity of food. Families and relations are perpetually destroying each other either by stratagem or open combat. If one man seriously injure, but more especially if he put to death, any member of a neighbouring family, all the relations of the party aggrieved think it incumbent to put the offending party or any of his relations to death, unless he be willing to expiate the offence by standing exposed to as many as may think fit to hurl their spears at him. If he should be killed, or so severely wounded as to be carried off the field, or be fortunate enough to parry all their shafts so long as they think fit to throw at him, the offence is expiated, and from that moment they are friends. The English settlers used to assemble to witness these unequal combats, and by so doing seemed to give countenance to a practice which ended frequently in the death of the person accused. When this species of retaliation is not resorted to, the revenge of the family injured extends to every branch of the offending family, and persons on both sides, even to the children, are put to death whenever an opportunity offers. It is also stated to be the constant practice of women to destroy by compression the infants in the womb, to avoid the trouble of carrying them about; if a woman dies or is murdered while she has an infant at the breast, the living child is inhumanly thrown into the same hole with the mother, and covered with stones, of which the unnatural father throws the first. These barbarous customs cannot fail to thin their numbers. Towards their women they are savage and cruel in an uncommon degree. Scarcely a single female of the age of maturity was ever seen without her head full of scars, the marks of her husband's kindness. The very first act of courtship is to knock down the intended bride with a club, and drag her away from her friends, bleeding and senseless, to the woods.

With all these savage manners, and the extremities to which they are frequently driven to allay the cravings of hunger, there is not the slightest ground for supposing them addicted to the practice of eating one another, as the French admiral Dentrecaesteaux fancied them to be, because his surgeon happened to mistake the bones of a kangaroo for those of a girl. We still doubt whether the fact of anthropophagism, for the mere love of human flesh as food, has ever been clearly made out, even by our worthy friend Dr. Langsdorff, who is thoroughly satisfied that all our ancestors had a strong propensity to taste one another.

Captain Flinders and Mr. Bass seem to think that the natives of

Van Dieman's land are sunk still lower in the stage of human existence than those in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson, for it was obvious they had no canoes, and the hacked trees shewed that their stone hatchets were very inferior to those used by the natives within the colony; however they saw but one man, and he is described as having 'a countenance more expressive of benignity and intelligence, than of that ferocity or stupidity which generally characterized the other natives.' To the northward, on the eastern coast of New South Wales, the natives are described as somewhat superior to the rest; they had belts round the waist and fillets about the head and upper part of the arm, formed of hair twisted and reticulated; they were associated together in greater numbers, and their huts were far superior in construction to the others. They had fishing nets large and well made; and this circumstance, in the opinion of Captain Flinders, would cause a characteristic difference between the manners and perhaps dispositions of these people, and of those who catch their fish with the spear. A net cannot be managed but by two or more persons who must from necessity associate; this in course of time must produce the feeling of human aid; the net too being too cumbersome to be dragged about would suggest the necessity of a permanent residence; and hence the inhabitants would construct a better kind of houses; change of place would also be less necessary, as the net gives a more certain and plentiful supply of fish. On the other hand, the native of Port Jackson, who depends upon his single arm and his spear for his support, requires not the aid of society, and is indifferent about it; he prowls along the coast, a gloomy, solitary, unsettled being.

'An inhabitant of Port Jackson,' says Colonel Collins, 'is seldom seen in the populous town of Sydney, without his spear, his throwing stick, or his club. His spear is his defence against enemies; it is the weapon which he uses to punish aggression, and revenge insult. It is even the instrument with which he corrects his wife in the last extreme; for in their passion, or perhaps oftener in a fit of jealousy, they scruple not to inflict death. It is the plaything of children, and in the hands of persons of all ages. It is easy to perceive what effect this must have upon their minds. They become familiarized to wounds, blood and death; and repeatedly involved in skirmishes and dangers, the native fears not death in his own person, and is consequently careless of inflicting it on others.'

On the southern coast, for a space of 70 miles to the westward of Kangaroo island, neither smoke nor other marks of inhabitants had been seen, and it was pretty certain that if there were any, they had no boats or canoes of any kind, as the contiguous islands had every appearance of never having been trodden by the foot of man. Among other reasons for this conclusion, was the extraordinary stupidity

stupidity of the kangaroos on the island of that name. Of these animals, timid as deer on the continent, they carried on board in one day thirty-one, the least weighing 69, the largest 125 pounds,

‘Never, perhaps,’ says Captain Flinders, ‘had the dominion possessed here by the kangaroo been invaded before this time. The seal shared with it upon the shores, but they seemed to dwell amicably together. It not unfrequently happened that the report of a gun fired at a kangaroo near the beach, brought out two or three bellowing seals from under bushes considerably further from the water side. The seal indeed seemed to be much the most discerning animal of the two; for its actions bespoke a knowledge of our not being kangaroos, whereas the kangaroo not unfrequently appeared to consider us to be seals.’—vol. i. p. 172.

The writers on New South Wales have expressed their surprise that all endeavours to civilize the natives failed of success; that even the young man who was sent to England with Governor Phillip, and carried back by Governor Hunter, sought an early opportunity of returning to his countrymen and resuming the miserable life and condition of a savage. For our parts, we feel no surprise at such conduct. What should Ben-ne-long the savage do among civilized Europeans, surrounded as he was every day by his countrymen? Every instant must have told him that in the society in which he then lived, ‘he was a man different from other men;’ he was ‘like no brother;’ he obeyed therefore the impulse of nature, and returned to the friends and companions of his youth. It will require a very different method from any yet pursued to civilize the savages of New South Wales: if such be the wish of the colonists, the best chance of success would be that of inviting over a small body of missionaries from the fraternity of *Hernhüters* or *Moravians*, who, unlike other missionaries, temper zeal with prudence, and possess besides the happy art of making the most savage of mankind feel they were appointed to a higher destiny than that of prowling in woods, and seeking shelter in rocks and caves. That by proper means something might be made of this people, we should augur from many circumstances; from none perhaps more sanguinely, than that chivalrous sense of honour which leads a man to stand the shafts of his enemies in the open field, and converts the most deadly hatred into friendship. They are sagacious, and their powers of mimicry are not to be excelled. With their rude tools they sculpture on stones the likeness of their own species and other animals, and like the *Bosjesmen* *Hottentots*, they paint in colours on the sides of their caves various objects of nature.

‘On the walls’ (of the caverns), says Captain Flinders, ‘I found rude drawings made with charcoal and something like red paint upon the white ground of the rock. These drawings represented porpoises, turtles,

ties, kangaroos, and a human hand; and Mr. Westall, who went afterwards to see them, found the representation of a kangaroo with a file of thirty-two persons following after it.'

We will not even venture to conjecture whence this savage people originally sprung, or whether they have at any time sent off colonies to other islands. They have nothing in common with their nearest neighbours, the people on New Guinea to the north-west, or the New Zealanders on the south-east. They would seem indeed to differ from all other known people in almost every respect; though, strange as it may appear, the Jewish and Mahomedan rite of circumcision was observed to be pretty general on the west side of the gulph of Carpentaria: the only possible way of accounting for this is by their connections with the Malays resorting thither for the *trepang*, though Robassoo denied having any intercourse with the natives.

It is observed by Colonel Collins, that, in their uncouth language, he recognized only two or three words which bore any resemblance to any other with which he was acquainted; these were *Cuba-Cuba*, the name of Port Jackson, *cuba* signifying a cape in Portuguese; and *Cam-me-rade*, a term of affection among girls, which to be sure, as he says, has 'a strong resemblance to the French word *camarade*;' but we could scarcely suppress a smile when he asks, 'may not some similitude be traced between the word *E-lee-mong*, a shield, and the word *Telamon*, the name given to the greater Ajax, on account of his being lord of the seven-fold shield?' this it is to be learned! A few words suffice to express the objects of sense and the common actions of savage life, and as to the qualities and modification of objects, they are reduced within a very narrow compass. Every thing for instance which a New Hollander likes is *good*, and all that he dislikes is *bad*. We are not sure that each family has not words peculiar to itself, which are not intelligible to the neighbouring families; but we know that the natives of Van Dieman's land, of Port Jackson, and of the northern part of New South Wales, are not acquainted with one another's languages, which indeed bear not the most remote resemblance. This is the more remarkable from the well-known affinity that prevails throughout almost the rest of the islands in the South sea.

'The multiplicity of tongues in the same country, presents,' says Captain Flinders, 'an extraordinary contrast with the islands in the great Ocean, where, from the Sandwich islands near the northern tropic to the farthest extremity of New Zealand, in 47° south, the language is almost every where the same; and with so little difference of dialect that the several inhabitants have not much difficulty to understand each other.'

It is not man only that in this recently discovered continent parts
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on an appearance different from his species on the surrounding islands—other organized beings, whether of the animal or vegetable world, seem to possess a characteristic difference peculiar to themselves. This is a curious topic, on which we could enlarge with pleasure if our limits did not constrain us to be brief. The quadrupeds, with very few exceptions, are of the kangaroo or opossum tribe—with hind-legs long, beyond all proportion, when compared with the fore-legs; and with a sack under the belly of the female for the reception of the young. They are in fact all of this family, though divided into several genera, the species of which amount to between forty and fifty; and we are not aware that, excepting the opossum of America, this race of quadrupeds is known to exist in any other part of the world. Their dogs, both wild and tame, are perfect jackalls and without the least variety, and these, with two or three species of rats, seem to complete the catalogue of the fourfooted race of this immense continent.

Among the birds peculiar to the country, the *manura superba*, with its scalloped tail feathers, is perhaps the most singular and beautiful of that tribe known by the name of birds of Paradise. Cockatoos, parrots and parroquets are of endless variety and beauty. The mountain eagle is a most powerful and magnificent creature; the cassowary or emu is larger even than the ostrich, and probably the largest bird that exists, standing full seven feet high; we say probably, because on the south coast, in King George's bay, Captain Flinders found two nests of such extraordinary magnitude, as to leave the matter in doubt.

'They were built upon the ground, from which they rose above two feet; and were of vast circumference and great interior capacity; the branches of trees and other matter of which each nest was composed, being enough to fill a cart.'

Here are also black swans and white eagles; the former, indeed, so numerous as to spoil a proverb that has held good for two thousand years. Mr. Bass saw at least three hundred of them swimming within the space of a quarter of a mile square: he also heard their dying song, and pronounces it, *proh pudor!* 'exactly to resemble the creaking of a rusty sign on a windy day:' it could not be those, therefore, that Ælian heard. There was nothing singular in the aquatic birds but their prodigious flights. Captain Flinders gives us a curious calculation of the number of sooty petrels seen near Port Dalrymple in Van Dieman's land. The stream of birds in close compact order was nearly eighty yards in depth and three hundred or more in breadth; and it passed for *an hour and a half* without interruption, at a rate little inferior to the swiftness of the pigeon.

'Taking

'Taking the stream to have been only fifty yards deep by three hundred in width and that it moved at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and allowing nine cubic yards of space to each bird, the number would amount to one hundred and fifty-one millions five hundred thousand birds.'

And he adds, that eighteen and a half square geographic miles of ground would be requisite to lodge them! Shoals of this description can only be conceived by those who have had the opportunity of witnessing the multitudinous masses in which herrings, locusts, and other migratory animals are accustomed to move.

But the most extraordinary animal, and one that is doubtless peculiar to this country, is a creature to which zoologists have given the name of *ornithorynchus paradoxus*,—'a quadruped with the beak of a bird, which is contrary to known facts or received opinions'—so singular indeed was the appearance of a quadruped's head prolonged into the bill of a duck, that when it was first shewn to the late Doctor Shaw of the British Museum, he suspected it to be an attempt to impose on his judgment as a naturalist. Several species have however since been discovered, and a very minute description of the anatomy of the one above mentioned may be found in the Philosophical Transactions for 1802, by Sir Everard Home; from which it appears, that it cannot with propriety be classed in the *mammalia*, *aves*, nor *pisces*, but that, if it belongs to any known class in nature, it must be that of the *amphibia*, with which indeed its habits have a close analogy: frequenting the banks of fresh water lakes, in which it generally resides, it does not swim on the surface, but walks at the bottom like the hippopotamus or the turtle, coming up occasionally to breathe.

Of the botany of Terra Australis will be found a very interesting and philosophical account in the 'Geographical and systematical Remarks' of Mr. Brown, (Art. 3, of the Appendix.) He collected, nearly 3900 species of Australasian plants, which, with those previously brought to England by Sir Joseph Banks, and others, furnish materials for a Flora Terræ Australis, that would consist of 4200 species, which, we are told, are referable to 120 natural orders; but it is worthy of remark, that more than half the number of species yet discovered belong to *eleven* only of these orders. Such, indeed, is the apparent affinity of the natural objects in New South Wales, that one of the early settlers (Mr. White, we think) observes, that not only all the quadrupeds are like opossums, but that all the fish are like sharks, and that the land, the grasses the trees, and the animals, possess a strong similitude that runs through the whole of each kingdom of nature. The largest tree yet known is the *eucalyptus* or gum tree, of which there are not fewer than one hundred different species, some of them of enormous

mous dimensions. 'The *eucalyptus globulus* of Labillardière,' says Mr. Brown, 'and another species peculiar to the south of Van Dieman's island, not unfrequently attain the height of 150 feet, with a girth near the base of from 25 to 40 feet.' Of this magnificent tree there are 50 different species within the limits of the colony of Port Jackson. Mr. Brown collected upwards of 30 species of the beautiful *melaleuca*, all of which, with the exception of two species, the *leucodendron* and *cajaputi*, appear to be confined to Terra Australis. A tribe of plants classed under the name of *Stackhousea* is entirely peculiar to this country. Of the natural order of *Proteaceæ*, consisting of about 400 known species, more than 200 are natives of Terra Australis, of which they form one of its characteristic features; the various species of *Banksia*, in particular, being one of the most striking peculiarities of the vegetable kingdom. Thirteen species of that singular tree the *casuarina* form another characteristic feature of the woods and thickets of New Holland. But the leafless *accacia*, of which there are more than one hundred species, and the *eucalyptus*, are the most extensive genera and the most widely diffused over the coasts of Terra Australis. 'If taken together,' says Mr. Brown, 'and considered with respect to the mass of vegetable matter they contain, calculated from the size as well as from the number of individuals, they are, perhaps, nearly equal to all the other plants of that country.' As yet it does not appear that any of the vegetable productions are of much use either for domestic purposes, or as articles of commerce. A creeping plant, supposed to be a species of *smilax*, is sometimes used by the settlers as a substitute for tea; the gum of the *eucalyptus* has some medicinal virtues; and the bark of a tree on the banks of the Hawkesbury has been said to possess tanning matter, equal to that of oak bark. On Chasm island, and at Cape Vanderlin on the north coast, large bushes were found covered with nutmegs; but Captain Flinders says they were small, and not of an agreeable flavour, nor in the least likely to come in competition with the nutmeg of the Molucca islands. The specific name of *insipida*, given by Mr. Brown, does not speak much in favour of their quality.

Among the vegetable curiosities of Terra Australis, was a pitcher plant, very different from the *nepenthes*

————— which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena:

Instead of the pitchers being, as in this genus, at the extremity of the leaf, in that of New South Wales, which is called *cephalotus follicularis*, they grow from the foot-stalk. The lid is fitted to the opening of the jug in the most workmanlike manner, and is opened and shut by a hinge: it was found to be in general partially

tially open, and the vessel to contain a portion of watery fluid, in which were drowned ants and flies; and as the plant grew mostly in arid situations where there was little soil, it was thought that the pitcher might be a contrivance of nature to catch the rain or dew for the sustenance of the plant, instead of the fluid being an exudation from the root or leaves of the plant, as in the case of the *nepenthes distillatoria*. A very excellent figure of this plant is given in the Atlas of Charts.

As that part of New South Wales, in which our colony usually so called, is situated, has now begun to assume a character of some importance, we shall avail ourselves of this opportunity of inquiring whether, in a national, commercial, or moral point of view, it is ever likely to answer the expectations of those who were instrumental in the establishment of it. We have abundant materials for such an inquiry, but the journal of Colonel Collins, not less valuable for being a sort of Botany Bay calendar, and the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons 'appointed to inquire into the manner in which sentences of transportation are executed,' &c. will be sufficient for our purpose.

We may safely venture to affirm that no colony was ever formed of such bad and intractable materials—that no colony ever had to struggle against so many difficulties and disadvantages, as that which Great Britain undertook to establish in New South Wales. Political theorists may doubt the wisdom of sending into distant banishment persons whose crimes have rendered it expedient at least, according to their own system, to put them under close restraint; but the government, on whom the practical application devolves of the measures best calculated for the prevention of crimes, and to whom society looks for its protection, would seem to be equally doubtful of the efficacy of those theories, by finding it still necessary to have recourse to the old practice of expatriating such as have been guilty of certain offences. It became a question, however, with the British government, a few years after the independence of the United States, to what part of the world the increasing number of convicts should be sent. Various situations on the continent of Africa were successively suggested; but, happily for the negroes, all of them were found to be objectionable. Another continent, however, presented itself, against which no objection appeared to lie. On this new Terra Australis no native of the old world had yet fixed his abode. The western coast of this fifth continent had, it is true, been long known to the Dutch, Portuguese, and Spanish navigators, from its being little, if it all, out of the ordinary tract to India and China, the Eastern archipelago, and the other islands in the Pacific ocean; but the eastern coast was the discovery of our celebrated Cook;

Cook; and Botany Bay, on that coast, was a place *de relache* which seems to have afforded him and his companions much satisfaction. The variety and the luxuriance of the vegetation surrounding that bay, the new character which seemed to distinguish both plants and animals, gave a sort of *éclat* to this part of New South Wales which was neither forgotten nor overlooked when the question arose,—to what part of the world those unfortunate beings should be transported, whom it was deemed expedient to banish from the land that gave them birth?

Botany Bay then was the spot assigned for the establishment of a new British colony; but so imperfect, as it afterwards appeared, was our knowledge of this bay, and of the neighbouring country, that when Captain Phillip, the first appointed governor, arrived there in January, 1788, with his new colony, consisting of about 1000 persons of all descriptions, not a single spot in the whole extent of Captain Cook's 'verdant meadows' could be discovered, where he could set down, in any way, one half that number; even supposing them to have been well disposed tractable subjects, ready to lend a helping hand to promote the object in view. Of that number, however, 564 were male, and 192 female convicts, who regarded the new country as a second Newgate on a more extended scale, and consequently as a place of punishment; the remainder, to the number of about 260, were composed of the civil and military officers, soldiers, and a few women and children.

In this dilemma the governor, who was fortunately a naval officer, set sail with the *Sirius*, with a view of examining Port Jackson to the northward; his hopes, however, were not very sanguine when he considered that they were fixed on a spot, whose chief recommendation, according to Captain Cook, as he passed its entrance, (for he was not within it,) was, that it *might* afford shelter for a boat. We may readily then conceive his astonishment and delight on finding, within the tortuous entrance, a noble and capacious bay, with coves and harbours in which the united navies of the world might ride at anchor in perfect safety.

To Port Jackson, therefore, Captain Phillip hastened to transfer the whole of his new colony. The point he fixed upon for their disembarkation was at the head of a cove on the southern side of the harbour, to which he gave the name of Sydney Cove. To this place it would seem he was attracted principally by a stream of fresh water, 'which,' as Colonel Collins observes, 'stole silently along through a very thick wood, the stillness of which had then, for the first time since the creation, been interrupted by the rude sound of the axe, and the downfall of its ancient inhabitants'—*nemus quod nulla ceciderat atas*.

Here then the new settlers were put on shore; and from that moment

moment commenced the cares, anxieties, and vexations of those who were entrusted with the government of the new colony. The sick were so numerous, that the first operation was to establish a hospital for their reception. Many of the convicts, who were selected to clear the ground for this purpose, set off instantly into the woods, others fled to the ships of M. La Peyrouse which had anchored in Botany Bay; and others, instead of assisting to throw up huts and other buildings to lodge themselves and the stores and provisions, secreted their working tools; petty thefts were constantly committed among themselves; and in a few days the public stores were robbed. The sailors brought spirits on shore, and the most riotous scenes of intoxication and debauchery took place. Robberies of various kinds continued to be committed; and though a liberal ration of provisions had been established which gave to the convict the same quantity and the same quality that were served out to the officer and the soldiers, this impartial distribution proved to be no security to the public store. It was found necessary, therefore, to assemble the criminal court, which, by 27. Geo. III, chap. 56, was 'to consist of the Judge Advocate and such six officers of the sea and land service as the governor should require to assemble for that purpose.' One criminal was sentenced to death, another to banishment, and a third to receive 300 lashes.

To add to the difficulties of the new settlement, no sooner were they landed than the scurvy and dysentery broke out among the convicts, and carried off great numbers; so that at the end of the year, what by disease, deaths, and imprisonment, it was found that not more than 250 could be employed in clearing the ground for cultivation; and these few went through a very scanty portion of labour with great unwillingness. The earth had hitherto yielded them little or nothing; and their few cattle, consisting of two bulls and five cows, by the negligence of the keeper, had strayed into the woods and, after a fruitless search, were given up as irrecoverably lost. Their stores of provisions daily diminishing, without any fresh supplies arriving from home, were soon reduced to a state of lowness so exceedingly alarming, that in the second year of the new settlement, the dread of famine stared them in the face. The Guardian had been sent from England for their relief with two years provisions, stores, clothing, implements of husbandry, &c. together with a supply of live stock from the Cape of Good Hope, and 150 choice fruit trees, which had been prepared under the inspection of Sir Joseph Banks. But the Guardian was wrecked on a floating island of ice; and the first ship from England which reached the colony, after they had received intelligence of this dreadful loss, brought them, instead of a supply of provisions, a cargo

cargo of 222 female convicts, a great proportion of whom were old and infirm, and more fit for an hospital than for the service of an infant colony. Another transport followed close on the heels of this vessel, having on board 218 male convicts, of whom 200 were on the sick list. Immediately afterwards two other transports arrived, in no better condition. The deaths on the passage on board these three ships were 261 men, 11 women, and two children. The convicts, it appeared, had been victualled and sent out by contract, at so much per head, not for those delivered in the colony, but for those received on board; and of course every death was a clear profit to the owners. Those who survived, were in the most miserable condition. Another transport, the *Hillsborough*, introduced the gaol fever in addition to the scurvy and dysentery already raging among the convicts. In this ship 95 died on the passage out of 300 embarked. Every comfort that the settlement afforded was administered to the sick; but such was the depravity of those wretched beings, that in the very last stage of existence many of them had recourse to stratagem in order to obtain a double share of wine by assuming different names and appearances. They stripped each other of their blankets, and the dying man watched with eagerness the moment of snatching away the covering of his neighbour, even before the breath was out of his body.

In this period of general distress, robberies were committed by wretches too weak to receive the punishment which they so justly merited; the plea of hunger, which their squalid looks but too well justified, seldom failed to operate on the court. It was evident that neither the most poignant distress, nor the want of every necessary of life, nor sickness, wrought any amendment in the morals of the convicts. The women were so much worse than the men, that they were stated, in public orders, 'to be found at the bottom of every infamous transaction.' The convicts, however, were not the sole malefactors in this deplorable state of the colony. Six soldiers, who kept sentry over the public stores, had contrived, by means of false keys, to carry on a successful plunder of them for the space of eight months: they were tried, condemned, and executed. The Criminal Court, it must be confessed, was not sparing in their sentences of death, but on this occasion it was absolutely necessary to make a terrible example—it failed, however, of the desired effect; and thefts continued to be so numerous that it was sometimes found necessary to assemble it two or three times a month. The rage for spirituous liquors was become so predominant, that when supplies had arrived, and the people were again put upon the full ration, orchards, gardens and huts were robbed, and every thing that could be procured, even to food and clothing, was

sold and sacrificed for this pernicious beverage. Many of the free settlers were as strongly addicted to this abominable vice as the convicts; two of them retired to the skirts of a wood to drink spirits for a wager—one of them was found dead, the other at the last gasp.

The conduct of the convicts on other occasions was not easily to be explained. They set the prison on fire at a time when they knew that twenty criminals were confined in it loaded with heavy irons, some of whom were in consequence burnt to death, and others narrowly escaped. They were compelled, as they might have assured themselves, to rebuild it by extra labour; yet a second time they set it on fire. They likewise burnt down the church, which they had also to rebuild; and set fire to the grain which was intended to feed them. Many of them betook themselves in bodies to small boats, which they cut adrift, and launched into the open ocean, where they necessarily perished in the most miserable manner. Others fled to the woods, where a fate not less deplorable awaited them. A singular species of infatuation had taken hold of the minds of a very large portion of the colonists. Some Irish convicts, who had recently arrived, propagated an idea that by travelling through the woods to the northward they might shortly reach China, where they would be favourably received, and enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of life without labour; and so fascinating was this prospect, that scarcely a week elapsed without a party setting off to walk to China. These deluded creatures generally contrived to carry provisions sufficient to enable them to proceed so far as to prevent the possibility of a return, if they should discover their error; and the greater number of them suffered, in consequence, a miserable death in the woods. Of one party, which consisted of twenty male, and one female convict, from Ireland, who set out on this Chinese expedition, thirteen were luckily discovered, but in so weak and wretched a condition, maimed, naked, and worn to the bone by famine, that they were with difficulty recovered; the rest of the party had perished. One man, who had deserted another party, and returned in safety, reported that he saw upwards of fifty European skeletons lying in the woods, of those unhappy beings who had perished by famine in their way to China.

Prompted by humanity to put a stop to a species of infatuation attended with such cruel results, the Governor assembled a party of convicts who were suspected to be watching for an opportunity of walking to this land of promise; he pointed out to them the inevitable destruction that awaited them if they still persisted in the attempt, and told them that, in order to convince them of the danger and impracticability of proceeding far into the country, he had

had ordered a party to accompany any four of them, whom they should select, on their expedition, as far as they should find themselves able to proceed, with what provisions they could carry. Accordingly four of the most robust being selected, they set off, attended by four soldiers and three guides. After ten days travelling the soldiers and guides returned to Paramatta, with three of the convict deputies, who, having gained the foot of the first mountains, were so completely sick of their journey, and of the hopeless prospect before them, that they requested to return with the soldiers. One man, however, determined to persevere, and was left with the guides for that purpose. They were out twenty-six days, and returned so much exhausted, that they were scarcely able to move for some time:—the distance which they had proceeded appeared to be, as nearly as could be collected from the account which they gave, about 140 miles from Paramatta, but not in a straight line, as they inclined to the S. W. So very little did the country afford of any kind of subsistence, that they were several times on the point of perishing with hunger—a kangaroo, a rat, and two or three small birds, with a few grubs, were all they were able to procure. But the sufferings and the danger of the party, promulgated as they were through the settlement, had not the desired effect of preventing desertion, and numbers every year continued to meet their fate in the woods, and on the ocean.

The progress of the new colony was also considerably retarded by the refractory and rebellious disposition of those convicts who had completed the periods of their banishment, or, as the phrase was, whose times were up. The Irish, in particular, who were the most numerous, were also the most troublesome. These people had been sent to the colony without any registers of the respective periods of servitude to which they had been sentenced; nor could they, till of late years, ever be obtained. In consequence of this irregularity, those who had arrived one year claimed their freedom the next. It was of little importance, however, to them, whether their 'times were up' or not, except as it furnished them with a grievance, for which there was some ground. When the times of the first convicts had expired, they were told that no obstacles would be thrown in the way of their returning to England, but that no assistance would be given to them on the part of government; that they might procure passages in ships touching at the settlement if they could, but that they must not attempt to go away without the Governor's permission; and that while they remained they must continue to labour at the public works. Men who have suffered the prescribed punishment for acts of injustice towards others are most tenacious of having justice done to themselves. It was not therefore to be wondered at, that under such circumstances the

the convicts became discontented, and that plots and mutinies were constantly forming, or constantly suspected.

It would appear however by the report of the Committee of the House of Commons, that of late years no difficulty exists among the major part of the men who do not wish to remain in the colony, of finding means to return home; but the same facility is not afforded to the women, who have no possible method of leaving the colony but by prostituting themselves on board such ships as may chuse to receive them. The committee justly observe,

‘ They who are sent to New South Wales, that their former habits may be relinquished, cannot obtain a return to this country, but by relapsing into that mode of life, which with many has been the first cause of all their crimes and misfortunes. To those who shrink from these means, or are unable even thus to obtain a passage for themselves, transportation for seven years is converted into a banishment for life, and the just and humane provisions of the law, by which different periods of transportation are apportioned to different degrees of crime, are rendered entirely null.’

Among the convicts, were another class of men whose minds were never to be reconciled to their fate—we allude to those transported for life. When deprived of hope, existence becomes the most insupportable of all evils; the captive who sees no end to his chains is careless as to his present conduct, and totally indifferent as to his future fate: the unhappy delinquents who have merited so severe a sentence, cannot fail to excite the compassion of those who superintend the labour which they are compelled to execute, but in which it is impossible they can feel the least degree of interest; to drive such hopeless wretches with the whip is barbarous, and without it they will perform no labour. It is true, the Governors have possessed a power of granting to convicts either the entire or partial remission of their sentence, whatever it may be—a power which is not only liable to great abuse, but which appears to have been at times very much abused.

‘ It is in evidence,’ say the Committee, ‘ that in some years 150 pardons have been granted; that pardons have been granted to convicts immediately on their arrival, without reference to their characters or merits; and it appears rather to have at times been made an instrument to gain popularity, than the means of rewarding exemplary conduct by a well-deserved extension of his Majesty’s mercy.’

Such were the materials destined to lay the foundation of the new British colony in New South Wales; and when, with such unwilling hands, we take into account the vast proportion of sick, the great number of deaths, desertions and imprisonments, the slowness of its progress is at once explained. It was retarded also in the commencement by physical, as well as moral causes.

causes. Though the climate is temperate, and by no means unhealthy, yet it is subject occasionally to violent heats, which raise the mercury to 105° of Fahrenheit's scale in the shade; at such times the leaves, the grain, and the grass are parched up, the birds drop from the trees, and animals lie gasping on the ground for want of water. Storms of thunder and lightning are not unfrequent, and hailstones of unusual size, stated to be sometimes six inches in circumference, kill the poultry, and totally destroy the corn. Caterpillars and grubs frequently devour the young grain, and the gardens are overrun with rats. The Hawkesbury river, on the banks of which lie the most fertile parts of the colony, is subject to inundations, which, rising to the enormous height of 70 or 80 feet, sweep away houses and inhabitants, cattle, grain, gardens, &c. leaving behind a scene of devastation in which scarcely a trace remains of the labours of man.

A settlement had been formed on Norfolk island, with a view to the cultivation of the flax plant, which Captain Cook found growing there spontaneously, of that species which is so successfully employed by the natives of New Zealand. It was also considered as an useful appendage to the principal colony, as a place of banishment for criminal and refractory convicts. This dependent colony was subject to the same impediments, both moral and physical, which retarded the progress of New South Wales. The soil indeed was richer, and the crops more abundant; but they were rendered less certain from the prevalence of rats and grubs. By its apparent fertility, however, and the extraordinary rapidity with which the breed of hogs increased, the Governor of Sydney was tempted to send to it a greater number of convicts than prudence would have warranted; the failure of the crop, the loss of a ship sent with provisions for their relief, and the circumstance of the hogs devouring one another for want of food, created a famine more distressful than was experienced on the continent; many died of hunger, and the rest were saved only by the myriads of birds of the puffin kind, which came from sea every evening in clouds that literally darkened the air, settling on the hill called Mount Pitt, where, in deep holes, their eggs were deposited and hatched. Two or three thousand of these birds were taken every night, to whose resting place the half-famished convicts were guided by knots of the pine tree, which served as torches to light them through the woods, to procure, at the expense of the most exhausting fatigue, a scanty meal for the following day. Though this was the only resource that remained on the island, so thoughtless and improvident were the convicts, that they not only destroyed the birds, with their young and their eggs, but even the holes in which the nests were made;

and thus very soon deprived themselves of their sole preservative from absolute famine.

But better times succeeded. There were no natives on Norfolk island, and those on New South Wales were so few in number, and so little united among themselves, that, although frequently troublesome, they occasioned little or no obstruction to the progressive improvement of the colony; for under all the discouraging impediments, it had so much improved in 1796, the eighth year of its establishment, that, according to Mr. Collins, there were 3959 persons of all descriptions at Sydney Cove, and 5419 acres of land under cultivation; the stores and granaries were abundantly filled; in the houses of individuals were most of the comforts and not a few of the luxuries of life; 'and the former years of famine, toil and difficulty were now exchanged for years of plenty, ease and pleasure.' In 1801, being the thirteenth year of the colony, there were 5547, of whom 776 were children, exclusive of those on Norfolk island, amounting to 961, making a total of 6508 in the whole colony. At the same time the ground in cultivation was 5333 acres of wheat, and 3864 acres of maize. The stock consisted of 6757 sheep; 1293 head of horned cattle; 243 horses; 4766 hogs, and 1259 goats. Eight years after this, according to a statement given by Mr. Mann, the state of the colony was as follows: 9356 inhabitants of all descriptions, of whom about 6000 were able to support themselves—6887 acres of wheat in cultivation—3390 acres of maize—620 acres of barley and oats—100 acres of peas and beans—301 acres of potatoes—546 acres of orchards and gardens—34 acres of flax, hemp and hops. The stock consisted of 411 horses, 529 mares—118 bulls, 5115 cows, and 3771 oxen—33,258 sheep—2975 goats, and 19,368 hogs. Without calling in question the accuracy of Mr. Mann's statement of facts, we may be allowed to doubt the solidity of his judgment in matters of opinion. But we have better authority, that of the Committee of the House of Commons. By the returns produced before this committee, and which come down to March, 1810, it appears that the total population then was 10,454, of which 5,513 were men, 2,220 women, and 2,721 children; that of these from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ were convicts; that, in addition, Port Dalrymple, and Hobart's town in Van Dieman's land contained 1,521 inhabitants, besides 177 persons on Norfolk island, which settlement, however, has been since totally abandoned; that the ground actually in cultivation amounted to rather more than 21,000 acres, and that 74,000 acres were held in pasture; that the number of horses was 521, mares 593—bulls 193, cows 6,351, oxen 4,732—sheep 33,818—goats 1,731—hogs 8,992. For the prices of provisions we

we must trust to Mr. Mann; that of beef is stated by him at 15*d.* a pound; mutton the same, pork 12*d.* fowls 2*s.* 6*d.* a piece, butter 6*s.* a pound, milk 1½ a quart, wheat 12*s.* a bushel, potatoes 10*s.* a cwt.; greens of all sorts plentiful and cheap, lemons 6*d.* a dozen, peaches 2*d.* a dozen, apples 2*s.* and pears 3*s.* a dozen. The average price of agricultural labour about half-a-crown a day, without board, and a shilling with it. This we conceive to be under-stated, for the Committee of the House of Commons, in their report say, 'that the expense of each convict in the service of government was about 40*l.* a year; and that a free labourer at Sydney could be hired for 70*l.* but that he would do nearly twice as much work.'

It would appear from these returns, that the colony is peculiarly calculated for raising stock. Sheep and hogs in particular increase rapidly, and thrive well. An instance is given by Colonel Collins of one colonist having in his possession, in 1799, 116 sheep raised from a single ewe given to him by Governor Phillip in 1792. It was discovered too by Governor Hunter, in 1795, that the two bulls and five cows, which, in the early days of the settlement, (1788) had strayed into the woods, had increased enormously, he himself having fallen in with a herd of at least 40, grazing on the 'cow pasture plains' beyond the Nepean river, about forty miles from Paramatta. Some doubts being started whether they might not be originally natives of the country, as they were extremely fierce and wild, a bull was shot, from which it was ascertained that they were of the true Cape of Good Hope breed. On these fine plains the herds have been observed annually to increase,—so much indeed that, we are told in the second edition of Colonel Collins's book, they amounted in 1803 to, at least, one thousand head; and as there is a strict prohibition against killing them, their escape into the woods, which was considered as one of the greatest calamities at the time it happened, is likely to turn out one of the most lucky events that could have befallen the colony, as these herds will furnish a certain resource against future scarcity.

Such a calamity, however, can scarcely now, with common prudence, be apprehended. Judging from the present state of the colony, we should say that the crisis which was to determine its existence, is past, and that the main difficulties have been surmounted. There can now be little doubt that the population, and with it the means of subsistence, will continue to increase; and indeed we think it rather extraordinary, that after a possession of five-and-twenty years there should still exist the necessity of an annual call upon the public. By the accounts laid before the Committee of the House of Commons, it appears that the bills drawn in the year 1810 amounted to 72,600*l.* being a great increase upon every preceding year,

year, and it is added, that the expenditure of the year 1811 promised to be still greater. We entirely concur in the opinion of the Committee, that a removal of part of the military force would considerably reduce the expense, and that in a population of 11,000 persons, eleven hundred of them are not required to be soldiers. These sums, however, are voted generally without inquiry.

It is now time, we think, to decide—whether this new colony is ever likely to answer the original ideas of those who recommended it:—first, as the means of converting convicted felons into good citizens; and secondly, as a colony which, from its productions and trade, holds out any hope, however remote, of becoming advantageous to the mother country. The Committee think ‘it is in a train entirely to answer the ends proposed by its establishment.’ We cannot say that we entirely concur in this opinion. From all the inquiries that we have been able to make, and from all the accounts that have been published, it does not appear that any considerable number of the convicts sent thither have been reclaimed from their vicious habits of life. Great numbers perish in consequence of their irregular lives, and many of those who return to Europe re-appear at the bar of the Old Bailey. Of those who escape to America we hear nothing more; they become there subjects worthy of the most ‘virtuous and enlightened government upon earth.’ It is scarcely time yet to form a correct estimate of the line of life which their children are likely to take. They are represented as a handsome well made race, on whose education considerable pains have been bestowed at the public expensæ. It has been observed, that many of the females who had never borne children in England, become prolific in New South Wales, and some of them at an age deemed generally past child-bearing. We do not imagine that the climate contributes to this effect, so much as the regular life they are there obliged to lead—regular, at least, in comparison with their former habits. Some of those who have married and settled have reformed their lives, but it is to be feared that the majority both of men and women are become more depraved in proportion to their numbers.

The most sanguine supporter of the New South Wales system of colonization will hardly, we think, promise to himself any advantage of importance to the mother country from the products which it may be able to supply. We entertain not the least doubt, that in a few years there will be a vast superabundance, both of live stock and grain; the one, it is almost needless to observe, will contribute to the other; and both are at all times marketable commodities in Europe; but the distance is so great, that until they can afford cattle to be slaughtered for the sake of the hides and tallow, they cannot become an article of trade; and grain can never be raised at
a price

a price sufficiently low to find a market in any part of Europe. The same objection will apply to the wool of their sheep, and the flax, which great pains were taken to cultivate and manufacture after the manner of the New Zealanders, two of whom were brought over to instruct the convicts. Naval timber and hemp are still less likely to find a market in Europe, or in India; and the whale fishery, after repeated trials, has been given up.

In one sense, however, the success of the colony may be attended with results highly advantageous to British interests. It is almost certain that should the prosperity of Great Britain continue to increase in its present ratio, the redundancy of its population must, at no very distant period, either produce an extension of pauperism too enormous to be supported, or an emigration from that class of society which is not only the most valuable, but the most numerous, the manufacturer, the small farmer and cottager. Many of these, we apprehend, will leave the country; and to persons of this description, the colony undoubtedly holds out strong encouragement: on the other hand, those who may be induced to go thither under the hope of realizing a fortune for themselves or their posterity, will certainly be deceived; for it does not appear that, by any exertion, they will ever be able to transfer their produce to any other country. But were it otherwise, we are not sure that the colonization of New South Wales, extensive as it is, would not find its ultimate limits in no great length of time. The Blue Mountains are an impenetrable barrier, beyond which all is nearly terra incognita. The Hawkesbury, the only river worth mentioning on the whole coast, has its rise on this side of that formidable obstacle, and is not navigable above half way to it. Whatever, therefore, the nature of the country may be beyond these mountains, a difficult communication by land and none by water carriage could be had with the sea coast. The want of harbours and rivers on the coasts, and the barren appearance of the greater part of them, are unfavourable to extensive colonization; and the remarkable scarcity of human beings, and of other animals, confirms the supposition that the country does not afford the means of subsistence for many more.

In stating our opinion of the little value of the new colony to the mother country, we are not actuated by the spirit of finding fault, which is always an easier task than that of pointing out a remedy. Two suggestions however occur to us, either of which, in our opinion, would be preferable to the system of sending criminals to this great penitentiary-house at the distance of more than 5000 leagues—at an enormous cost—and for no good purpose. Our first project is that of making a present of them, in the first instance, to the Americans, who now eagerly steal them away from

from the colony, in every vessel that touches there. This would be beneficial to the convicts, and not disadvantageous to the United States. In the first place, it would be a prodigious saving of human life: it is lamentable to reflect on the numbers who have perished in our new colony by the hand of the executioner, merely for stealing. Now all such would be saved to the state of Kentucky, where there is no law, or to that of Pennsylvania, where 'there is no gallows.' It is no harm there, to step over a man's snake-fence into his orchard, 'to taste if his peaches be ripe,' or into his cellar, 'to try if his beer be fit for tapping;' these are but neighbourly freedoms which are exceedingly agreeable and engaging, and which would suit the convicts to a miracle. There too the Irish redemption-men might at all times indulge the propensity of taking a walk through the woods to China, and, instead of becoming skeletons themselves, procure a comfortable livelihood by making skeletons of others; for the 'humane and pious people of Pittsburgh' have a stock purse which is open to all who shall bring them the 'scalps of Indians, provided they have both ears on,' and provided they are caught 'before the 15th of June.'*

Our second remedy, which, to be quite serious, is perhaps the better of the two, is to keep our transportable convicts employed at home; to set them upon the cultivation of our wastes; and to give them an immediate interest in the produce of their labour, and a remote and permanent interest in a part of the soil which they improve. On the wide and desolate waste of Dartmoor, for example,—where a magnificent building which has cost the nation one hundred thousand pounds is already erected, and which, together with the new town that it has created around it, must fall to ruin when the American war ceases, unless appropriated to some such use—we can discover no violent objection to making an effort, at least, to convert an unprofitable tract, (in which there is no want of soil or water,) into corn fields and meadows. Two thousand convicts thus employed would add to the national stock by their productive labour—two thousand; sent to New South Wales, would cost the public, for their passage, two hundred thousand pounds, and eighty thousand pounds a-year during the term of their transportation, without adding one farthing to the national wealth, or becoming a whit more industrious or moral than they were the day they left the hulks. Yet in the establishment of this colony, from which so little good has arisen or is likely to arise, we have already expended 2,500,000*l.* sterling; one tenth part of which would have subsisted at home the whole number of convicts that

* See No. XX, p. 532.

have been transported to New South Wales, while something might have been gained to the nation by their labour. The same sun would have inclosed and brought under cultivation 200,000 acres of waste lands, and raised subsistence for 60,000 people here; in New South Wales it has been wasted on 6000 worthless beings.

Ought we then to abandon the settlement to whatever nation may chuse to take it?—By no means. We think it an advantage to the world at large, that Englishmen and the English language should spread themselves over every quarter of the globe, with the exception of America; but we would have them to be Englishmen of good character, of decent and industrious habits, not convicted felons. Of such, we would by all means encourage the emigration to New South Wales. Inducements are not wanting there for respectable settlers, who can command a little property, and who would be satisfied with securing the mere comforts of life. With few deductions, the climate may be considered as good; its new inhabitants are subject to no particular diseases, but such as proceed from drunkenness and debauchery. The sky is, in general, clear and bright, the spring and autumn like the finest summer days in England. In winter the temperature never descends to the freezing point, though the snow lies on the Blue Mountains. The native quadrupeds are all innocent, and few noxious animals of any description are found in the country. Vegetation is rapid, and the foliage of the native plants beautiful. Timber, though not perhaps of the best description, abounds for mechanical and domestic purposes. There is plenty of coal, of iron, and of copper; plenty of good clay and earthen for pottery. The hop-plant thrives well, and barley yields abundantly. In short, we believe there are few of the necessaries of life that may not be procured in New South Wales; few that may not be brought within the reach of an industrious family.

If however it be the intention of government to encourage the settling off New South Wales, either with persons of respectability, or convicts, or both, some permanent system should be adopted, which does not appear yet to have been the case. One governor kept the convicts constantly employed on the public buildings, and in cultivating land on government account; another lent them out to work for the settlers; one made them work by task and job, another by day-work; one governor laid it down as a principle, 'that long-tried good conduct should lead a man back to that rank in society which he had forfeited, and do away, in as far as the case would admit, all retrospect of former bad conduct;' whilst another would in no instance permit convicts, whatever their conduct might be, 'to hold places of trust and confidence, or even to come to the government-house.' We had naval governors and military lieutenant-governors squabbling with

with each other, and setting the example of insubordination among those who were in want of no incitement to mutiny and insurrection. The convicts by one were allowed to turn traffickers, and another permitted the settlers to desert their farms to set up shops, or retail spirituous liquors; whilst the governors themselves entered into farming speculations. One instance is given in the report of the committee, of a grant of land of 1000 acres being made by a governor to the person appointed to succeed him, who, on assuming the government, returned the compliment by making a similar grant to his predecessor. (Report of Com. p. 8.) One allowed soldiers of good character to become settlers; another refused altogether this indulgence. In justice, however, to those who have exercised the functions of government in the new colony, it must be admitted that they appear to have been actuated generally by a zealous desire to promote its welfare and improvement, though all were not equally fortunate in the issue.

The very formation of a committee to inquire will be productive of good; and it is so far satisfactory to find by its report, that the whole system with regard to the convicts, has 'gradually been ameliorated, and particularly of late years since the colony appears to have attracted a greater share of the attention of government than it did for many years after its foundation.' Their mode of transportation is so much improved that the committee state it to be unobjectionable: and they further state, as a proof of the improvement in the mode of conveyance, that from the year 1795 to 1801, of 3833 convicts embarked, 385 died on board the transports, being nearly 1 in 10; but that since 1801, of 2398 embarked, 52 only have died on the passage, being 1 in 46. The Transport Board takes up the vessels, the Victualling Board supplies clothing and provisions for the voyage and nine months afterwards, and medicines are sent from Apothecaries' Hall. The owner of the vessel provides a surgeon, who undergoes an examination at Surgeons' Hall, and who, over and above his salary, is paid a gratuity of 10s. 6d. for every convict landed in New South Wales. The instructions to the master are very particular; if he disobeys them he is liable to be mulcted, or to a prosecution; if his conduct appears to be satisfactory, he receives a gratuity of 50l. These are regulations dictated by a spirit of true humanity.

On the arrival of a transport with convicts, a general return is called for from the free settlers of the quantity of land each has in cultivation, and the number of men wanted. The artificers are generally reserved for the government; those who have been in a higher situation in life, have tickets of leave given to them, which allow them to provide for themselves, and exempt them from all compulsory labour; similar tickets are given to men unused to active

active employment; the remainder are distributed amongst the settlers as servants and labourers. The convicts in government employ work in gangs, under an overseer to each, from six in the morning till three in the afternoon; the remainder of the day is their own; they are clothed, fed, and lodged at the public expense. Neither the overseer of a gang, nor the superintendant of several gangs, has any power of inflicting punishment; the sitting magistrate of the week, at Sidney, may order a punishment not exceeding twenty-five lashes, and a bench of three at least may extend it as far as 300 lashes, or the culprit may be sentenced to work in the gaol-gang from six in the morning till six in the evening.

The convicts distributed among the settlers are clothed, fed, and lodged by them; their hours are the same as for the public; or they work by task, and have the remainder of the time for themselves: the master cannot punish them, nor, if a magistrate, order them to be punished, but must have recourse to another magistrate. It was satisfactorily proved before the committee, that when thus domesticated in families, removed from their former connections, and brought into habits of industry and regularity, the chance of reformation was much greater than when they were worked in gangs.

Great abuses formerly prevailed in the distribution of female servants, who, on demand of the inhabitants, were received by them rather as prostitutes than as servants; but of late years marriages have become more frequent, and a restraint has been put upon that indiscriminate distribution which once prevailed. The committee differ entirely from Governor Macquarie in thinking that female convicts sent out are a great drawback on the prosperity of the colony; they, on the contrary, consider that such women as these were the mothers of a great part of the inhabitants now existing in the colony; and that from such a stock only can a reasonable hope be held out of increase to the population, upon which increase, here, as in all infant colonies, its prosperity must in great measure depend. They attribute, and we think very justly, the present prevalence of prostitution to a deficiency of women; and they suggest the expediency of permitting in all cases the wives of male convicts to accompany their husbands into exile, as the most eligible way of providing the colony with women, and one which may, with advantage, be much extended beyond the present practice: the permission is now only granted, and that seldom, to the wives of men transported for life or for fourteen years.

To those convicts who, after the expiration of the time to which they had been sentenced, chuse to settle in New South Wales, a grant is made of forty acres of land, if the party be unmarried, but if married, of something more for the wife and each child; implements and stock are also advanced to them, and they are victualled from

from the permanent stores for eighteen months; and by this indulgence an opportunity is given of establishing themselves in independence, and by proper conduct of gaining a respectable place in society; and it is gratifying to learn, from the report of the committee, that such instances have occurred, though they are but exceptions from the general conduct of the convicts.

The charts, and indeed the whole of the decorative and illustrative part of the work are very creditable to all concerned. Of this part, the direction, we believe, was entrusted to Sir Joseph Banks, to whom Captain Flinders expresses his warm acknowledgments, having found in him, what many others have found, 'a friend and patron.'—'Such,' says he, 'he proved in the commencement of my voyage, and in the whole course of its duration; in the distresses which tyranny heaped upon those of accident, and after they were overcome.' Long may this patron of science live to distribute his bounty and his benefits, and to assist unprotected genius! for we are not afraid to say, that we know not where to find the man who could worthily replace him.

ART. II.—1. *A Letter from Paris, to George Petre, Esq.*

By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace. 8vo. pp. 98.

2. *Paris in 1802 and in 1814.* By the Rev. William Shepherd. 8vo. pp. 284.

3. *Mon Journal de Huit Jours; or, the History of a Week's Absence from Maidstone, and of a Visit to France, in September, 1814.* By the Rev. W. R. Wake, A. M. Curate of the said Parish, and Vicar of Backwell. 8vo. pp. 37.

4. *A Visit to Paris, in June, 1814.* By Henry Wansey, sen. Esq. F.A.S. 8vo. pp. 129.

5. *Letters from a Lady to her Sister during a Tour to Paris, in April and May, 1814.* 12mo. pp. 170.

6. *The Picture of Paris; or, Stranger's Guide to the French Metropolis.* By Edward Planta, Esq. 12mo. pp. 249.

OUR readers will not be surprised at the number of titles that precede this article, because they have probably themselves felt the epidemic curiosity of the last eight months, and will have been prepared to expect that many of the happy persons who were enabled to indulge their taste by a visit to Paris, would have the generosity to register and report their remarks, for the benefit of their less fortunate friends at home.

But we grieve to say, that the results of this communicative disposition have not been answerable to the generous intentions of the tourists; for nothing can be more unsatisfactory and meagre than

than all the accounts which we have seen of these excursions. Mr. Eustace's letter, indeed, is that of a man of sense and observation; but it is merely, as it purports, a letter to a friend, and gives every slight and hasty sketch of what he has seen, calculated rather to baffle than to satisfy curiosity. In his account however of what he saw, we find accuracy and truth, and in his expression of his thoughts and feelings, judgment and discrimination.

Mr. Shepherd is much more minute and particular; but he has had the goodness to enliven his details by a great deal of smart inaccuracy; and though he is not incommunicative of such observations as he could pick up in coffee-houses, he is laudably careful not to incur the responsibility of setting up for one of those deep thinkers, who consider it necessary that every object they see should excite an image in their imaginations, or add an idea to their intellectual stock. We are accordingly inclined to believe, that no man could have seen more or thought less, in the same space of time, than Mr. Shepherd; and as seeing sights must be the great object of a Parisian tour, and as thinking is a dull and *homely* occupation, we are inclined to be of opinion that Mr. Shepherd's work will have a certain kind of popularity, and that a great many persons will find in him a very congenial tourist.

Not but that there is a drawback on Mr. Shepherd's claim to favour with even this class of readers; as he takes care to inform us in his journal, that of some twenty days or thereabouts which he spent in Paris, he was a considerable part of a considerable number '*busily* employed,' as he happily expresses it, '*in reading*,' in the '*Bibliothèque Nationale*, or, to *speak the dialect of the day*, in the '*Bibliothèque Royale*.' (p. 128.) What books these were that so *busily* employed Mr. Shepherd, whether they were such as he could not find in the libraries of the British Museum, or of Oxford and Cambridge, or even in that of the Liverpool Institution, he does not inform us; but we cannot but lament, for the sake of his gentle readers, that so many valuable hours of his Parisian life were spent in these severer and anonymous studies.

The intimation which Mr. Shepherd gives us, that it is *only* in compliance with the fashion of *the day* that he substitutes the title of *Bibliothèque Royale* for that of *Bibliothèque Nationale*, has, even from this inaccurate dissenting divine, a little surprized us. We have read that this collection was commenced so early as the reign of Charles V. and subsequently enlarged by his successors, kings of France, and particularly by Lewis XIV. XV. and XVI.;—that from the year 1370, down to 1792, it was known as the *Bibliothèque du Abis*;—that during the ten years of the republic it was called

Bibliothèque Nationale;—that it afterwards assumed the style of *Impériale*; and we, therefore, can hardly understand what Mr. Shepherd means by saying that the resumption of the old title of *Royal* is a mere compliance with the fashion of the day.

The Rev. Mr. Wake's journey would appear, from its title, to have been the shortest and most rapid that has been detailed to the public since Jonas Hanway's time. A visit to France of *one week*! Prodigious celerity: but the reverend curate and vicar really does his expedition injustice; he might more properly have called it a visit of five days, for he landed in France on Tuesday night and left it again on Sunday afternoon. Our readers will be anxious to know by what vehicle our divine travelled, and the arrow of Abaris, the hippogriff of Astolfo, and the balloon of Mongolfier will all occur to his imagination. But to relieve them from the painful curiosity which they must now begin to feel as to the extent and mode of his flight, we proceed to inform them that his 'Visit to France' is only a pleonasm or grandiloquacity for a trip from Dover to Calais, from Calais in the diligence to Boulogne, and from Boulogne back to Dover: and we must own that the original amazement excited by the title-page, how our author could have seen so much in so short a time, has, by our perusal of his pamphlet, been changed into a more permanent wonder, how, in 'huit jours,' any man of common sense and observation should have seen so little, and fancied that he had any thing to tell.

But of all our travellers Henry Wansey, sen. Esq. *Fellow of the Antiquarian Society*, is by much the most original, and we may add, instructive; for his work certainly relates circumstances of which we have never heard or read before, and which every other tourist has altogether overlooked. A few extracts from the work of this *learned gentleman* will, we presume to think, gratify our readers in a very extraordinary degree, and (even though they should have lately visited Paris) will, we are satisfied, convey to them information on several curious and important points of which they are at present totally ignorant.

The very first night he entered Paris, he intimates that he had the good fortune (which certainly never happened to any other traveller) of seeing the celebrated 'Talma' perform in 'one of Molière's plays;*' but on this and other occasions (pp. 26, 70) Mr. Wansey observes upon and laments one very singular 'defect of the stage, which is that the same scene continues through the whole play; this defect however is counterbalanced by the curious circumstance of the performers being in general very perfect in their parts.'

* On a subsequent night, however, he sends his son George to see this distinguished actor 'play in tragedy.' (p. 72.)

On the interesting subject of the Column of the grand army he has discovered a curious fact—the Latin inscription has been hitherto understood to mean that ‘the German war,’ which it celebrates, ‘was, in the space of three months, brought to a happy conclusion;’ and we have always heard that the column was three *years* in building; but our Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, in *his* translation, acquaints us that, not only the campaign, but the *column itself*, basso relievos, statues and all were finished in three months!

But the originality of Mr. Wansey’s mind does not display itself merely in translation and chronology; some of his architectural and topographical observations are equally curious: he expressly states, for instance, that the pont de Jena, which all the world has erroneously gone on mistaking for a *stone* bridge, is, in truth, like the pont d’Austerlitz, an *iron* bridge with five *iron* arches, (p. 39,) and he also places the palace of the Luxembourg on the banks of the Seme, (p. 40.) which every one will agree is a prodigious improvement to that edifice.

The citizens of London will be proud to hear that ‘the Palais Royal is exactly the same form as the Royal Exchange;’ but their pleasure will be a little damped by Mr. Wansey’s subsequent observation, that it is so indeed, ‘*except that the Palais Royal is an oblong square and five times as large.*’ (p. 42.)

Mr. Wansey seems to doubt our power of ‘judging his agreeable sensations on entering the picture gallery of the Louvre,’ but we think he has, by a slight hint, enabled us perfectly to appreciate his taste; for he classes ‘Rubens and Guido’ together, and assures us that ‘of the works of these *two alone* there are more than one hundred.’ (p. 49.)

On the subject of the celebrated arch of triumph of the Carousel, he incidentally makes a very curious discovery. He says the bronze horses ‘are led by two golden Victories *as large as life.*’ (p. 60.) He does not state by what means he has ascertained the exact size of a *living* Victory: all that we can say is that if these Victories are no larger than the life, the real size of a Victory greatly exceeds that of any man or woman in these degenerate times.

Mr. Wansey also acquaints us, (but we think with some symptoms of his own personal dissent,) that

‘the French affect to be Grecians, affirming that the Athenians had a place which they called the Thuilleries, which word is of the same meaning as *Cemeterios**; and they also say that their taste for statuary and sculpture is very similar to that of the inhabitants of Attica, as well as their love of spectacles.’—p. 61.

These facts, however, and particularly that of spectacles having been known to the Athenians, Mr. Wansey appears to doubt, and

* Sic in orig.

does not affirm of his own authority, but observes that these things 'are asserted in a book published as a guide to strangers at Paris, by a Monsieur F. M. Marchand, which has undergone repeated editions'; so that at least the statements, surprising as they are, have not yet been contradicted.

At the theatre du Vaudeville Mr. Wansey is much amused by certain '*small* pieces, which turn on some wit or pleasantry,' and in this class our learned antiquary reckons the story of 'Cupid and Psyche.'—(p. 69.)

He of course takes care to visit the *bute* as he calls it, of Chaumont, where the greatest slaughter took place on the famous 30th of March, but singular to say, though it was only now the 12th of June, our disappointed tourist, instead of finding 'some vestiges of a battle,' could not even see 'any dead bodies' still lying on the spot. 'Indeed,' he adds,

'The only discovery we made was of a large plantation of black currant trees with unripe fruit upon them, of which I suspect the French make very free in the composition of their light wines.'—(p. 71.)

This discovery is important indeed, and should put Englishmen on their guard how they drink light French wine, because there is, it seems, reason to suspect, that abundant as grapes appear to be in France, the people are so perversely malicious, that they go to the incredible trouble and expense of mixing with them large quantities of unripe black currants from the plantation of Chaumont.

Of the Pantheon, or Church of St. Genevieve, Mr. Wansey acquaints us that

'It is built after the form of *an* ancient Greek temple, *that* of Virtue and Honour, implying that you must pass through the *first* before you can arrive at the *last*.'—(p. 78.)

This is altogether new to us, and we fancy would be a matter of some wonder to 'Mr. Sufflot, upon whose plan,' Mr. Wansey admits, a little after, 'this noble building was erected.'

In the vaults under this church

'Are apartments and niches capacious enough to receive two or three thousand *interments*:—there are already many* deposited there, as appears by the inscriptions, *Clarke*, de *Lasnes*, and twenty more, whose names I forget.'—(p. 78.)

Here we must take the liberty, for the first time, to doubt Mr. Wansey's accuracy, and can hardly believe that *Clarke* is yet an *interment*, as he has been seen, at a period subsequent to Mr. Wansey's visit to the Pantheon, walking about Paris, to all ap-

* *Interments*, scilicet.

pearance as alive as ever: but this may have been a mere attempt at deception; and very probably Clarke—though he endeavours to carry the thing off by bluster and gasconade—is, as Mr. Wansey affirms, actually dead and buried.

In addition to his admirable written description of the Pantheon, Mr. Wansey has adorned his work with an etching of the great portico, of which we need only say, that it is drawn with such architectural taste and accuracy, that the base line of the pediment is not much more than double the perpendicular height.

But we must reluctantly withdraw our particular attention from Mr. Wansey; we have, we think, quoted enough to convince our readers that he is the most entertaining of travellers; and that for accuracy and profundity of observation, for acquaintance with French manners and habits, for deep skill in the ancient languages, and for taste and judgment in the arts and sciences, Mr. Wansey is an honour to our country at large, and a particular ornament to that learned body, the Society of Antiquaries.

The ‘Letters of a Lady to her Sister’ are just what they ought to be, lively and rapid tittle-tattle for the use of the fair sex. Compared with the works of her competitors, that of our young lady (for young and handsome she gives us reason to presume her to be) may claim considerable merit. She is more lively than Mr. Eustace; much more accurate and profound than Mr. Shepherd; and though she falls short of the learned originality of Mr. Wansey, she almost equals the velocity of Mr. Wake. Her account of the king’s visit to Notre Dame, the day of his entry into Paris, may be given as a fair specimen of her powers as an author, it certainly does credit to her feelings.

‘We were so fortunate as to have tickets presented us for the cathedral of Notre Dame, where we sat at our ease.

‘Soon after eleven, every one began to be anxious, and listening to every sound. About one o’clock, we heard the distant roll of cannon, which increased until the feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of expectation. Gradually the sound of drums, and the exclamations of the populace were heard, swelling, until the burst of applause, the cries of Vive, Vive le Roi! gave us the welcome intelligence that the procession was near. At a quarter past two it arrived. Never can I forget the deep impression it made on my heart! The sacredness of the place was no restraint; but every heart, every voice exclaimed as they entered, “Vive, Vive le Roi!” The cathedral echoed with the bursts of applause and delight.—Many ladies threw themselves on their knees as the king passed, and all waved their handkerchiefs. When the “Domine, salvum fac Regem” began, which was not only performed by the choristers, but joined by the whole congregation, it was more deeply affecting than I can describe. Uninterested as it might be supposed that I felt, I wept like an infant; and entered

entered as sincerely into the feelings of the moment as any Frenchman in Notre Dame.'—pp. 50, 51, 52.

The Picture of Paris is a mere manual; translated for the most part from M. Marchand's 'Conducteur de Paris;' it is, however, much less valuable than that work, and yet costs twice or thrice as much.

Having thus given our readers a summary of what they are to expect from each of these tourists, it is no part of our duty to inform them of what they are to expect to see in the city of Paris, or to endeavour to supply from our own sources the information in which the works under review may appear deficient; but there are two or three other points connected with this subject, upon which, even in a literary point of view, we think some observations may be expected from us.

No opinion appears to have been more general throughout Europe, than that the city of Paris has been prodigiously increased in extent, convenience, and magnificence, under the reign of Buonaparte. Now this we find great reason to doubt: even in Mr. Eustace's cursory observations there are adduced some very strong facts to the contrary; and as the good taste and judicious improvements of Buonaparte are now almost the only topics of praise on which his admirers venture to expatiate, it is worth while, for the sake of moral and political truth, to inquire a little into the justice of this reputation, and the foundations on which it was raised.

And first let us hear with what indignation the Rev. Mr. Shepherd repels even an insinuation against this portion of Buonaparte's fame.

'Wednesday morning, June 29th, whilst I was meditating before breakfast, upon the wonderful embellishments which had been made by Buonaparte in every part of the city of Paris which I had visited yesterday, my servant brought me the *Journal des Débats*. On perusing this paper, I was disgusted by a *time-serving diatribe*, written by a certain *Amanty Duval*, who, in an essay on Fountains, has the *meanness*, in the very view of the edifices which give a practical and palpable contradiction to his assertion, to state as matter of reproach, that Buonaparte '*n'avoit pas la passion de bâtir*.' Had this wretched scribbler called into question the good taste of the Ex-emperor, he might at least have found room for argument: but to say that he had no passion for building out-herods herod in point of hardihood of assertion.'

On this spirited and well-bred passage, we must beg leave to make one or two observations before we proceed farther, and we think we shall shew our readers, that if *scurrility, ignorance, and falsehood* can entitle a writer to the epithet of 'wretched scribbler,' it is assuredly not M. Duval who deserves it.

We beg our readers to attend to the facts of this case, as it will enable

enable them to form a tolerable estimate of the Reverend Mr. Shepherd.

Mr. Shepherd did *not* peruse, in the *Journal des Débats*, any essay on Fountains, for it contained none. He did *not* read any work of 'a certain Amanty Duval,' for there is no such person;—there is indeed in Paris a literary man of the name of Amaury Duval; not a wretched scribbler, but a respectable man of letters, long known as editor of the *Décade Philosophique*, and other works; but M. Amaury Duval did *not* write the supposed article in the journal. M. Duval did indeed write descriptions and notes to Moisy's engravings of the Fountains of Paris; but in these descriptions and notes the words reprobated by Mr. Shepherd do *not* exist: and if they had existed, they could hardly be called *mean* and *time-serving* as they were written during Buonaparte's reign. Now what does our reader think of the Rev. Mr. Shepherd's veracity?

The truth is, that in the *Journal des Débats* of the 29th of June, there was a kind of critique upon the work of Messrs. Moisy and Duval, written and signed by a M. Boutard; in which he, Boutard, says that 'though the Emperor wished to emulate other monarchs, and particularly Louis XIV. in magnificent edifices, yet he had himself no real taste or passion for building.' An assertion moderate in its expression, and perfectly supported by the facts which M. Boutard adduces. To all this it should be added, that Mr. Shepherd professes to pique himself on his *accuracy*, for the better ensuring of which he wrote his tour in the form of a journal, and from this journal it appears that it was on the second morning after his arrival in Paris, and before he had been farther than the Louvre, that he ventured to accuse an inhabitant of Paris of not being acquainted with his native town, and embellished his accusation with all the blundering billingsgate which we have quoted.

In Mr. Shepherd's decided opinion of the greatness of Buonaparte's architectural performances, Mr. Wansey seems to coincide; but, more cautious than Mr. Shepherd, the antiquary produces his authority, which is no less than that of an old soldier, 'who showed and explained these things (viz. some projected improvements) to us, and observing our admiration and astonishment, exclaimed, "Ah, sir, the Emperor has done more noble things in ten years for the advantage of Paris than all our sovereigns for a century past!"'—(p. 30.)

But M. F. M. Marchand (Mr. Wansey's friend, the *Conducteur de l'Etranger à Paris*) goes still farther, for he informs us at the end of a catalogue of works performed by Buonaparte, that

'In considering so many wonders performed in so few years in the midst of the most extensive wars, as if in the bosom of profound peace, we cannot but admire the great man who created them. He may say

with regard to Paris what Augustus said of Rome, *lateritiam accepi, marmoream reliqui*; but grateful posterity will say of him "greater than Augustus," &c. &c.—(p. 122.)

In the same strain were all the speeches of his ministers, the paragraphs of his gazettes, and the panegyrics of a host of native hirelings and foreign dupes; and it must be confessed, that the audacity with which the delusion was supported and spread, was well calculated to astonish and overwhelm all opposition: perfect and triumphant as the organised system of fraud and falsehood was, in all Buonaparte's proceedings, we frankly own that the audacious falsehoods relative to his share in the architectural embellishment of Paris, throw all the rest into the shade. We have just had the testimony of M. Marchand, that Buonaparte found Paris *brick* and left it *marble*: and it is notorious that all the plans of Paris give us the sites and names of the magnificent works which he has erected, and that the print-shops are crowded with engravings of his 'Monumens de Paris.'

Our untraveller readers will hardly be prepared for what we nevertheless assure them is the fact, that many of these monuments are not yet erected, nay, not in progress; and the stranger who, trusting the guides and the print-shops, goes in quest of the palace or the fountain, will often find either a piece of waste ground without any preparation for buildings, or a few loads of stones collected, and a few lines traced, as it were of foundations.

For example, we have seen one of these little collections of prints with which the minions of the tyrant endeavoured to deceive, not the stranger alone, but even the people of France. It contains *twenty-nine* views of public edifices or places in Paris; of these, *nineteen* were built before the revolution; of the other ten, *five* have been built by Buonaparte, but of the remaining five, *two* are not half finished and *three* not at all begun. Yet the *whole* are represented as *completed*, and, by M. Marchand and all such writers, attested as *monuments of the genius of the emperor*.

What public works has he, in fact, finished in Paris, and of what utility? The column in the Place Vendôme—the little* triumphal arch in the Carousel—a continuation of the quays—a dozen of fountains, and the four bridges des Arts, de la Cité, d'Austerlitz, and de Jena.

To the column it would be false and wretched criticism to object that it is not a work of utility; a fine specimen of art, a monument of glory, is in the noblest sense a work of utility; but all that is Buonaparte's in this monument, namely, its purpose, its site, and the deviation from its model, we dislike; its purpose, for it is a

* As, in comparison with the arches of Lewis XIV. the French very justly call it *mere*

mere tribute of his personal vanity to itself, and its site, because it embarrasses the Place Vendôme, a small octagon, into which only two streets open, instead of being erected in the adjoining Place de Louis XV. which affords the noblest situation perhaps in Europe for such a monument. The design, every one knows, is copied from Trajan's column—the only deviation is miserably for the worse; namely, the clumsy '*calotte*' with which it is surmounted.

The arch of triumph in the Caroussel it is impossible to see without being disgusted with the vanity and bad taste of which it is a monument. The Buonapartists call it an *imitation* of the arch of Septimius Severus, but in truth it is only a *parody*: utility or propriety it has none; because, though just at the entrance of a great palace, one can hardly contrive to pass under it, without going out of the way for the mere purpose of doing so. Its composition is the most perplexed and artificial, and its materials and decoration the most tawdry that can be imagined. White marble and green marble, stone pillars with metal capitals, leaden Victories and bronze horses, Grecian allegories and French grenadiers, are all jumbled together to form this paltry trinket, which reminds us of Lord Hervey's description of Chiswick, that 'it was too small for use, and too large to hang to one's watch-chain:' and to crown the ridicule, this *triumphal* arch is stuck down in the midst of a square of buildings, from the first floor windows of which it is absolutely looked down upon.

On the summit of the arch stand the Victories aforesaid, leading the famous Venetian horses, which are yoked to a car of gilt lead, destined to receive a gilt-leaden statue of the emperor; the particularity with which this *intended* statue is described in one of the French descriptions of this monument, as *already* existing, is an amusing specimen of the style of Buonaparte's flatterers:

'Les deux figures qui retiennent les chevaux, le char et la figure qu'on doit y mettre et que la reconnaissance y place déjà, sont en plomb doré.'

Thus it would seem, that the *future* statue *was* already finished, and an abstract *idea* is described as being actually cast of molten lead.

A still more amusing and characteristic trait, is the calembourg to which this absent statue gave occasion—'Où est donc,' said a spectator, pointing to the empty car, 'où est donc Napoléon—le char l'attend?' (charlatan.) It must be owned that it was scarcely possible to describe the busy and tawdry presumption of the author of this arch by a more appropriate name; and for such a mountebank there could be no fitter stage than this building.

We have no doubt that it will be taken down; in its present position

sition it offends alike the eye of loyalty and good taste, and common sense and common decency equally demand its removal.

It would be absurd to deny that the Quays of Paris are among its principal beauties, but it is equally true that they are altogether the design, and in much the greater part the work of the Bourbon sovereigns; Buonaparte has, indeed, continued those works, and has made considerable progress in execution of a decree of Lewis XV. for constructing a quay from the Pont Royal to the Esplanade of the Invalides, and a farther continuance of this work round to the Pont de Jena was projected and begun. But, really, it is not by such works as these that the lofty title of 'Creator of Paris' is to be vindicated. Nobody ever thought of extravagantly extolling the Bourbons for an improvement so obvious in its conception and so easy of execution; and yet all Europe is to ring with Buonaparte's praises because he has executed some hundred additional yards of his predecessor's plan!

Of the fountains which he has erected, there is but *one* deserving of any praise, that of the Boulevard de Bondy near the Porte St. Martin; all the rest are either grossly absurd or absolutely mean; and this very subject of the fountains affords a very striking instance of the manner in which Buonaparte has been 'praised for labours not his own.'

M. Moisy's book of the engravings of Les Fontaines de Paris (which we have already mentioned) is adorned with a fine engraved frontispiece, with this inscription in *capital* letters, 'NOUVELLES FONTAINES ÉRIGÉES À PARIS DE L'ORDRE ET PAR LA MUNIFICENCE DE NAPOLEON LE GRAND;' and then follows, in small characters, '*on y a joint toutes celles existantes antérieurement à son règne.*'

Now, our readers will scarcely believe, that of upwards of *eighty* fountains, of which this fine book gives views and descriptions, not one-fourth part has been erected in the time of Napoléon; upwards of sixty attest the magnificence and good taste of the kings, less than twenty belong to the emperor; of which, as we have said, almost all are in a style, which the notes of this very work admit to be wretched; and here it is but just to observe, that so far is M. Amaury Duval from meriting Mr. Shepherd's blundering accusation of being 'time-serving,' that he deserves great credit for the good taste and courage with which, in a work, which his coadjutor appears to have dedicated to the emperor's vanity, he has told the honest truth, that few of his fountains are fit to be seen, and the great majority are only little spouts good for nothing but filling water buckets. Of that dedicated to Dessaix, in the Place Dauphine, even his hireling writers acknowledged that '*élevée à la gloire d'un grand capitaine elle paraît peu digne de sa destination;*' and

and it is scarcely possible to find a more striking instance of lofty promise and mean performance than in a decree published by Buonaparte at Mosco for erecting, in front of the stately church of Saint Sulpice at Paris, that little building, devoid of all character and proportion, which his imperial Majesty was pleased to denominate *the Fountain of Peace*. Here also it is proper to add, as illustrative of his taste in public monuments, that he had erected in the Place des Victoires a statue of Dessaix, so extravagantly bad, that it was, by his own order, planked up from the public view and indignation.

Let us now examine his four bridges. Le Pont de la Cité replaces an old wooden bridge which connected the islands de la Cité and St. Louis. Louis XV. by his letters patent of April, 1769, destined a stone bridge of a single arch for this situation—Buonaparte has built a bridge of two arches, composed of stone, timber, iron, and plaster, in so bad a taste as to be offensive to the eye, and of such wretched execution that long before he was exiled, it was condemned and shut up as impassable.

The Pont des Arts is composed of stone piers, iron arches, and wooden planking, and intended for foot passengers only; of whom, however, no great number make use of it; deterred, probably, by a toll by which the ‘*munificent Napoleon the Great*’ endeavoured to reimburse his expenses. As an object of taste, nothing, in our opinion, can be much worse than this little bridge, either with regard to its effect on the river, or as compared with the solid architectural masses of the Louvre and the Collège des Quatre Nations, as a communication between which it is placed.

The Pont d’Austerlitz is at the eastern extremity of Paris, as that of Jena is at the western, and we are much inclined to attribute both to Buonaparte’s vanity rather than to a sense of their utility, as the remoteness of their situation (they are actually out of town) renders them of little comparative use at present. The Pont d’Austerlitz is composed of stone piers and iron arches, and as an architectural object is far from handsome; but it must be confessed that the Pont de Jena, which is the *only* stone bridge with which Buonaparte has adorned Paris, is a very fine work. Its situation, though not essentially conducing to public convenience, is well chosen with reference to the point of view, and we readily admit that it forms a noble entrance to the Champ de Mars.

Of the new portico to the Palais Bourbon, (the Chamber of Deputies,) it is impossible to deny the striking effect as seen from the Pont Royal or the opposite quays; but, as a French critic has very well remarked, ‘it is quite incongruous with all the rest of the building,’ and you too plainly see that it is a portico ‘which leads to nothing.’

We have now completed the account of the works *executed* by Buonaparte

Buonaparte—no very magnificent catalogue, considering the omnipotence of despotism, and the absolute contempt with which Buonaparte overleaped all public forms or private rights which could impede the execution of even his wildest intentions. Of those in progress, or in imagination, we shall not have much to say: a palace for the king of Rome, of which the foundations even were not laid, but of which we are told ‘Paris was *already* proud,’—A triumphal arch at l’Etoile de Neuilly, begun in 1806, but not yet carried as high as the spring of the arch—A column on the Pont Neuf, of which, (though the prints of it, as of the rest, are already published,) not even a stone is laid; and in fact the intention was not a column, but an obelisk:—A bronze elephant, (who was to spout through his trunk water which was to be supplied from a castle on his back,) of which the *model* in plaster is finished,—A north gallery between the Thuilleries and Louvre, of which about one-fourth is built, and which, if ever completed, must be, from the want of parallelism, and symmetry between the buildings which it is to unite, awkward and incongruous,*—A temple of glory on the site of the Madeleine; but little or nothing has been added to the preparations for that church commenced by Lewis XVI.—All these our readers will see are little more than the useless abortions of the man’s vanity, and, except the exchange, the four or five new slaughter-houses, and the new wine-market, none of the unfinished works pretend even to public utility: the removal of the slaughter-houses from the city took place under the administration of Sartines,† and the merit of that arrangement, though arrogated by Buonaparte, belongs to him no more than the building of the Louvre.

If, indeed, we were to believe appearances, Buonaparte built not only the Louvre, but all Paris; for he has every where caused his *monogram*, that is, the letter N, to be placed; and the works of Henry IV., Lewis XIII. and XIV., have been scraped and painted, and, every where, within and without, covered with the ensigns of Buonaparte: never was jest more true than that to which this profusion of his monogram gave rise, ‘*Il a des N mis par-tout.*’‡

He had the astonishing insolence to cause to be inscribed on the

* This was commenced under Louis XIV. but was discontinued on account of the incongruities alluded to. We quite agree with M. Boutard, that this new gallery will encumber, rather than adorn, the Carrousel; and that it would have been much better to have left this esplanade open to the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli.

†

Paris, Dec. 15, 1764.

Since the first of this month all the slaughter-houses have been removed to the Isle des Cygnes, below the capital: from time immemorial the butchers used to slay and prepare the meat on the Quai des Gèvres, one of the most populous parts of the city, and the regulation, now at last effected, has been nearly a century in agitation.—Vide Gentleman’s Magazine for 1764.

‡ The lady tourist blunders this jest into ‘*N est mis par-tout.*’ a version of it which it is impossible she could have heard from a Parisian.

Louvre,

Louvre, 'Napoleon finished the Louvre'; though, in fact, it was not, and is not, finished, and his additions to that building were inconsiderable, one of the greatest being a church dedicated beforehand to *Saint Napoléon*. This is of a piece with the audacity (which we observed upon in a former Number) of claiming for him the praise of having *planned* and executed the works at Cherbourg, which had been planned by Lewis XIV., and in progressive execution under his successors.

These, then, are the claims of Buonaparte to the title of CREATOR OF PARIS; a city in which Europe admired, before he was born, almost every edifice which at this hour is worthy of admiration: quays, bridges, fountains, monuments, triumphal arches, temples and palaces, before which, in number, utility, taste and splendour, the half dozen tawdry ostentations of Buonaparte sink into insignificance.

Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Wansey, and such persons, are astounded by the gallery of the Louvre, and the wonders which the emperor collected there; and we are not at all inclined to deny that he spared no exertion of robbery and rapine to increase this collection; but it is equally true that the design of a national museum, or the appropriation to this purpose of the galleries of the Louvre, (thickly as he has covered the ceilings with N N,) belongs not to Buonaparte. This had long been the destination of the Louvre,* and though the Parisians may thank Buonaparte's sword for the possession of the Apollo or the Transfiguration, they must not attribute to his genius and taste the design or foundation of this national collection.

Let us not, however, be misrepresented as falling into the contrary error to that which we reprove. We do not deny that, in Buonaparte's time, much has been done for the improvement of Paris and of France: a few commercial, and a great number of military works have been accomplished; two or three canals, many roads, and some bridges, have improved the internal communication of the country; and in Paris, one or two new streets have been opened, the markets have been multiplied and rendered more commodious, and two or three of the works, which he has erected in that city, contribute to its splendour. He also repaired and refurnished, *for his own use*, several of the royal palaces which the revolution had devastated; and his selfish ambition rendered him the instrument of great advantages to France by obliterating the traces of the Revolution, and bringing back the public mind to sentiments

* The inferior galleries had even been appropriated by letters patent of Henry IV. for the residences and workshops of men of science, and artists of all descriptions—a munificence which they enjoyed under his royal successors.—Vide *Pigoulet Descript. de Paris*, tom. ii. p. 159.

of legitimate and orderly government. But praise to this amount, or of this kind, is not what Buonaparte and his partisans demand; and we are well aware that no concession, which truth will permit us to make, will satisfy their presumptuous arrogance.

We are glad to find the opinion of so respectable and competent a judge as Mr. Eustace coincident with that which we have formed, and though, on some points, we differ from him, we can safely recommend his observations on this subject as the most just of any that we have seen. With a few remarks which this gentleman has made on the manner and character of the modern Parisians, we shall conclude an article which has grown under our hands to a length that we did not contemplate at the outset.

Has the Revolution altered their ancient habits, or are they still the same good-humoured and lively people, proud of themselves, and indulgent to others, content with the amusement of the day, with little foresight or retrospect, polite and attentive, always desirous to please, and not unfrequently very pleasing?—Alas! no, my friend—so many deeds of blood, so many scenes of misery, so many years of military oppression, and such a familiarity with injustice and slaughter, must be supposed not only to have checked the native sprightliness of the race, but to have instilled into it a considerable portion of gloom and ferocity.

In these observations we can only now express our general concurrence; but we trust we shall have some future opportunity of investigating the extent of the change in the national character, and of considering what its effects are likely to be on European Society.

ART. III.—*The Works of the English Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper; including the Series edited, with Prefaces Biographical and Critical, by Dr. Samuel Johnson; and the most approved Translations. The additional Lives by Alexander Chalmers, F.S.A.* In 21 vols. Royal Octavo. London: Printed for all the Booksellers.

MR. Chalmers's collection of English Poets, which, imperfect as it is, exceeds, in bulk and in value, all that have preceded it, tempts us to offer some remarks upon the history of English poetry. In this, as in our laws and institutions, however it may have been occasionally modified by the effect of foreign models, a distinct national character has predominated. It is the highest branch of literature,—the highest effort of the human mind,—and it is that also in which England may proudly challenge competition with the world.

Little

Little reflection can be required to perceive how much the poetry of every country must be influenced by its language. There are some savage tongues in which verse of any kind must be impossible,—that of the Five Indian nations for instance, in which *Sayanertserio taggwagnereaghsheagh* stands for *Good Lord deliver us*, and *A Prayer for all Conditions of Men* is rendered *Yondadereanaiyentdaghkweanietha Siokniyagodaweaghse Onwehogough*. The excellent Eliot translated the whole Bible into this language; but to render David's Psalms into metre in such a language would require as much inspiration as to have written them. This is the mere ore of speech, which must be refined before it can be ductile enough for verse. On the other hand, the process of refining may be carried too far; and there are civilized nations who have rendered their tongue incapable of the highest species of poetry, by subjecting it to capricious rules. Thus the beauty of a poem in Chinese depends entirely on the selection of the characters, not on the expression, or the arrangement of sounds; it is addressed to the eye, not to the ear; and a blind Mandarin is as much bereft of any pleasure which he might derive from verse, as a deaf one is of the delights of music. But we need not go to China for an example: the unfitness of the French for heroic poetry is acknowledged every where except in France,—and even there, it has been confessed by Fenelon, by J. J. Rousseau, by Florian, by St. Pierre, and by Madame de Staël. The Spanish poets are prevented from moving with the firm and manly step of natural strength and grace, because it is required that they should always be mounted upon stilts. If our poets are not also in shackles it is not owing to our critics, who have been, and who continue to be, the worst in Europe;—the most shallow, the most contradictory, and the most presumptuous.

Mr. Chalmers asserts that the writers or translators of our metrical romances, before Chaucer's time, neither invented nor imported any improvement in the art of versification:—this is not the fact. There are three poets of that age whose works have been preserved, Robert of Gloucester, Robert of Brunne, and that extraordinary man who is best known by his assumed character of Piers Ploughman. The two former wrote in that form of couplet which Drayton has used in his *Polyolbion*, and which in that improved state is the same as the heroic measure of the French. The metre of Piers Ploughman is said by Ritson to be originally Gothic; it is, however, certainly not Saxon, and how the fashion of any other Gothic language should have reached Piers Ploughman, Ritson has not shown. We know from the competent authority of Mr. Turner, that neither rhyme nor alliteration formed the constituent character of Anglo-Saxon poetry, which more generally depends upon a cadence

dence similar to that of Adonic verse. But both rhyme and alliteration are agreeable to the ear, and useful as hints for memory; both therefore found their way into proverbs and poems, and from being the ornaments of verse, became for a while its distinguishing characteristics. In this state the writers or translators of the metrical romances found our versification, and they improved it most essentially. The beauty of their incidents, and the spirit with which their narrations are conducted, are not more admirable than the flow of their verse, whether it be in the octave couplet like *Ywain and Gawain*, or the twelve-lined stanza of *Lybeaus Desconius*, *Amis and Amelion*, &c. The *Scalds* of the North, and the bards of our Welsh neighbours, subjected their versification to fantastic and capricious rules which destroy the very essence of poetry; the former made up a monstrous diction of metaphors and hyperboles founded upon a mythology to which they themselves seem to have given form and consistence; and the latter appear to have studied how to increase the difficulties of an art of which they were the graduated and privileged professors. Happily for us our verse beginning among the people, necessarily assumed from its birth a popular character; and when the English minstrel was admitted into castles and courts, the language of life and passion was the language of English poetry.

More complex metres and a more elaborate style were tried for noble and courtly auditors; but their success was only for a time, and extended not beyond the circles for which they were composed. That which was not readily comprehended could not be generally admired, and verses of too artificial a structure could never be committed to memory so as to be widely circulated, and long remembered. Robert of Brunne has an important passage in the prologue to his *Chronicle* to this effect, concerning *Kendale*, none of whose works are known to exist, and *Thomas of Erceldoun*, whose *Sir Tristrem* has been so ably edited, so richly annotated, and completed with such consummate skill by *Walter Scott*.

I see in song in sedgeyng tale
Of Erceldoun and of Kendale,
Non tham says as thai tham wrought,
And in ther sayng it semes noght
That may thou here in Sir Tristrem;
Over gestes it has the steem,
Over all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made Thomas.
Bot I here it no man so say,
That of som copple som is away.
So thare sayre saying here beforen,
Is thare travayle nere forlorne.

Thai

Thai sayd it for pride and nobleye,
 That non were suylk as thei,
 And alle that thei wild overwhere
 Alle that ilk wille now forfare.
 Thai sayd in so quainte Inglis
 That manyone wate not what it is,
 Therfore heuyed wele the more
 In strange ryme to travayle sore,
 And my witte was oure thynne
 So strange speche to travayle in,
 And forsoth I couth nought
 So strange Inglis as they wrought.

For this reason, he says, he had been advised to write in a plain intelligible style for the people.

And men besoght me many a tyme
 To turne it bot in light ryme.
 Thai sayd if I in strange it turne,
 To here it manyon suld skurne.
 For it ere names fulle selcouthe
 That ere not used now in mouthe.
 And therefore for the comonalte,
 That blythely wild listen to me,
 On light lange I it began
 For luf of the lewed man.

And again declaring his determination to write in a language which should be generally understood, he mentions those kinds of verse which were too difficult and complicated for common auditors.

Als thai haf wryten and sayd
 Haf I alle in myn Inglis layd,
 In symple speche as I couthe,
 That is lightest in mannes mouthe.
 I mad nought for no disours,
 Ne for no seggers, no harpours,
 Bot for the luf of symple men
 That strange Inglis can not ken;
 For many it ere that strange Inglis
 In ryme wate never what it is,
 And bot thai wist what it mente,
 Ellis me thoght it were alle schente.
 I made it not for to be prayسد,
 But at the lewed men were aysed.
 If it were made in ryme couwee,
 Or in strangere, or in enterlace,
 That rede Inglis it ere inowe
 That couthe not haf coppled a kowe.
 That outhere in couwee or in baston
 Som suld haf been fordon.

So that fele men that it herde
 suld not witte howe that it ferde.

The Clerk of Trient's poems, as well as Sir Tristrem, show that old Robert's complaint was not ill founded. Of the kinds of verse which he mentions Hearne has given but a lame interpretation. *Couwe*, or *howe*, he explains to be 'a sort of verse so called from its being sharp and cutting, *couwe* signifying a tail or something sharp.' *Rime couwe* is more likely to have been mis-written for *rime coupé*, than to be derived from a *queue*. *Baston* he interprets 'battune, cudgel: but here it denotes a sort of verse in rhythm that was pungent and biting,' like the stroke of a cudgel we may suppose! Now the context shews that *baston* and *enterlace* (which Hearne explains to mean 'interlace, a kind of rhythm so called') are used for the same thing. The latter evidently implies a stanza, and *baston* is a staff, or stave, a synonym for stanza which is not yet entirely obsolete.

In Spain, in Italy, and in England, great poets arose in the first age of their vernacular poetry. The Spaniards have not yet discovered the high value of their metrical history of the *Cid*, as a poem: they will never produce any thing great in the higher branches of the art till they have cast off the false taste which hinders them from perceiving it. It may be asserted, without fear of refutation, that of all the poems which have been written since the *Iliad*, this is the most Homeric in its spirit: but the language of the peninsula was at that time crude and unformed, and the author seems to have lived too near Catalonia. He built with rubbish and unhewn stones; Dante and Petrarca with marble. Chaucer's materials more resembled those of the Spaniard than of the Italian poets. This has been in some degree unfortunate for himself, inasmuch as the progressive improvement of our tongue has at length rendered him obsolete, (or rather caused him to be thought so,) and thus deprived him of that extensive and pre-eminent popularity which he long and deservedly enjoyed. But it is from the very want of that sweetness of diction upon which the Italians pride themselves, that English poetry has in great measure derived its distinguishing excellence; for English verse being incapable of supporting itself, like the Italian, merely by sweet sounds, we have been taught to require something more. Feeble wits have attempted to supply what was wanting by finical ornaments, and affectations of various kinds; men of stronger intellect and richer fancy have gone astray in a different manner; and the public taste has been frequently corrupted: but such corruptions endure only for a season; and our great poets have given to their writings a body of thought which is become the characteristic of English poetry, and breathed through them a spirit of imagination which exalts

exalts and glorifies the language. Thus the very defects of that language have been made advantageous to our literature, as long winter nights and stormy seas have given us our maritime skill, and as we have learnt, from the uncertainty of our climate, to be alert and active in all seasons alike.

Chaucer drew much from the French and Italian poets, but more from observation and the stores of his own wealthy and prolific mind. Strong English sense, and strong English humour characterize his original works. He caught with a painter's hand the manners and features of the age; he beheld the objects of external nature with a poet's eye, and he penetrated with a poet's intuition into the recesses of the human heart. Dante holds a higher place in literature because he wrought with materials which were capable of displaying and preserving his exquisite skill. Dante may be classed above all other poets for strength and severity of style: Nothing can be worse than the plan of the *Divina Comedia*; the matter is sometimes puerile, sometimes shocking, frequently dull, but the style is uniformly perfect. Here Chaucer falls short of him, but only here, where, from the state of the English language, it was impossible that he should prove his equal: in extent and variety of power he is greatly his superior. Had it not indeed been for the political convulsions which began immediately after Chaucer's time, England would in that age have outstript all nations in the career of intellectual improvement, as she already exceeded them in military renown. Never had any country seen so glorious a dawn! Roger Bacon, like Moses from Mount Pisgah, had seen the promised land of science; Wicliffe had struck the spark of reformation, and kindled the torch of Scripture. Our political system could not have attained its present happy state without that dreadful struggle which ended in the destruction of a baronial power, alike formidable to the crown and oppressive to the people; but the process from which this ultimate good resulted was dreadful, and the progress of the country in arts and knowledge was for a full century impeded.

During that century there could be little encouragement for poetry, and what was produced chiefly consisted either of dull translations, or vapid imitations of Chaucer. The 'style ornate' had been introduced, and was sanctioned by Chaucer's name: of the poems in that style which are printed as his, many are of questionable authority; few traces of it are to be found in his greater and better works; and it seems probable that he just tried the experiment, and convinced himself of its unsuitness. But idolatrous admirers have a singular ingenuity in selecting defects for the objects of their worship: and the malice of a satirist, and the enmity of a critic, are less skilful than an injudicious imitator, in

detecting

detecting and caricaturing a characteristic fault. Accordingly the poetry of this age was stuffed with sesquipedalian Latinisms, like the worst of Dr. Johnson's prose. The southern nations of Europe dilute their sounds into polysyllables; we, contrariwise, at some occasional expense of euphony, purchase condensation and strength; in this respect our national character and our language have acted upon each other, and the fashion of the style ornate was an attempt in direct contradiction of both. The experiment was remarkably unfortunate. Instead of the sonorous terminations of our monosyllabic rhyme, or the rich and stimulating variety of double rhymes, the ornate writers delighted to end their lines in words of three and four syllables, and thus in the vain attempt at grandiloquence and elevation, they really impoverished the verse both in sound and sense; for the close fell flat upon the ear;* and when four syllables (as it not unfrequently happened) stood in the place of a synonym of one, the matter and meaning of the verse were diminished in the corresponding proportion of one to four.

The fashion did not long maintain its ground in England, and the men who followed it were of so little pith that it mattered not much to what fashion they addicted themselves. Hawes was the best of them, yet Warton has overrated his merits. The following is a fair as well as curious specimen of his descriptive powers.

Then in we wente to the garden glorryous
 Lyke to a place of pleasure most solacyous,
 With Flora paynted and wrought curiously,
 In divers knottes of marvaylous gretenes;
 Rampane lyons stode up wonderly
 Made all of herbes with dulcet sweetenes,
 Wyth many dragons of mervaylos likenes,
 Of dyvers floures made ful craftely
 By Flora coloured wyth colours sundry.

* Chapman has expressed a similar opinion upon this subject in some characteristic lines:

And for our tongue that still is so empayrd
 By travelling linguists, I can prove it clear
 That no tongue hath the Muses utterance heyrd
 For verse, and that sweet music to the ear
 Struck out of rhyme, so naturally as this:
 Our monosyllables so kindly fall
 And meet, opposed in rhyme, as they did kiss.
 French and Italian most immetricall;
 Their many syllables in harsh collision
 Fall as they brake their necks; their bastard rhymes
 Saluting as they jostled in transition,
 And set our teeth on edge; nor tunes nor times
 Kept in their falls. And methinks their long words
 Shew in short verse, as in a narrow place
 Two opposites should meet with two-hand swords
 Unwieldily without or use or grace.

Amidde

Amidde the garden so moche delectable
 There was an herber fayre and quadrante,
 To Paradyse right well comparable,
 Set all about with floures fragraunt,
 And in the myddle there was resplendys haunt
 A dulcet spring and marvaylous fountaine
 Of gold and asure made all certaine.
 In wonderfull and curious similtude
 There stood a dragon of fyne golde so pure,
 Upon his taylor of mighty fortitude
 Wrethed and skaled al with asure,
 Havyng thre hedes divers in figure,
 Whyche in a bath of the sylver grette
 Spouted the water that was so dulcette.

Compare this with some of Chaucer's descriptions, and the difference between the two poets is as great as between a fine natural landscape and a garden filled with the vegetable lions and dragons which old Stephen thought so *dulcette* and so *moche delectable*. Hawes has however given good counsel in quaint phrase to his fellow servants of the Muses train; for he tells them that the poet must nombre all the hole cyrcumstaunce
 Of his matter with brevyacion;
 That he walke not by longe continuance
 The perambulat waye.

The stiff pedantry of the ornate writers might perhaps have proved more lastingly injurious to English poetry, if the Reformation had not produced a shoal of versifiers who berhymed the most impassioned parts of the Scriptures, and purposely levelled their tone to the capacities of the ignorant multitude. The wide circulation and general acceptance of these versions materially affected the character of the language in its then unsettled state. Devoid as they were of literary merit, they nevertheless influenced the literature of the country, as, without the sanction of authority, they made their way into the service of the established church. The effect was particularly seen in the fashion of metre which they established during the Elizabethan age. And here we must look back upon the previous state of our versification. Chaucer seems not to have been satisfied with any metre in use before his time, except the eight syllable couplet, in which, following the originals, his longest translations are written. He never uses the barbarous alliteration of Piers Ploughman, nor the alexandrine of the two metrical chroniclers who preceded him; and the stanza of Sir Thopas seems to excite the contempt of the Host as much as the matter.

No more of this for Goddes dignitee,
 Quod our Hoste, for thou makest me

So wary of thy veray lewednesse,
 That al so wisly God my soule blesse,
 Min eres aken of thy drafty speche;
 Now swichte a rime the devil I betече;
 This may wel be rime dogerel, quod he.

In his great work he usually employs the heroic couplet, which he either invented or introduced; but sometimes a stanza; his favourite form being that of the seven-lined, in which the first and third lines rhyme, the second, fourth, and fifth, and the two at the close: (the extract from Hawes is in this measure:) occasionally he uses one of eight lines, the first and third rhyming; the second, fourth, fifth, and seventh; and the sixth and eighth; this is the form which, with a different movement, prevailed for a considerable time in Spain. The Cuckoo and the Nightingale is written in a very unusual, but sweet stanza.

But as I lay this othir night waking,
 I thought how lovers had a tokening,
 And among hem it was a common tale
 That it were gode to here the Nightingale,
 Moche rather than the lewid Cuckowe sing.
 And then I thought anon as it was day
 I woulde fain go somewhere to assay
 If that I might a Nightingale yhere,
 For yet had I none herde of al that yere,
 And it was tho the thirde night of May.

There is we believe but one other form of stanza in all Chaucer's works, that in which the Complaint of Mars is written; the first, second, fourth, and fifth lines rhyme to each other; the third, sixth, and seventh, and then a concluding couplet: thus,

To what fine made the God that sytte so hie,
 Beneth him ethir love or companye,
 And strainith folke to love maugre ther hed,
 And then their joy for aught I can espie,
 Ne lasteth not the twinkeling of an eye?
 And some have nevyr joye til they be ded,
 What menith this, what is this mistihed?
 Wherto constrainith he his folke so fast
 Thing to desirin, but it should ylast?

Among the poems which Stowe has imputed to Chaucer, is one which, bearing in other respects strong marks of his masterly hand, exhibits a singular instance of irregularity in its structure. It begins in his usual septenary stanza, but as it proceeds, both the length of the stanza and the arrangement of the rhymes are varied according to the convenience of the poet. The verses are all of the same length. The Pindarics, as they were called, of a later age, differ

differ from this, because they varied the length of line; and we do not know that any other example is to be found till our own days. Lord Brooke indeed has some poems in which the stanzas differ in length, but the distribution of the rhyme is always the same.

Lydgate (whose works surely deserve to be collected) trod reverently in the steps of his great master, and therefore preferred the septenary stanza, and the ten-syllable couplet. No improvement in versification seems to have been made or attempted from Chaucer to Surrey; who in this respect enriched the language more than all his predecessors and all his successors. That most accomplished victim of a beastly tyrant introduced the sonnet, the elegiac quatrain, and blank verse, a measure which, for versatility of application, variety in itself, power, and dignity exceeds every metre of every language ancient or modern.

The improvement of our language under the Tudors was so rapid, that the school of Chaucer became obsolete. Meantime a corresponding change took place in those parts of the continent with which we formerly held our chief literary commerce. The Provençal poets had had their day; and Roundels, Verelays, and 'Balades royal, morale and of godely counsails,' were out of vogue. From France we received no new fashion in their stead; indeed the French themselves were following classical and Italian models. Spenser was impressed by the wild solemnity of Bellay's deeper strains; but, except in this instance, we derived little or nothing from the French poets till Du Bartas. The 'Pleiades' were not recognized as a constellation out of their sphere; and Ronsard, who might have been looked upon as the morning star of his age and country, raised only a transitory reputation, and produced less effect than might have been thought possible from his celebrity, and his vigorous powers. Queen Mary Stuart beguiled many hours of her captivity with his poems; but it was in France that she had learnt to love them. The English writers never looked that way; some studied classical models, more the Italians, and not a few followed the devices of their own fancies.

The Elizabethan age, as it abounded with poets more than any other, except the present, abounded also with metrical experiments. The long verse of Sternhold and Hopkins was however beyond all doubt the prevailing taste, and for that reason was chiefly used by translators, who, not having to express their own conceptions, were more likely than original writers to consult the fashion of the time, 'The popular ear,' says Warton, 'from its familiarity was tuned to this measure.' 'Whatever absolute and original dignity it may boast,' he adds, 'at present it is almost ridiculous from an unavoidable association of ideas, and because it necessarily recalls the tone of the versification of the puritans. I suspect it might have

acquired a degree of importance and reverence from the imaginary merit of its being the established poetic vehicle of Scripture, and its adoption into the celebration of divine service.' Warton would not thus have expressed himself, if he had reflected that this long verse is also the verse of Chevy Chase, and of all our popular ballads, which were never more popular than when he wrote. Chapman tells us that he was censured for using it in his Iliad, and he justifies the choice which he had made, by the popularity of the measure.

Yet hath Detraction got

My blind side in the form my verse puts on;
Much like a dunghill mastiff that dares not
Assault the man he barks at, but the stone
He throws at him takes in his eager jaws,
And spoils his teeth because they cannot spoil.
The long verse hath by proof receiv'd applause
Beyond each other number, and the foil
That squint-eyed Envy takes is censured plain;
For this long poem asks this length of verse,
Which I myself ingenuously maintain
Too long our shorter authors to rehearse.

Yet Chapman, after answering his objectors in this high strain, assented to their opinion, and for some unassigned reason, rendered the Odyssey into the heroic couplet.

Warner, who wrote also in the long verse, is, we believe, the only one of our poets who continues sometimes for many lines together upon the same rhyme, a practice which the earliest French poets are supposed by Pasquier to have borrowed from some Latin rhymes of Leoninus. It is likewise found in the oldest Spanish poets, and the Spaniards still retain it in their ballads and dramatic pieces. This mode of verse, like the art of the improvisadores, has grown out of the defects of languages which abound to excess in similar terminations; it is capable however of producing a very happy* effect.

Drayton preferred the Alexandrine for his great work. This measure, after a long interval of disuse, had lately been revived in France by Jean Antoine de Baif, (one of the Pleiades as they called themselves,) and practised with brilliant success by Ronsard, a man who, had he been born to a worthier language, might have attained that lasting fame which he so boldly promised to himself, and which his powers were so well able to have deserved. Ronsard not only, as he says, 'brought it into vogue and honour,' but

* The effect of these frequently repeated rhymes is seen to great advantage in the specimens of the *Poema del Cid* annexed to the English Chronicle of the Cid;—specimens which, for the skill with which they represent the very manner and spirit, as well the full and faithful meaning of the original, may truly be said to be unequalled.

established

established it as the heroic verse of France; (though the four books of his own *Franciade* are written in a different measure;) and from his time no one has attempted to write a French heroic poem in any other metre, till in our own days Lucien Buonaparte has preferred the form of stanzas.

The *Polyolbion*, though as unfortunate as the *Botanic Garden* in its perpetual strain of cold and systematic personification, is a work which must ever be regarded with respect by the English poet as well as by the antiquary and topographer. We will quote one passage in which Drayton delivers his opinion respecting verse, shewing at what he aimed. The satire is of that general truth which continues to be applicable in all times.

My invective, thus quoth she, I only aim at you,
(Of what degree soe'er,) ye wretched worldly crew,
In all your brainless talk that still direct your drifts
Against the Muses' sons and their most sacred gifts,
That hate a poet's name your vileness to advance,—
For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance!
Slave! he whom thou dost think so mean and poor to be,
Is more than half divine when he is set by thee!—
But leave these hateful herds, and let me now declare,
I th' Heliconian font who rightly christen'd are:
Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
And slubberingly patch up some slight and shallow rhyme,
Upon Parnassus' top that strive to be instal'd,
Yet never to that place were by the Muses call'd;
Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging pride,
That fain would seem to be what nature them denied;
Whose verses hobbling run as with disjointed bones,
And make a vile noise than carts upon the stones.—
What poet reck the praise upon such antics heapt,
Or envies that their lines in cabinets are kept,
Though some fantastic fool promote their ragged rhymes,
And do transcribe* them o'er a hundred several times,
And some fond women wins to think them wonderous rare,
When they lewd beggary trash,—nay, very gibberish are!
Give me those lines, whose touch the skilful ear to please,
That gliding flow in state-like swelling Euphrates,
In which things natural be, and not in falsely wrong,
The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full and strong;
Not bombasted with words vain ticklish ears to feed,
But such as may content the perfect man to read.

Sir John Denham may be suspected to have had these last lines

* Drayton adverts to this humour in his preface. "In publishing this my poem," he says, "there is this great disadvantage against me, that it cometh out at this time, when verses are wholly deduced to chambers; and nothing esteemed in this lunatic age, but what is kept in cabinets, and must only pass by transcription."

in his memory when he wrote the well-known passage in *Cooper's Hill*. But vigorously as Drayton has here expressed himself, the monotony of his subject is not more apparent upon contemplating the whole of his work, than the inherent and incurable defects of the metre appear upon examining any of the parts: the pause recurs so naturally and almost necessarily in the middle of the line, that except there be an especial reason for disturbing it, which may produce a particular beauty, any variation disappoints the reader, and is felt like a discord. The long fourteen-syllable verse is not liable to this objection, because it admits a rest upon the seventh as well as the eighth syllable, and still more because the couplet, from its length, and fulness, and capacity seems to satisfy the ear like a stanza. The common heroic measure has, however, far more variety than either, but it was little used for narration during the Elizabethan age. The only considerable specimen, except Chapman's *Odyssey*, is Chalkhill's *Thealma and Clearchus*. When this fragment was first published by Izaak Walton, a century after it was written, the author was designated in the title-page as having been 'an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenser.' His opinion respecting metre could not have been derived from that great man, who had studied the subject as profoundly as Milton himself, and who of all our poets, Milton not excepted, possessed the finest ear. The *ottava rima* of the Italians, in which both Daniel and Drayton wrote their historical poems, and Fairfax produced his fine version of the *Jerusalem*, was the prevailing stanza in Spenser's time. There are two defects in it: it pauses too regularly at the end of the first quatrain, (so regularly indeed, that in some Spanish poems of great length a colon always occurs in this place;) and the concluding couplet is merely placed at the end of the stanza, not growing out of it and connected by a link of harmony. But the stanza of the *Faery Queen* is framed with such consummate skill that all its parts are indivisibly interlaced, and the rhythm proceeds with increasing strength and fulness through the whole till it is wound up in a harmonious, rich and perfect close. There is no form of verse in our language, in which so many successful poems have been written as in this, notwithstanding its apparent difficulty.

The stanzas of the *Prothalamion* and of the *Epithalamion* are not less admirably constructed. Never indeed did ignorance more impudently expose itself than when it awarded to Waller the praise of having first refined our verse, and to Pope that of having perfected it! Spenser is the great master of English versification. We have been told that he who wishes to excel in writing prose, should give his days and nights to the study of Addison; more truly might it be said that the poet who would learn the mysteries of his art, should

should take Spenser for his master, and drink of his poetry as from a well,—not indeed of English undefiled, but of perpetual harmony, pure thoughts, delightful imagery, and tender feeling. Considering him merely as a versifier, he has left in the common couplet (of which he perceived the fittest application) an example of terseness, which Pope has never excelled.

Full little knowest thou that hast not spied

What hell it is in suing long to bide ;

To lose good days that might be better spent,

To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;

To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow ;

To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers ;

To have thy asking, yet wait many years ;

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares ;

To eat thy heart thro' comfortless despairs ;

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run ;

To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

The experiment which Sir Philip Sidney and Gabriel Harvey patronized of introducing the Latin measures into English verse, was attempted upon a principle which it was too late to introduce, if indeed it could at any former time have been established. Whether Chaucer could have subjected the language to the rules of Latin prosody, may well be doubted ; in Elizabeth's age there was too much poetry in the mouths of the people. The language had become a written and cultivated tongue, and so violent an innovation must have appeared as ridiculous then as it does now. The specimens also which were produced were singularly unfortunate. Sidney himself, (a man never to be mentioned without love and admiration,) richly endowed as he was with the powers of a poet, seems to have been totally forsaken by them in his hexameters and pentameters, his Phalæceans and Asclepiades, of all which the matter is as insipid and worthless as the accentuation is forced, and the inversions unnatural. But the absurdities of these are nothing when compared to Stanihurst's portentous transmutation of Virgil ! Milton has been *translated* into French, and *overturned* into Dutch ; but when Virgil had passed through Stanihurst it would puzzle all the philosophers of Laputa to extract from what came out one particle of what had gone in. When we meet with his 'cockney Cupido,' his 'dandiprat hopthumb,' his 'rout snort grumbling,' his 'ruffery rumbold,' his 'great bouncing rumbelo thandrung,' his 'Loud dub-a-dub, tabering with frapping rip-rap of Etna,' his 'reance robble hobble' 'Of ruff maffroaming with thwack thwack thurlery bounching,' it would be impossible not to believe that it was intended for burlesque,

league, if it was not certainly known that all this was written in ~~and~~ and sober earnest. Abraham Fraunce, the only other person who entered fully and actively into the project, had none of the extravagances of Stanhurst, and moved in his shackles with more ease than Sidney : but the principle was fundamentally wrong, and consequently whatever labour might be expended upon it, was lost. Whether hexameters written by accent, like those of the Germans, would succeed in our language remains to be seen. The only specimens (we believe) which have been made public are an eclogue called the Raree Show in the Second volume of the Annual Anthology, and some parts of Klopstock's Messiah in the Monthly Magazine; these certainly shew that the measure is not impracticable. The objections to its success are, that the great length of line (extending from thirteen to seventeen syllables) would be found inconvenient in a language which condenses more meaning within a given compass than any other; that the writer would be tempted to an excessive use of genitives and datives; and that in the first four feet the rhythm would be scarcely perceptible, while the cadence of the two latter would be as much too strongly marked. These obstacles may not be, and probably are not, insuperable. But the poet who may think himself able to overcome them would do well to ask himself whether the hexameter is for any given subject decidedly superior to any of our known and established forms of verse; if he be satisfied in his own judgment that it is, let him make the experiment.

One species of metre was carried to perfection in the Elizabethan age,—dramatic blank verse,—but it disappeared in the decline and fall of poetry which ensued. The causes of that decline are to be found in the misdirected talents of the best writers, and the causes of the fall in the moral corruption and intellectual degradation which succeeded an era of civil strife, of fanaticism and hypocrisy.

A poet is more likely to obtain immediate reputation, as well as common popularity, by glittering faults, than by such a strain, as, to use the pregnant words of Drayton, 'may content the perfect man to read;' for children will always be attracted by trinkets and tinsel; and with regard to poetry, the great mass of the people are always children. The most popular writer of King James's reign was Joshua Sylvester. He is best known as the translator of Du Bartas, who, of all poets that ever flourished, (Voltaire perhaps excepted,) enjoyed the most extensive celebrity during his life. Such bloated reputations usually end in blotches, for there is always a reaction in these things: one generation seems to pride itself upon defacing the idols of the last; not unfrequently they destroy to-day the golden calf which yesterday they set up, and when idolaters turn iconoclasts, they act as if the outrageousness of the one excess were to efface or atone for the folly of the other.

Thus

This is paired with Guillaume de Salluste Du Bartas. His poem upon the Creation, or rather his series of Scriptural poems, went through thirty editions in the course of five or six years, and was translated into Latin, English, German, Spanish and Italian. It was asserted that Ronsard, the first star in the French constellation, acknowledged himself to be excelled by this brighter luminary, and presented him with a golden pen as an appropriate offering of homage;—a tale which the old Vendomois contradicted with characteristic pride and indignation.* But mark what followed these premature glories; before the escutcheon upon his tomb was tarnished, Du Bartas's fame had passed away! He shared the fate of all those who mount upon waxen wings; his faults were exaggerated, his absurdities remembered, and his merits overlooked or forgotten. Let us however do justice to a man of shining talents and distinguished virtue. Thuanus, who knew and loved him, tells us, that from his youth he was bred up in arms, remote from the society of learned men, and of those who might have taught him to detect and correct his own faults; that he knew and lamented the deficiencies which want of proper intellectual culture must have occasioned in his writings, and ever thought modestly of himself.

Du Bartas had been ambassador in Scotland, and James, who vainly tempted him to remain at his court, had translated some of his works himself, perhaps not entirely to his own satisfaction; for Hudson tells us he maintained that 'the lofty phrase, the grave inditement, the facund terms of the French Sallust could not be followed, nor sufficiently expressed in our rude and unpolished English language.' Hudson ventured to reply that 'it was nothing impossible to follow the footsteps of the same great poet, and to translate his verse (which nevertheless is of itself exquisite) succinctly and sensibly in our own vulgar speech.' Upon this the King ordered him to try his skill upon Du Bartas's Judith, and

The stanza which he wrote upon this occasion well deserves the little space which his will bears occupy, it is addressed to his friend D'Aurat.

Il ont menti, D'Aurat, ceux qui le veulent dire,
Que Ronsard, dont la Muse a contenté les Rois,
Sait moins que le Bartas, et qu'il ait par sa voix
Menti ce témoignage, ennemi de sa lyre.
Il ont menti, D'Aurat, si bas je ne respire;
Je sais trop qui je suis, et mille et mille fois,
Mille et mille tourmens plutôt je souffrirais
Que d'être si contraire au nom que je désire.
Il ont menti, D'Aurat; c'est une invention,
Qui part, à mon avis, de trop d'ambition;
J'aurois menti moi-même en te faisant paître
Pardieu si je n'étois, et les neuf belles Sœurs,
Qui te prissent mes vers dans leurs graves douceurs,
Pour un de leurs enfans ne me voudroient connoître.

corrected

corrected the version with his own hand. Long and ill-planned as it is, and full of all imaginable faults, there is yet a liveliness in the manner which keeps attention wakeful, and leads on the reader from page to page. Of the style of Du Bartas we can only speak after his French critics, never having seen the original. They tell us that he calls thunder *le Tumbour des Dieux*; the winds, *les Postillons d'Eole*; and the sun *le Duc des Chandelles*, instead of *le Roi des Lumières*—which Cardinal Du Perron thinks ought to have been his title. A man may commit such absurdities in taste, and yet have no lack of power for poetry.—In these things Sylvester caught the true spirit of his master. Thus when he describes the Lord's coming to judgment, he says

Mercy and justice, marching cheek by joule,
Shall his divine triumphant chariot roll.

The ruler of the world, he tells us, is

——— the great Lord Chancellor,
Who at his pleasure setting, day and night,
His great Broad Seals, and Privy Signets right
Upon the mass so vast and variable,
Makes the same lump now base, now honourable.

The sun is sometimes a swift coachman, sometimes a radiant one.
The thunder

——— groans and grumbles,
It rolls and roars, and round, round, round it rumbles;
and the winter is made, in two often-quoted lines,
To glaze the lakes and bridle up the floods,
And perriwig with wool the bald-pate woods.

None of these things would at that time impede his popularity; and many causes combined to render the *Divine Week* the most popular work of its age. It is full of all the old fables of natural history, which Du Bartas implicitly believed, and which, like the wonders in Guthrie's grammar, made it the more entertaining to believing readers. The translator was admirably qualified for his task. No writer ever ventured more freely to mould the language to his will, coining words when he did not find them ready minted for his use, introducing new compounds, good or bad, with equal hardness, and surprizing the reader in the middle of his lines with a clash of rhymes, of which the effect is always odd, and sometimes fortunate. Whether the words had a meaning or not he seems not to have thought of much importance so they jingled. Thus, in reproving the vices of the age, he talks of its

—huft, puft, painted, curl'd, purl'd wanton pride,

and

and for the song of the lark, he tells us that sweet bird
 ——— climbing the welkin clear,
 Chaunts with a cheer, *here peer I near my dear*
 Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rue)
Adieu, she says, adieu, dear dear adieu.

But we need not multiply examples of this kind. Besides this; there were among his original inventions devices enough *ad captandum*; his dedications in altars, wings, and columns; the names of his numerous *dedicatees* laboriously anagrammatised, and wrought into stiff and stately sonnets; his acrostics, his 'new-new spectacles of especial use to discern the words vanity, levity, and brevity'; his volley of 'holy shot thundered against tobacco from mount Helicon, to shatter the pipes about their ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed'; and his huge altar-piece-like *Mystery of Mysteries*, wherein the Trinity is pictured in a diagram, and explained in true Sylvestrian measures. Without taste, judgment, or genius, he was a wonderful rhyming machine; he poured out his verses with force as well as fluency; there was a fulness in them and a swell which sometimes concealed the want of thought, and always made the thought, whatever it was, pass for its full value; above all, there was a sweetness in the general flow which deservedly entitled him to his appellation of silver-tongued Sylvester. Milton, it is well known, had been a careful reader of this neglected author, whose works ought certainly to be included in a general collection of the English poets. From his time, and probably in consequence of his success, the heroic couplet generally superseded every other metre for works of length. We find it used by Sandys, Browne, May, Chamberlaine, Wither, Quarles, and Cowley.

Davenant preferred the quatrain, the style of which (as we have already observed) he formed from Sir John Davies. 'He believed,' he says, 'that it would be more pleasant to the reader in a work of length to give this respite or pause between every stanza (having endeavoured that each should contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continued couplets. Nor doth alternate rhyme,' he continues, 'by any lowliness of cadence make the sound less heroic, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of music; and the brevity of the stanza renders it less subtle to the composer, and more easy to the singer, which in *stilo recitativo*, when the story is long, is chiefly requisite. And this was indeed (if I shall not betray vanity in my confession) the reason that prevailed most towards my choice of this stanza, and my division of the main work into cantos, every canto including a sufficient accomplishment of some worthy design or action; for I had so much heat (which you, sir, may call pride, since pride may be allowed in Pegasus, if it be a praise to other horses) as to presume they might,

like

like the works of Homer, be sung at village feasts; though not to monarchs after victory, nor to armies before battle. For so, as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other, did Homer's spirit, long after his body's rest, wander in music about Greece.

In this hope Davenant deceived himself, though he has left behind him in his unfinished *Gondibert*, a monument of no ordinary powers of mind. The excellence of poetical composition should, he thought, in the laborious and the lucky resistances of thought, having towards its excellence as well a happiness as care; and not only the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world like the sun with unimaginal motion, and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal surveys. This he called wit. Again he says, 'it is a web consisting of the subtlest threads, and like that of the spider is considerably woven out of ourselves; for a spider may be said to consider, not only respecting his solemnness and tacit posture, (like a grave scout in ambush for his enemy,) but because all things done are either from consideration or chance; and the works of chance are accomplishments of an instant having commonly a dissimilitude, but here are the works of time, and have their contextures alike.' In another place he says that his 'endeavour was to bring truth (too often absent) home to mens' bosoms, to lead her through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote shades, by representing nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress.'

Of this laborious felicity, which, in Davenant's judgment, constituted the chief excellence of poetical style, few authors have produced such perfect specimens; and for the sake of these grains of gold *Gondibert* may be read with interest, and frequently with delight, even by ordinary readers, in spite of its languid story and slow movement. There are few poems in which the character of the author may be so distinctly traced. Cibber says that 'his father was a man of grave disposition and gloomy turn of mind, which his son did not inherit from him, for he was as remarkably volatile as the father was saturnine.' But though nature had blest him with buoyant spirits, this happy temperature had to contend with the buffets of fortune in stormy times, and with unhappy opinions which pressed more heavily upon the heart than all outward circumstances. The commencement of his career was singularly fortunate: he was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford; the accident of his birth-place led him to an education which, perhaps, he might not otherwise have aspired to, and his abilities procured him high patronage at a very early age. After having been first page to the Duchess of Richmond, who kept a sort of court of her own, he was taken into the family of Lord Brooke, the poet and philosopher;

pher, one of the most extraordinary men of the age. Lord Brooke, during that familiar intercourse with Sir Philip Sidney, of which he boasts with honourable pride, both in the title-page to his poems and upon his monument, had been conversant with Giordano Bruno, and had drunk at the deep wells of philosophy. It is more than probable that the young poet learned enough of the mysterious opinions of his patron to make him venture boldly upon the perilous sea of speculation; but, unhappily, Lord Brooke, who might have piloted him safely, was murdered, and he fell into the society of Hobbes, a man of stronger intellect than himself, but of a colder heart. The civil wars blighted all his fair prospects of advancement at a court where arts and literature received a more princely encouragement than they have ever experienced in this country under any former or any succeeding prince. The manner, therefore, in which his own immediate interests were affected by political events, and the feelings with which he would naturally regard the excesses of the puritan party, made him easily adopt the political philosophy of his friend: from him also he learned to doubt of all things; yet perceiving the necessity of religion, if only as a political engine, and deploring the dreariness of his own inward state, he became outwardly a convert to the Roman Catholic church; as if, in that painful scepticism, he sought to shelter himself under that form of faith which makes the greatest pretensions to authority. This state of mind is continually indicated in his writings.

Only half of *Gondibert* was written; a story therefore of which the most important part is wanting cannot be fairly judged. It is to be regretted that he did not complete it, for with all its defects it is a work of considerable power and perfect originality. Davenant perceived, that for the purposes of social order, the four chief aids of government, Religion, Arms, Policy and Law, were, as he says, defectively applied, and weakened by an emulous war among themselves; they required therefore some collateral help, and that help he thought consisted in poesy. *Gondibert*, therefore, was designed to come in aid of government, and to exemplify what Sidney calls 'that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy;' and upon his view of things, Hobbes's system was the best which could be taught. Hobbes, in a letter which has many judicious remarks, and much of the writer's characteristic strength, declares he 'never yet saw poems that had so much shape of art, health of morality, and vigour and beauty of expression.' Hobbes was not so despicable a critic as Mr. Locke, who gave his testimony in favour of Blackmore. A considerable portion of the poem was written during his imprisonment; but he broke off in expectation of being put to death by the Parliament, a reason which he states in his postscript to

to the reader, with a coolness which would not have disgraced Sir Thomas More. 'Tis high time,' he says, 'to strike sail and cast anchor, (though I have run but half my course,) when at the helm I am threatened with death; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome, and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity as diverts the music of verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civil as to be pleased with what is written) not to take it ill that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this poem to strip nature naked and clothe her again in the perfect shape of virtue, yet even in so worthy a design I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as dying; and 'tis an experiment to the most experienced; for no man (though his mortifications may be much greater than mine) can say *he has already died*.' In the same tone he says to Hobbes, to whom he was writing some remarks upon the style and character of his poem, 'but why should I trouble you or myself with these thoughts, when I am pretty certain I shall be hanged next week.'

Much more (if our limits would allow) might be said of a man who deserves to hold a distinguished place in the history of English literature, as a poet, a dramatist, and the first person who introduced scenic decorations upon the English stage, and also who preserved the life of Milton, in return for Milton's interference in his behalf. But we must hasten forward. Davenant differs essentially from the metaphysical poets of his age, (as they have improperly been called,) though like them his illustrations and images are more frequently drawn from books and sciences than from nature; but it was his aim rather to charm the reader by the fitness of the conception, than to surprise him by its strangeness, and the thought was always clothed in the happiest expression, the words being, in his own phrase, as it were the *contracted essence* of the meaning. But the metaphysical poets were usually as careless as they were unnatural. The appellation is peculiarly unfit, because we have a class of writers to whom it is strictly appropriate, such as Sir John Davies, Lord Brooke, whose wisdom is too often enveloped in almost oracular obscurity, and Henry More. These aimed at direct instruction; the witty poets desired only to dazzle with the coruscations and flashes of extravagant fancy; the moral and religious ones were either mysterious and obscure, or, like Herbert and Quarles, (both excellent men and eminently gifted,) they debased their sweetest strains by the most incongruous conceits; or they lowered their tone to the merest prosing like Wither, who, because some of his contemporaries stalked upon stilts, thought that it therefore became him to grovel upon the ground, or, like Witherington, to fight the good fight upon his stumps.

Hobbes, (if we remember rightly,) in his translation of Homer, followed

followed the stanza of Gondibert, and was Davenant's only follower; for though Dryden delivered a high opinion in favour of the quatrain, saying he had 'ever judged it more noble and of greater dignity both for the sound and number than any other verse in use amongst us,' he only employed it in his *Annae Mirabilis*, and might seem to have retracted the opinion by the whole of his subsequent practice, if his declaration that he always found the couplet easier did not account for his preferring it. Davenant, who aimed always at epigrammatic terseness and condensation, endeavoured as often as possible to confine the sentence within the quatrain, losing thereby more in freedom than he gained in strength. Mason, with better judgment, followed Spenser in writing it continuously, and Gray printed his elegy in the same manner. In our own days Mr. Wordsworth has given an admirable example of the quatrain as a metre for narrative, in his *Hart-Leap Well*.

They who wrote in stanzas after Spenser, in the couplet after Sylvester, and the quatrain after Davenant, had only to take those writers for their models, and avoid whatever might offend the ear of the age. But our epic blank verse was still to be created. It has before been stated that Surrey brought from Italy the *verso sciolto*, or rhymeless heroic verse. The Italian critics have disputed whether Petrarca refers to this measure when he seems to distinguish between *rime* and *versi*; be that as it may, the earliest specimen which has been discovered is the composition of no less a personage than St. Francis. Trissino is the first person who brought it into use by his *Italia Liberata*,—a work wherein Homer is as effectually burlesqued by the apery of servile and senseless imitation as he is by the Jack the Giant Killer of Dr. Sayer.—Boccaccio introduced it into Spain. In the hands of Alfieri it became a fine metre, and the Spaniards have improved the form of their tragedy in modern times by adopting it. In both these languages the rhymeless heroic verse was the blank verse of Rowe, till the later dramatists removed, as far as they could, its languid monotony by varying the pause. Surrey wrote it monotonously, but with the monosyllabic termination; in the Elizabethan age it became perfect as a dramatic measure, and was afterwards so fully adapted by Milton to the highest strains of imaginative poetry, and the peculiar character of his own mighty mind, that even the best translation (for the *Paradise Lost* has been admirably translated by Dodsley) can convey no idea whatever of the manner of the original.

But Milton, like Alfred and Roger Bacon, was so much beyond his age, that he produced scarcely any effect upon it. During the civil wars intolerance had produced cant and hypocrisy; a total depravity succeeded the Restoration; and poetry shared in the

degradation of thought, feeling, manners, and principle; for the wares were of course adapted to the market. In its matter it became mean or vicious in the worst acceptance of the word, and slovenly in the manner. Half the verses of the age are encomiastic; and the Institutes of Menu rank a poetical encomiast with 'one of evil repute, a dancer, a cheat, an oil-man, and a seller of the moon-plant;' company in which even Dryden must submit to be classed.

The metaphysical school, which marred a great poet in Cowley, and found its proper direction in Butler, expired in Norris of Bemerton. Bad as the authors of this school are when compared with those of Elizabeth's golden age, they form a silver age in comparison with that of the latter Stuarts. The taste which Charles and his courtiers imported, was established in France at the court of Louis XIV., for before that age there had existed no man of sufficient genius to preserve their poetry from the shackles of a court taste, and no one has arisen since to rescue it. In England the court has never been so completely dominant as to establish its own standard; but as long as this school continued, our writers composed for the town, and consequently nothing of any value, except in comedy and satire, could be produced. In this state Pope found our poetry; he had no other ambition for a while than being the first of his contemporaries, and placing himself at the head of the existing school. In this it was not very difficult to succeed; and when the subjects were suited to the fashion, he succeeded to admiration, writing with an uniform sweetness, precision, and pungency, of which only occasional examples were to be found in his predecessors.

There occurs a notable remark on metre in a work of Oldmixon; one of those men who obtain a transient popularity among the herd by writing impudently upon subjects of which they are egregiously ignorant. 'It is a great pity,' says this wise critic, 'Spenser fell into that way of versifying; and very odd that, after it had been so generally and justly condemned, a poet, in our time, should think to acquire merit by imitating it. The ruff and the fardingale might as well be revived in dress as the long stanza in poetry, where the sense is fettered up in eight or ten lines.' The work to which he alludes was probably Theobald's *Cave of Poetry*. A bold experiment in narrative metre was made about the middle of the century by Aaron Hill, in his *Gideon*, where he 'used the liberty of varying every where the measure, and of mixing, in one poem, all the different kinds that can be ranked among heroic, hoping, he says, from this extent of latitude to derive increase of power, as well as harmony.' In vindicating his choice, he makes some curious observations upon the comparative power of the English and other languages for poetry. He compares the restraint

straint of rhyme with the rules of quantity in the ancient tongues, and the arrangement of their sentence, demanding 'what curb can possibly be more opposed to nature and her easy order of expression, than the interweaving words, and ranging them in such remote and dislocative positions?' 'For instance,' says he, 'while the genuine construction is *You, Tityrus, reposing under the shade of a spreading beech*, the Latin was constrained before it could arrange the line to harmony, to force it into this distorted order,

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,

that is, in English of the same position, *Tityrus, you of a spreading reposing under the shade beech.*' Is it not extraordinary that a man of good sense should have deceived himself into a fallacy like this, and not have perceived that the Latin inflexions and syntax rendered that collocation natural and perspicuous in the Roman speech, which, in English, would be nonsensical as well as preposterous! Yet he says 'what strange perplexity is here thrown upon the sense to liquidate the sound, and make the measure musical!' With a little more appearance of justice he comments upon the expletives, the dialects, and the licenses of Greek poetry; the first of which he calls 'a mean and lazy crutch, which not the lamest poet in our nation now submits to heave himself along by.'

The French heroic has to him 'a pert skipping, a kind of pause-checked recoil of motion, like the *half-whirl* of a spinning wheel. Italian, he says, 'is the language wherein love would chuse to sigh, or laughter to be light and wanton. It supplies with fulness and delight the uses of intrigue and conversation; but wants weight and spring for passion, and bends under the demand of comprehensiveness. 'Tis like the flowing of soft sand in hour-glasses; seeming liquid while confined to its close currency, but flies dispersed, and opens its loose quality as soon as shaken out, and trusted to hard weather.' This is well said in the manner of Owen Feltham, but Aaron Hill would not have said it if he had remembered Dante and Filicaja. In German, he says, 'Poetry is like the Nile among its cataracts; it may be rapid and deep, but 'tis tumbling and terrible.' Then coming to his own language, he pronounces, with truth, that

'The English of modern tongues is fitted best for poetry. Its copious choice of monosyllables (which many have been rash enough to call a blemish) maketh it strong, significant, and comprehensive. Its derivatives from Greek and Latin have adorned it with a variety of cadences; and intermixed its masculine excess of consonants with a melodious fluency from interposing vowels. It adorns, and is adorned by rhyme; yet takes it in but as a subject, not obeys it as her tyrant. It is grave, slow, stately, soft, swift, wanton, or majestic. It has all the lensor of complaint and pity, yet has all the transport of excursive energy. It is an inexhaustibly full treasury, supplied from the selected tributes of

whatever was most excellent in other speeches, but possesses them with so improved an aptitude as to have made that honey which was raw juice in the flowers it drew it from.'

The structure of verse which he chose for his poem, did not differ materially from that of Cowley's Pindarics, except that it revived the old long verse, which he calls the heptametrical seven-footed line. 'Indeed,' says he, 'the shortest measure is too long, unless that length be filled with meaning. For nothing can be more ridiculous than a weak languishing extent of verse, without proportioned vigour in the sentiment: such verse plays loose, like some vast main-sail of a ship, that flags and flutters heavily upon the prospect of a breeze, but presently falls back against the mast for want of wind to swell it into energy.' If Aaron Hill could have wielded his metre as well as he justified it, his poem would not have been neglected. He kept it by him for 'above three times the space prescribed by Horace for impartial re-examination of a poet's first conceptions, not insensible,' he says, 'with what a reverence men should appear before the public eye who dare aspire to being held in view beyond the dimness of a present prospect.' But though his hopes were thus aspiring, as a versifier he was not above the level of his age, and as a poet inferior to some of his contemporaries. But he has originality enough, and merit enough to entitle him to a place in a general collection, and certainly ought not to have been excluded.

The experiment which Hill made of writing narrative poetry in irregular verse, has been repeated in our days with better fortune; the next experiment, in point of time, was that of rejecting verse altogether, in imitation of Fenelon and Gessner. The former of these writers had been forced to this expedient by the inadequacy of the French* heroic verse to express any thing heroic; and Rousseau followed the example with greater powers in his *Levite of Ephraim*. Gessner was probably led by his scriptural subject to choose a manner which he supposed bore some resemblance to the poetical parts of the Scriptures. In this country it was taken up by a more daring spirit. Macpherson aspired to be the Homer of Britain; in his early and acknowledged productions there is a commendable ambition of originality: the style of his *Ossian*, as has been well shown by Mr. Laing, was formed upon Lowth's account of the Hebrew poetry, and it seems likely that in his attempts at novelty, he had made experiments upon the classical metres. Fragments of hexameters and pentameters abound in his works, and in his *Homer* he says he 'has been in some degree

* Upon this subject there are some good observations by Baron Grimm, in our last Number.

guided by the sound of the original Greek.' This version of the Iliad is a curious production. The author says 'he hopes he is not so partial to himself as to suppose, without reason, that it may convey some new idea of the original to readers of real taste. He will, he owns, be much disappointed, if his readers will take his version for MERE PROSE. Though he has avoided, with great attention, to fall into the cadence of the English heroic verse, a fault scarce ever separated from poetical prose, he has measured the whole in his ear.' We will quote the first paragraph of the work, which has become scarce in consequence of its utter worthlessness: the punctuation is Macpherson's, designed, he tells us, to bring the eye of the reader to the assistance of his ear.

The wrath of the son of Peleus,—O goddess of song, unfold! The deadly wrath of Achilles: To Greece the source of many woes! Which peopled the regions of death—with shades of heroes untimely slain; While pale they lay along the shore: Torn by beasts and birds of prey: But such was the will of Jove! Begin the verse, from the source of rage,—between Achilles and the sovereign of men.

The Ossianized Iliad could do no injury to our literature, but that literature has suffered much from another translation of a very different character. Of Pope's Homer we are, as Englishmen, proud to acknowledge the great and general merits. It must be confessed, however, that amidst every beauty, we find much of that perverse style which is calculated to dazzle and mislead a young writer. True to the maxim of his favourite Boileau,

*Le poëte s'égaye en mille inventions,
Orne, élève, embellit, agrandit toutes choses.*

Whatever Homer has said must, in literal obedience to this doctrine, be ornamented, elevated, embellished, and exaggerated. This is done in very different degrees; sometimes with a delicacy which hardly oversteps the original sentiment, yet oftener with a verbosity and amplification equally adverse to Homer and a just taste. If Homer speaks of blood flowing, Pope tells us that '*slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide*;' if Homer brings Discord into the field, Pope makes her '*bathe the purple plain*;' if Homer speaks of glittering arms, Pope makes them *lighten all the strand*. At the prayer of Ajax, in the original, the sun shone full, and the whole battle was displayed,

Ἡήλιος δ' ἐπὶ λαμπρῇ, μάχη δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσα φαίνθη,

in the translation,

Forth burst the sun *with all enlightening ray*,
The blaze of armour *flash'd against the day*.

In the Greek, Apollo moves like the night,

ὃ δ' ἥε νυκτὶ ἰοικώς;

F 3

in

in the English,

———— a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.

In the original he sends his arrow

μετα δ' ἰδὲ ἵκται,

in the translation, the *feathered fates fly below*. But it is perhaps in the descriptive similes that the perversion of the original is most observable. Boileau advises the poet,

Que de traits surprenans sans cesse il nous réveille!
Qu'il coure dans ses vers de merveille en merveille!

and Pope does indeed surprise those readers who understand what they are reading with marvellous descriptions. He had read of comets, and he had seen a sky-rocket; his comet therefore

Shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair.

Lightning also, according to him, appears in sparks, and, what is more wonderful, in streams of sparks; it kindles all the skies, and extends from one pole to another. Homer says that Pallas inspires Menelaus with boldness

———— such as prompts the fly, which oft
From flesh of man repulsed, her purpose yet
To bite holds fast, resolv'd on human blood.—*Cowper*.

Καὶ οἱ μύνης θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νύκτα,
Ἦτα, καὶ εἰργασίη μάλα περ χροὸς ἀνδρὸς τοιοῦτο,
Ἰσχανάα δαΐειν, λαρόν τε οἱ αἶμ' ἀνδρῶν.

Pope transforms this blood-sucker fly into a hornet, which is not produced like ordinary hornets, being the son of Air and Heat,

*So turns the vengeful hornet, soul all o'er,
Repulsed in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
Bold son of Air and Heat, on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks and stings.*

In Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, under the article '*Poetry*,' we are told that Pope has translated the description of Night in the eighth book of the Iliad with singular felicity: perhaps no passage in the whole translation has been more frequently quoted and admired. But, as old Henry More says,

———— now let's sift the verity
Of this opinion, and with reason rude
Rub, crush, toss, rifle this fine phantasie.

The original lines are these:

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν ἑρῶν ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνῃ
φαίνειτ' ἀριπρεπεία, ὅτε τ' ἔκλετο νυκτός αἰθήρ,
Ἐκ τ' ἵφαιον πᾶσαι σκοπιαί, καὶ πρόωρος ἄκροι,
Καὶ ῥάπαι· ἑρῶν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγῃ ἀσπετος αἰθήρ,
Πάντα δέ τ' εἶδεται ἄστρα γέγηδα δέ τι φρίκα ποιμὴν.

As

As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
 Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
 The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights
 Stand all apparent; not a vapour streaks
 The boundless blue, but æther open'd wide
 All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd.—*Cowper*.

How has Pope rendered this description?

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tipt with silver every mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

Here are the planets rolling round the moon; here is the pole gilt and glowing with stars; here are trees made yellow and mountains tipt with silver by the moonlight; and here is the whole sky in a flood of glory; appearances not to be found either in Homer or in nature; finally these gilt and glowing skies, at the very time when they are thus pouring forth a flood of glory, are represented as a blue vault! The astronomy in these lines would not appear more extraordinary to Dr. Herschell than the imagery to every person who has observed moonlight scenes.

Hobbes has said, 'that which giveth a poem the true and natural colour, consisteth in two things, which are, *to know well*, that is, to have images of nature in the memory distinct and clear: and *to know much*.' But images of nature were not in fashion during the prevalence of the French school: from Dryden to Thomson, there is scarcely a rural image drawn from life to be found in any of the English poets, except Gay and Lady Winchelsea; and for the duty of *knowing much* before they begin to write, too many of our poets, and almost all our professional critics, would have done well had they borne in mind the saying of Skelton,

How rivers run not till the spring be full;
 Better a dumb mouth than a brainless skull.

Among the causes of the corruption of poetry, Hobbes enumerates the number of words in use which, 'though of magnificque sound, yet, like the windy blisters of a troubled water, have no sense at all;' and yet are hardly to be avoided, because having been obtruded upon our youth, they have grown up with us, and 'gaining reputation

reputation with the ignorant, are not easily shaken off? he notices also 'the ambitious obscurity of expressing more than is perfectly conceived, or perfect conception in fewer words than it requires; which expressions, though they have had the honour to be called strong lines, are indeed no better than riddles.' Yet there have been writers who were ambitious of composing poems wholly in strong lines! Taking Pope for their master, they culled every thing that was vicious in his style for imitation, and what was good they spoilt by misapplying it. With these writers the lines were always to be nicely balanced in semi-sentences; the verb, whether the subject required it or not, was to be placed as often as possible at the beginning of the verse; if there were another at the end to make it like an amphispæna, it was better still; nothing was then wanting but an antithesis to make it perfect; the meaning, perhaps, will not supply this, but it suffices to have it in the sound, and then the poet is happy, *omne tulit punctum*, he has produced a strong line, and whether it be sense or syntax is a question which neither he nor his admirers think of asking themselves.

By these writers verbs-neuter are endowed with a preternatural activity. In their collocation of words it is sometimes impossible to discover whether the horse draws the cart, or the cart the horse, so ingeniously do they place the accusative case before the verb, and the verb before the nominative. We remember a happy instance of this kind of transposition, in which, instead of the sword splitting the man's head, the man's head is made to split the sword—for, says the poet,

————— 'the standard-bearer's head
Asunder cleft the unresisted blade.'

Their personages must all *stand confessed*, like one of Homer's or rather Pope's divinities, and we have *all the man*, and *all the woman*, *all the hero*, and *all the God*, with all the other common-places of poetry made upon the most approved receipt. Brooke, when he tells us that worms move in the ground, says that 'all the worm insinuates through the pore.' Brooke was a man of undoubted genius, and the complete failure of such a man, and of Darwin, who followed him in this style, and carried it to its highest pitch, cannot be imputed to any want of skill or ability in the writers. The principle upon which they went was radically wrong. As Sidney says, they 'cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served at the table, like those Indians who, not content to wear ear-rings, thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be seen to be fine.'

It is worthy of remark, that notwithstanding the poetical supremacy which Pope so long enjoyed, not one poet of eminence has arisen in his school. Thomson and Young, though infected with

with many of the faults of the age, had each a manner of his own; the former brought with him stores of observation from the country, the latter a strong devotional passion, which produced the greater effect, because passion of every kind had been banished from poetry: 'so miserably,' as old Dennis says, 'was the art fallen by the extravagance of its professors, and by the unskilfulness of its admirers!' Dennis will one day have justice done him as a critic; he wrote villainous verses, but he knew what poetry ought to be, and did not define it, like some others, to be the Art of Pleasing. 'It is an art,' he says, 'by which a poet excites passion in order to satisfy and improve, to delight and reform the mind, and so to make mankind happier and better: from which it appears that poetry has two ends, a subordinate and a final one; the subordinate one is pleasure, and the final one is instruction.' He did not live to see the dawn of the Reformation which he desired; but it was not long delayed. Glover led the way with a Grecian manliness of sentiment, and somewhat of a Grecian nakedness of style: but when our statues had been drest in full uniform and full-bottomed wigs, it was no slight reform to strip them. Akenside had an elevation of mind which supported a style sometimes elevated above its mark. A different school was begun by Gilbert West, with whom Mason and the Wartons are to be classed. The Wartons were far from writing purely; but no men contributed so much to the reformation of English poetry. They brought us back to the study of the Elizabethan writers; and under the elder brother, Winchester may almost be said to have become a school of poets. There the author of *Lewesdon Hill* was bred, who is only to be censured for having written so little when he wrote so well; Headly, who, had his life been spared, would have trod in the steps of those predecessors whose merits he so judiciously appreciated; Russel, whose early death is perhaps more to be lamented than even that of Chatterton, so beautiful was the promise of his youth; and Bowles, who yet lives, and to whom we gladly offer our thanks for the pleasure which we derived from his poems in our younger days. Bampfylde, though not a Wickhamist, should be mentioned with Russel, as closely resembling him in the cast of his poetry: the remains of both have most properly found a place in Mr. Park's edition of the poets, the only collection in which a proper degree of attention has been given to the purity of the text: it is therefore greatly to be regretted that it should have been left incomplete.

And here many names occur which require more than the cursory notice which is all we can now bestow:—Mason, who aimed at noble things, but whose works are overlaid with ornament like the foreground of a French landscape; Gray, of all men the most patient and successful artist in the finer mosaic; Collins, whose exquisite
odes,

odes, after lying for years neglected in the bookseller's warehouse, have become the storehouse from which manufacturing poets extract epithets to debase and misapply them; Beattie's delightful *Minstrel*; Charlotte Smith, whose descriptions, whether in prose or verse, have always the charm of well-selected truth; Cowper who, though he is indebted for half his popularity to other causes than his real merit, is not more popular than he deserves to be; and who, in his *Task*, may be said to have created a new species of blank verse, so entirely does it differ in character from all former specimens. We would fain speak of the Della Cruscan swarm, who, like ephemera, had their summer's day; who were the heroes of newspapers and reviews for a brief season, and are now remembered only in the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*. To borrow a phrase from the Methodists, there has been a *great revival* in our days—a pouring out of the spirit. The publication of Percy's *Reliques* led the way. The passion of tragedy has been restored by Joanna Baillie, and the language of the old comedy by Tobin, who did not live to hear of the success which had so long been the object of his ambition. But we have already trespassed upon our limits, and have no room to dwell upon these topics; nor to advert to what has absurdly been called the New School, farther than to observe that the Aristarchs who for twelve years past with equal pertinacity and perverseness have directed their censures against the founders (as they are pleased to style them) of that school, have by this time probably found reason to suspect that they have not been more fortunate in poetical criticism than in political prophecy.

ART. IV.—*An Essay on Dew, and several Appearances connected with it.* By William Charles Wells, M.D. F.R.S. London, 1814. 8vo. pp. 150.

THE experiments, related in this Essay, have very clearly illustrated the nature and formation of dew, and very satisfactorily established the ingenious author's theory respecting it; a theory, which, if not altogether so original as he supposes it, has certainly never been brought forwards in so striking and simple a form; nor indeed was it possible that it should be completed, at any time previous to the important discoveries, respecting the radiation of heat, which have been made within the last ten years; although, when it is understood that the properties of all bodies, with regard to cooling, are the exact counterparts of those which they exhibit in heating, the whole difficulty of the subject vanishes.

The sun's rays pass through the atmosphere, in the absence of clouds, with little immediate effect on its temperature; they strike on

on the earth, and the earth is much more heated by them than the air: in a clear night the reverse of this happens; the surface of the earth throws off heat by radiation more rapidly than the air, and when there are no clouds to intercept and reflect it, this surface is reduced to a temperature lower than that of the air in its neighbourhood: the difference is still more marked in light substances, in imperfect contact with the earth, and Dr. Wells has shown that, in such cases, it often actually amounts to 15 or 20 degrees.

It being once established that such a cause is sufficient for the production of a greater degree of cold at the surface of the earth than elsewhere, we may easily pursue its operation through all its consequences and combinations, which however are often very complicated; but in all instances it appears, that the production of cold must be previous to the deposition of moisture, and is not, as has sometimes been suspected, a consequence of that deposition, which, on the contrary, as Dr. Wells has very fully shown, like almost all other instances of condensation, is actually attended by the extrication of a certain portion of heat.

From calculations, founded on the experiments of Mr. Dalton, and other earlier observers, we infer that air, at the temperature of the freezing point, is capable of containing, when saturated with moisture, about $\frac{1}{100}$ of its weight of water in an invisible form: its capacity is doubled by raising its temperature 20° ; again doubled by an elevation of 22° ; then of 24° , 26° , 28° ; and so on in succession. Thus at 52° , the air of a jar inverted in water will contain $\frac{1}{100}$ of its weight of moisture; at 74° , $\frac{1}{50}$; and at 98° , about $\frac{1}{25}$. The air of the atmosphere is generally in such a state as to require a depression of a few degrees for the deposition of a portion of the moisture which it contains: a glass of pump water, or a pot of porter, from a cool cellar, becomes covered with a real dew in miniature, when brought into a room, by cooling the air in immediate contact with it. If humid but transparent air at 74° were cooled to 52° , it would deposit $\frac{1}{100}$ of its weight of water, and so more if cooled again to 32° ; and at all common temperatures, the depression of a single degree will occasion a deposition of a little more than $\frac{1}{8}$ of the whole moisture contained in the air. Hence it is obvious that the differences of temperature, observed by Dr. Wells, must be amply sufficient to account for the deposition of dew under the circumstances which are commonly observed to occasion its appearance.

Professor Leslie, in his late work on the Relations of Air to Heat and Moisture, has estimated the quantity of water capable of being contained in air at the freezing point, from his own experiments, as equal to $\frac{1}{100}$ of the weight of the air, and has supposed this quantity

tity to be always doubled by each successive addition of 27° of temperature ; so that the moisture would amount to $\frac{1}{80}$ at 59° , and at 86° to $\frac{1}{40}$, instead of $\frac{1}{35}$, which would be the result of our mode of determination : his estimate is therefore a little greater than ours in one case, and a little less in another ; but we are disposed to prefer our own mode of calculation, because it is founded on more general views of the subject, which are sufficiently supported by a variety of experiments of different kinds.

The theory, advanced by Dr. Wells, is a consequence so simple and obvious of the principles deduced from the discoveries of Mr. Leslie, and other observers, and now generally admitted, that it only requires to be distinctly stated, and clearly understood, in order to be considered as satisfactory. At the same time it would scarcely be just to omit inserting some account of the various arguments and experiments by which our author has thought it right to enforce his doctrines ; and in pursuing this detail, we shall find a number of miscellaneous facts and remarks, which are by no means unimportant.

It was observed by Aristotle, that dew appears only on clear and calm nights : when the weather is both cloudy and windy, it is scarcely ever deposited : and Dr. Wells has found, that whatever diminishes the exposure of any substance to the unclouded sky proportionally diminishes the quantity of dew that it receives ; thus ten grains of wool, placed upon a horizontal board, acquired, in the course of a night, fourteen grains of moisture, while a similar quantity, attached to the lower surface of the board, gained only four grains. Light and detached substances also receive dew much more abundantly than those which are more completely in contact with the solid earth : thus, while ten grains of wool, placed on a grassplat, gained sixteen grains in weight, another portion, placed on a gravel walk, gained only nine, and on the mould of a garden, eight : nor was dew ever deposited on the bare ground, however exposed. Polished metals seldom exhibit the appearance of dew on their surface, although pieces of metal and glass, exposed at equal temperatures to the steam of hot water, exhibited equal dispositions to attract it ; so that nothing analogous to elective attraction can be supposed to take place in such cases. What is said of dew, is equally applicable to hoar frost, which, as Aristotle truly observed, is merely frozen dew.

The second step of Dr. Wells's investigation was to ascertain the thermometrical differences attending the phenomena. He once observed a thermometer, placed on the grass, 14° lower than another four feet above it ; but the passage of a cloud often raised the temperature of the grass several degrees. The wool above the board was 7° colder than the same substance immediately below it. The surface

surface of a gravel walk was $16\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ warmer than the neighbouring grass, which was similarly exposed, although the earth an inch below the grass was even warmer than the air. A very important fact in meteorology was also ascertained by these experiments, that a thermometer, fully exposed to a clear sky, often represents the temperature of the neighbouring substances 2° , 3° , or 4° below the truth; and that in order to avoid this source of error, it is necessary to prevent the radiation of its heat into the empty space, by covering its bulb with gilt paper, if it is intended to ascertain the actual temperature either of the air, or of any other substance in contact with it; and an error of a contrary nature may also sometimes occur, when heat is radiated copiously by the surrounding bodies, even in the absence of the sun's direct rays. A plate of metal, lying on a plat of grass, was observed to be 10° warmer than the grass surrounding it. One of the substances which exhibited the greatest degree of comparative cold was swansdown, which was once found 15° colder than the air a few feet above it. Mr. Wilson of Glasgow had once observed snow as much as 16° colder than the atmosphere; and to this difference 2° may be added, for the correction of the temperature of the air as indicated by the thermometer. Dr. Wells even thinks it probable that, in cold and exposed countries, substances near the surface of the earth may be 30° or 40° colder than the air at a considerable height in the atmosphere.

The temperature of wool, exposed to the sky in dewy nights, was always found to be depressed below that of the neighbouring air, before it began to acquire any additional weight, and this depression was again often diminished while the dew was deposited; so that 5° or 6° of cold seem to be frequently prevented in this manner. Hence it happens that the difference between the temperature of the surface of the earth and the air is less in summer than in winter, when there is less moisture to be deposited. A second caution of importance, in practical meteorology, relates to the use of the hygrometer; which, if fully exposed to the sky, may become much colder than the surrounding air, and thus exhibit a very erroneous indication, in consequence of the deposition of moisture, from air not previously saturated with it.

Theophrastus remarks, that the effects of cold are generally most hurtful in hollow places; and our author explains this phenomenon from the greater stillness of the air in confined situations, allowing the process of cooling to go on without interruption from the approach of fresh portions of air, which would afford heat both by direct communication, and in consequence of the deposition of moisture. That the air is not wholly incapable of emitting and receiving heat by radiation, as well as by direct communication, is proved by the heat of the atmosphere observable in the day time, during calm

calm weather, in the middle of the largest oceans, while the water below it is considerably colder. Dew has sometimes been supposed to originate altogether from vapours rising out of the earth: thus a metal will often collect dew on its lower surface only, when it is of the same temperature with the air immediately surrounding it; but it is sufficiently obvious, from the experiments which have been related, that the most copious source of dew is the moisture previously contained in the atmosphere. An inside shutter often favours the deposition of moisture on a window in the night time, by preventing the radiation of heat from the room. It will be easily understood, that the effects of a clear sky must sometimes be perceived in the human body, producing, by means of the uncompensated radiation of heat, a greater sense of cold, than could be expected from the temperature of the air as exhibited by the thermometer.

‘I had often,’ says Dr. Wells, p. 120, ‘in the pride of half knowledge, smiled at the means frequently employed by gardeners, to protect tender plants from cold, as it appeared to me impossible, that a thin mat, or any such flimsy substance, could prevent them from attaining the temperature of the atmosphere, by which alone I thought them liable to be injured. But, when I had learned, that bodies on the surface of the earth become, during a still and serene night, colder than the atmosphere, by radiating their heat to the heavens, I perceived immediately a just reason for the practice, which I had before deemed useless. Being desirous, however, of acquiring some precise information on this subject, I drove into the earth of a grassplot four slender sticks, in such a manner, as to make them rise six inches perpendicularly above the grass, and form the corners of a square, the sides of which were two feet long. Over the upper ends of these sticks were drawn lightly the four corners of a fine cambric handkerchief, rendered by long wear still thinner than it had been originally, and having here and there a slight rent. In this disposition of things, therefore, nothing existed to prevent the free passage of air from the exposed grass, to that which was sheltered by the handkerchief, except the four small sticks, and there was no substance to radiate heat downwards to the covered grass, except the handkerchief itself. The temperature of the grass, which was thus shielded from the sky, was upon many nights examined by me, and always found warmer than that of neighbouring grass, which was uncovered, if this was colder than the air. When the difference in temperature, between the air several feet above the ground and the unsheltered grass, did not exceed 5° , the sheltered grass was about as warm as the air; if that difference, however, exceeded 5° , the air was found to be somewhat warmer than the sheltered grass. Thus, upon one night, when fully exposed grass was 11° colder than the air, the latter was 3° warmer than the sheltered grass; and the same difference existed on another night, when the air was 14° warmer than the exposed grass. One reason for this difference was, that the air, which passed from the exposed grass, by which it had been

been very much cooled, to the grass under the handkerchief, must have deprived the latter of part of its heat; another, that the handkerchief, from being made colder than the atmosphere by the radiation of its upper surface to the heavens, would remit less heat to the grass beneath than what it received from that substance. But still the sheltered grass, notwithstanding these drawbacks, was upon one night 8° , and upon another 11° warmer than grass fully exposed to the sky, which are differences sufficiently great, to explain the utility of a very slight shelter to plants, in averting or lessening injury from cold, on a still and serene night.

In the next place, in order to learn whether any difference would arise from placing the sheltering substance at a much greater distance from the ground, I had four slender posts driven perpendicularly into the soil of a grass field, so as to be six feet eminent above the surface, and to form the angles of a square having sides eight feet in length. Over these was thrown an old ship flag of a very loose texture. Concerning the experiments carried on by means of this disposition of things, I shall only say, that they led to the conclusion, as far as the events of different nights could rightly be compared, that the higher shelter had the same efficacy with the lower, in preventing the occurrence of a cold upon the ground, in a clear night, greater than that of the atmosphere, provided the oblique aspect of the sky was equally excluded from the spots on which my thermometers were laid.

On the other hand, a difference in temperature, of some magnitude, was always observed on still and serene nights, between bodies sheltered from the sky by substances touching them, and similar bodies, which were sheltered by a substance a little above them. I found, for example, upon one night, that the warmth of grass, sheltered by a cambric handkerchief raised a few inches in the air, was 3° greater than that of a neighbouring piece of grass which was sheltered by a similar handkerchief actually in contact with it. On another night, the difference between the temperatures of two portions of grass, shielded in the same manner as the above mentioned, from the influence of the sky, was 4° . Possibly, experience has long ago taught gardeners the superior advantage of defending tender vegetables from the cold of clear and calm nights, by means of substances not directly touching them; though I do not recollect ever having seen any contrivance for keeping mats or such like bodies at a distance from the plants, which they were meant to protect:

* Walls, I believe, as far as warmth is concerned, are regarded as useful during a cold night, to the plants which touch them, or are near them, only in two ways; first, by the mechanical shelter which they afford against cold winds, and secondly, by giving out the heat which they had acquired during the day. It appearing to me, however, that on clear and calm nights, those on which plants frequently receive much injury from cold, walls must be beneficial in a third way, namely, by preventing, in part, the loss of heat which they would sustain from radiation if they were fully exposed to the sky; the following experiment was made for the purpose of determining the justness of this opinion.

A cam-

' A cambric handkerchief was placed perpendicularly to a grassplat, by means of two upright sticks, at right angles to the course of the air, and a thermometer was laid upon the grass close to the lower edge of the handkerchief, on its windward side. A thermometer thus situated was several nights compared with another lying on the same grassplat, but on a part of it fully exposed to the sky. On two of these nights, the air being clear and calm, the grass close to the handkerchief was found to be 4° warmer than the fully exposed grass. On a third, the difference was 6° . An analogous fact is mentioned by Gersten, who says, that a horizontal surface is more abundantly dewed, than one which is perpendicular to the ground.'

Dr. Wells has been singularly fortunate in illustrating the formation of ice in warm climates, which he has shown to depend on the radiation of heat, and not, as had generally been supposed, on the refrigerating effect of evaporation. It is necessary, for the success of this process, that the air should be still, which is a circumstance unfavourable to evaporation; it is found to succeed best in dewy nights, when the quantity of evaporation must be inconsiderable; the straw on which the pans containing water are placed, must not be wet, in order that it may not communicate heat from the ground, and the pans must be porous for a similar reason. A cold of 14° , or more, is often required for the purpose, and Dr. Wells found that evaporation in still air, at a low temperature, did not produce a cold of above a degree or two. He succeeded in freezing water in this country without any evaporation, when the air a few feet above the ground was at 37° or even 39° ; the temperature of grass fully exposed being at the same time 30° . In Mr. Williams's experiments, the straw, on which the pans stood, appeared warmer than the water, because it was much sheltered by them from the sky. Dr. Wells found that the bottom of an empty pan kept pace in cooling with the pans of water, until the congelation took place; some moisture was deposited on it, which afterwards froze; and in another experiment, the water itself had gained some grains in weight, while part of it was frozen, in an atmosphere of 37° .

In reasoning respecting the heat transmitted by mists, Dr. Wells observes, that since the diminution of light, as ascertained by Leslie's photometer, is small, 'it will readily be granted that the same state of the atmosphere will also give transit to radiant heat;' it must however have occurred to him on reflexion, that the indications of Leslie's instrument depend immediately on radiant heat, and are only applied indirectly to light; so that there is no occasion for the analogy from which he has derived his argument.

It is not with a view of detracting from the merit of our author's laborious series of experiments, that we feel ourselves compelled to enter a protest against the total novelty of the opinions which they

they have so amply illustrated and confirmed. Dr. Wells appears, in his historical account of the doctrines relating to the nature and causes of dew, to have undertaken to afford us complete information respecting the sentiments not only of Aristotle and Theophrastus, but also of the 'most distinguished' philosophers of modern times, p. 131: some of the works, however, of the persons whom he mentions, and some of the latest, have most unaccountably escaped his attention.

'Mr. Prevost of Geneva,' says Dr. Wells, 'in his work on radiant heat, has already in this way accounted for the effect of clouds, in diminishing the cold of the atmosphere at night; but he seems not to have known, that they have a much greater effect of the same kind on the temperature of bodies upon the surface of the earth. My explanation of the latter operation of clouds is a direct consequence from the facts which I had observed respecting the prevention of cold on the ground from radiation, by the interposition of solid bodies between it and the heavens, and occurred to me in 1812. Mr. Prevost's work, indeed, was published in 1809, but I did not see it before the summer of 1813, when it was lent to me by his relation Dr. Marcet of London; who at the same time said, that he believed there was no other copy of it in Great Britain, except one, which had been sent by himself to Edinburgh.'—p. 79.

Now we have at this moment before us a copy of Mr. Prevost's *Recherches Physicomécaniques sur la Chaleur*, printed at Geneva in 1792; from which, for the sake of greater authenticity, we shall extract some passages in the original language.

SECT. 24. Phénomène. La nuit, lorsque le ciel est serein, l'air est généralement plus froid près de la terre. Au printemps et en automne, il gèle peu lorsque le ciel est couvert. Souvent enfin, par une nuit sereine, s'il vient à passer un nuage par le zénith de l'observateur, à l'instant il voit monter le thermomètre.

SECT. 25. Essai d'explication. L'air même le plus dense, tel que celui de nos plaines, est perméable à la chaleur rayonnante; car c'est dans cet air qu'on observe celle-ci. L'air rare des régions supérieures de l'atmosphère est encore plus perméable; il est en quelque sorte transparent, ou plutôt *transcaloreux*. Mais l'eau ne l'est pas, ni la vapeur vésiculaire. Les nuages sont opaques pour la chaleur comme pour la lumière. Ils absorbent l'une et l'autre, et ne la laissent passer que lentement.

Ainsi la chaleur rayonnante de la terre traverse avec facilité l'atmosphère pure, mais elle est interceptée par les nuages. Ceux-ci font donc pour la terre une espèce de vêtement. Ils empêchent l'écoulement de sa chaleur rayonnante; et en la recevant vers leur partie inférieure, ils s'échauffent de ce côté-là, comme un habit s'échauffe du côté du corps, et par conséquent ils renvoient à la terre un peu plus de chaleur rayonnante que ne peut faire l'air transparent.

La surface supérieure du nuage se refroidit, au contraire, par l'émission facile de sa chaleur dans un air raréfié. Mais le passage lent

de la chaleur donnée, qui serpente de l'une à l'autre surface, ne peut rétablir l'équilibre incessamment rompu par la source inépuisable de chaleur du côté de la terre, et par le gouffre toujours ouvert où elle se précipite de l'autre.

Tout nuage la nuit est donc exactement comparable à un vêtement très épais, qui recouvre un corps maintenu chaud par une cause interne et perpétuelle (tel qu'est, par exemple, le corps humain). La surface intérieure est chaude, la surface extérieure participe à la température froide de l'air ambiant. Et l'application du vêtement sur le corps y maintient la chaleur.

On n'a pas lieu d'être surpris de la promptitude de l'effet, parceque c'est le jeu de la chaleur rayonnante, allant et revenant de la terre au nuage et du nuage à la terre, s'exécute en un instant indivisible. D'ailleurs à l'instant où le nuage arrive au zénith, il arrive en quelque sorte tout préparé. Sa partie inférieure a déjà acquis une chaleur excédante. Déjà elle émet plus de chaleur rayonnante que pareille étendue d'air de la même région. C'est un lambeau de vêtement, qui passe d'une partie du corps à l'autre. Ainsi à l'instant même où ce vêtement chaud vient couvrir l'observateur, le thermomètre doit accuser sa présence.

Sect. 142. Le phénomène météorologique, indiqué au Sect. 24, a été remarqué par M. Pictet, et consigné dans ses journaux d'observation. C'est ce qu'atteste l'extrait suivant, qu'il en a transcrit, textuellement, et auquel il a joint une remarque importante. "*Janvier, 1777. Dans la nuit du 4 au 5, le thermomètre étoit à -12 [5°] à 10 heures du soir, le nuage s'étant couvert ensuite, il n'étoit plus qu'à -10 [8°] à 11 heures du soir. Je me rappelle distinctement, au sujet de cette note, (ajoute M. Pictet, en me la communiquant,) un fait que je ne trouve pas enregistré. C'est que lehaussement de température dont il est question, fut simultanée avec l'apparition d'un nuage assez voisin, mais peu étendu, aux environs du zénith.*"

Un autre fait, observé par tous les agriculteurs, et relatif à l'influence prompte et presque immédiate des nuages sur le sol, (indépendamment de leur effet pour intercepter les rayons solaires,) est celui-ci : on sait que dans les circonstances les plus favorables d'ailleurs à l'apparition de la rosée, elle est nulle, ou presque nulle, si le ciel est couvert; et que les blanches gélées, si redoutables au printemps et en automne, n'ont pas lieu à même température, si le temps est couvert.

Tous les faits mentionnés dans cette remarque de M. Pictet, s'expliquent naturellement par les principes posés au Sect. 24. C'est à dire, en considérant les nuages comme le vêtement du sol, et en ayant égard à la chaleur rayonnante.

Not were these doctrines by any means unknown in our own country; we find, for instance, in a Course of Lectures published in London seven years ago, that "when the weather has been clear, and a cloud passes over the place of observation, the thermometer frequently rises a degree or two almost instantaneously; this has been partly explained by considering the cloud as a vesture, preventing

venting the escape of the heat which is always radiating from the earth; and reflecting it back to the surface.

It is true that the theory could only be completed by the application of Professor Leslie's discoveries to the circumstances of the phenomenon: but it is remarkable that this very application was made, in a case confessedly *similar*, by the author of the same work which we have last quoted.

'I once intended,' says Dr. Wells, p. 105, 'to add here an explanation of some very curious observations by Mr. Prévost of Besançon on dew, which were published first by himself, in the 44th number of the French Annals of Chemistry, and afterwards by Mr. Prévost of Geneva, in his Essay on Radiant Heat; but fearing to be very tedious, I have since given up the design. I will say, however, that, if to what is now generally known on the different modes, in which heat is communicated from one body to another, be added the two following circumstances, that substances become colder than the air before they attract dew, and that bright metals, when exposed to a clear sky at night, become colder than the air much less readily than other bodies, the whole of the appearances observed by Mr. Prévost may be easily accounted for.'

'It has been observed,' says the author of the Course of Lectures published in 1807, 'that a piece of metal, placed on glass, usually protects also the opposite side of the glass from the deposition of dew; and Mr. Benedict Prévost has shown, that, in general, whenever the metal is placed on the warmer side of the glass, the humidity is deposited more copiously either on itself, or on the glass near it, [as in the case of the shutter]; that when it is on the colder side, it neither receives the humidity, nor permits its deposition on the glass; but that the addition of a second piece of glass over the metal destroys the effect, and a second piece of metal restores it. It appears that, from its properties with respect to radiant heat, the metallic surface produces these effects by preventing ready communication either of heat or of cold to the glass.'

Had Dr. Wells been as solicitous to attend to the labours of his contemporaries as he has been very laudably anxious to recur to those of his predecessors, he might have said, not that the experiments of Mr. Prévost *might* 'be easily accounted for' from the properties which he mentions, but that they actually *had* been explained in a similar manner by one of his own countrymen. There are, however, some modern philosophers, who, whether from their own fault, or from that of their hearers and readers, or from both, appear to be perpetually in the predicament of the celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who always told truth, but was seldom understood, and never believed; and the author of the Lectures in question has not unfrequently reminded us of the fruitless vainness of the ill-fated Cassandra.

Art. V. *The Excursion, a Poem.* By William Wordsworth. London. 4to, pp. 447.

THE volume before us, as we learn from the Preface, is 'a detached portion of an unfinished poem, containing views of man, nature, and society,' to be called the *Recluse*, as having for its principal subject the 'sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement;' and to be preceded by a 'record in verse of the origin and progress of the author's own powers, with reference to the fitness which they may be supposed to have conferred for the task.' To the completion of this plan we look forward with a confidence which the execution of the finished part is well calculated to inspire.—Meanwhile, in what is before us there is ample matter for entertainment: for the '*Excursion*' is not a branch (as might have been suspected) prematurely plucked from the parent tree to gratify an overhasty appetite for applause; but is, in itself, a complete and legitimate production.

It opens with the meeting of the poet with an aged man whom he had known from his school days; in plain words, a Scottish pedlar; a man who, though of low origin, had received good learning and impressions of the strictest piety from his stepfather, a minister and village schoolmaster. Among the hills of Athol, the child is described to have become familiar with the appearances of nature in his occupation as a feeder of sheep; and from her silent influences to have derived a character, meditative, tender, and poetical. With an imagination and feelings thus nourished—his intellect not unaided by books, but those, few, and chiefly of a religious cast—the necessity of seeking a maintenance in riper years, had induced him to make choice of a profession, the *appellation* for which has been gradually declining into contempt, but which formerly designated a class of men, who, journeying in country places, when roads presented less facilities for travelling, and the intercourse between towns and villages was unfrequent and hazardous, became a sort of link of neighbourhood to distant habitations; resembling, in some small measure, in the effects of their periodical returns, the caravan which Thomson so feelingly describes as blessing the cheerless Siberian in its annual visitation, with 'news of human kind.'

In the solitude incident to this rambling life, power had been given him to keep alive that devotedness to nature which he had imbibed in his childhood, together with the opportunity of gaining such notices of persons and things from his intercourse with society, as qualified him to become a 'teacher of moral wisdom.' With this man, then, in a hale old age, released from the burthen of his occupation,

occupation, yet retaining much of its active habits, the poet meets, and is by him introduced to a second character—a sceptic—one who had been partially roused from an overwhelming desolation, brought upon him by the loss of wife and children, by the powerful incitement of hope which the French Revolution in its commencement put forth, but who, disgusted with the failure of all its promises, had fallen back into a laxity of faith and conduct which induced at length a total despondence as to the dignity and final destination of his species. In the language of the poet, he

—broke faith with those whom he had loved
In earth's dark chambers,

Yet he describes himself as subject to compunctious visitations from that silent quarter.

Feebly must they have felt,
Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips
The vengeful Furies. Beautiful regards
Were turned on me—the face of her I loved;
The wife and mother; pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!—p. 133.

The conversations with this person, in which the Wanderer asserts the consolatory side of the question against the darker views of human life maintained by his friend, and finally calls to his assistance the experience of a village priest, the third, or rather fourth interlocutor, (for the poet himself is one,) form the groundwork of the *Excursion*.

It will be seen by this sketch that the poem is of a didactic nature, and not a fable or story; yet it is not wanting in stories of the most interesting kind,—such as the lovers of Cowper and Goldsmith will recognise as something familiar and congenial to them. We might instance the Ruined Cottage, and the Solitary's own story, in the first half of the work; and the second half, as being almost a continued cluster of narration. But the prevailing charm of the poem is, perhaps, that, conversational as it is in its plan, the dialogue throughout is carried on in the very heart of the most romantic scenery which the poet's native hills could supply; and which, by the perpetual references made to it either in the way of illustration or for variety and pleasurable description's sake, is brought before us as we read. We breathe in the fresh air, as we do while reading Walton's *Complete Angler*; only the country about us is as much bolder than Walton's, as the thoughts and speculations, which form the matter of the poem, exceed the trifling pastime and low-pitched conversation of his humble fishermen. We give the description of the 'two huge peaks,' which from some other vale peered

peered into that in which the Solitary is entertaining the poet and
 companion. Those, says their host,

—if here you dwell, would be
 Your prized companions. Many are the notes
 Which in his tuneful course the wind draws forth
 From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores;
 And well those lofty brethren bear their part
 In the wild concert: chiefly when the storm
 Rides high; then all the upper air they fill
 With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
 Like smoke, along the level of the blast
 In mighty current: theirs, too, is the song
 Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails;
 And in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
 Methinks that I have heard them echo back
 The thunder's greeting: nor have Nature's laws
 Left them ungifted with a power to yield
 Music of finer frame; a harmony,
 So do I call it, though it be the hand
 Of silence, though there be no voice; the clouds,
 The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
 Motions of moonlight, all come thither—touch,
 And have an answer—thither come, and shape
 A language not unwelcome to sick hearts,
 And idle spirits: there the sun himself
 At the calm close of summer's longest day
 Rests his substantial orb;—between those heights,
 And on the top of either pinnacle,
 More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
 Sparkle the stars as of their station proud.
 Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man,
 Than the mute agents stirring there:—alone
 Here do I sit and watch.—p. 84.

To a mind constituted like that of Mr. Wordsworth, the stream,
 the torrent, and the stirring leaf—seem not merely to suggest asso-
 ciations of deity, but to be a kind of speaking communication with
 it. He walks through every forest, as through some Dodona; and
 every bird that flits among the leaves, like that miraculous one*
 in Tasso, but in language more intelligent, reveals to him far
 higher love-lays. In his poetry nothing in Nature is dead. Motion

* With party-coloured plumes, and purple bill,
 A wondrous bird among the rest there flew,
 That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and shrill;
 Her leden was like human language true;
 So much she talk'd, and with such wit and skill,
 That strange it seemed how much good she knew.

is synonymous with life. 'Beside you spring,' says the Wanderer, speaking of a deserted well, from which, in former times, a poor woman, who died heart-broken, had been used to dispense refreshment to the thirsty traveller,

—beside you spring I stood,
And eyed its waters, till we seem'd to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
When every day the touch of human hand
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
In mortal stillness.—p. 27.

To such a mind, we say—call it strength or weakness—if weakness, assuredly a fortunate one—the visible and audible things of creation present, not dim symbols, or curious emblems, which they have done at all times to those who have been gifted with the poetical faculty; but revelations and quick insights into the life within us, the pledge of immortality:—

—the whispering air
Sends inspiration from her shadowy heights,
And blind recesses of the cavern'd rocks:
The little rills, and waters numberless,
Inaudible by day-light.

'I have seen,' the poet says, and the illustration is an happy one:

—I have seen
A curious child, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intensely, and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith; and doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things:
Of ebb and flow, and ever during power;
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.—p. 191.

Sometimes this harmony is imaged to us by an echo; and in one instance, it is with such transcendent beauty set forth by a shadow and its corresponding substance, that it would be a sin to cheat our readers at once of so happy an illustration of the poet's system, and so fair a proof of his descriptive powers.

Thus, having reached a bridge that over-arched
 The dusky rivulet where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A two-fold image; on a grassy bank
 A snow-white ram, and in the chrystal flood
 Another and the same! most beautiful,
 On the green turf, with his imperial front;
 —, 20 21191 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
 The breathing creature stood; as beautiful,
 Beneath him, shewed his shadowy counterpart.
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky;
 And each seemed centre of his own fair world;
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!—p. 407.

Combinations, it is confessed, 'like those reflected in that quiet pool,' cannot be lasting: it is enough for the purpose of the poet, if they are felt.—They are at least his system; and his readers, if they reject them for their creed, may receive them merely as poetry. In him, *faith*, in friendly alliance and conjunction with the religion of his country, appears to have grown up, fostered by meditation and lonely communions with Nature—an internal principle of lofty consciousness, which stamps upon his opinions and sentiments (we were almost going to say) the character of an expanded and generous Quakerism.

From such a creed we should expect unusual results; and, when applied to the purposes of consolation, more touching considerations than from the mouth of common teachers. The finest speculation of this sort perhaps in the poem before us, is the notion of the thoughts which may sustain the spirit, while they crush the frame of the sufferer, who from loss of objects of love by death, is commonly supposed to pine away under a broken heart.

—— If there be, whose tender frames have drooped
 Even to the dust, apparently, through weight
 Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
 An agonising spirit to transmute,
 Infer not hence a hope from those withheld
 When wanted most; a confidence impaired
 So pitifully, that, having ceased to see
 With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love
 Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
 Oh! no, full oft the *innocent sufferer* sees
 Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
 To realize the vision with intense
 And over constant yearning;—there, there lies
 The excess, by which the balance is destroyed.

Too,

Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
 This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
 Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
 For any passion of the soul that leads
 To extasy; and, all the crooked paths
 Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
 Along the line of limitless desires.—p. 148.

With the same modifying and incorporating power, he tells us,—

Within the soul a faculty abides
 That with interpositions, which would hide
 And darken, so can deal, that they become
 Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
 Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer eve,
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
 In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
 Capacious and serene. Like power abides
 In man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the incumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment, nay, from guilt;
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of despair.—p. 188.

This is high poetry; though (as we have ventured to lay the basis of the author's sentiments in a sort of liberal Quakerism) from some parts of it, others may, with more plausibility, object to the appearance of a kind of Natural Methodism: we could have wished therefore that the tale of Margaret had been postponed, till the reader had been strengthened by some previous acquaintance with the author's theory, and not placed in the front of the poem, with a kind of ominous aspect, beautifully tender as it is. It is a tale of a cottage, and its female tenant, gradually decaying together, while she expected the return of one whom poverty and not unkindness had driven from her arms. We trust ourselves only with the conclusion—

— nine tedious years
 From their first separation, nine long years,
 She lingered in unquiet widowhood,
 A wife and widow. I have heard, my friend,
 That in your harbour oftentimes she sat
 Alone, through half the vacant Sabbath day;
 And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit

The

The shade, and look abroad. On this old bench
 For hours she sat; and evermore her eye
 Was busy in the distance, shaping things
 That made her heart beat quick. You see that path;
 There to and fro she paced through many a day
 Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
 That girt her waist, spinning the long-drawn thread
 With backward steps. Yet ever as there pass'd
 A man whose garments shewed the soldier's * red,
 The little child who sat to turn the wheel
 Ceased from his task; and she with faltering voice
 Made many a fond inquiry; and when they,
 Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,
 Her heart was still more sad. And by yon gate,
 That bars the traveller's road, she often stood,
 And, when a stranger horseman came, the latch
 Would lift, and in his face look wistfully;
 Most happy, if from aught discovered there
 Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
 The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor hut
 Sank to decay: for he was gone, whose hand,
 At the first nipping of October frost,
 Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands of straw
 Checquered the green grown thatch. And so she lived
 Through the long winter, reckless and alone;
 Until her house by frost, and thaw, and rain
 Was sapped; and, while she slept, the nightly damp
 Did chill her breast; and in the stormy day
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
 She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
 Have parted hence: and still that length of road,
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,
 Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my friend,
 In sickness she remained; and here she died,
 Last human tenant of these ruined walls!—p. 46.

The fourth book, entitled 'Despondency Corrected,' we consider as the most valuable portion of the poem. For moral grandeur; for wide scope of thought and a long train of lofty imagery; for tender personal appeals; and a *versification* which we feel we ought to notice, but feel it also so involved in the poetry, that we can hardly mention it as a distinct excellence; it stands without competition among our didactic and descriptive verse. The general tendency of the argument (which we might almost affirm to be the leading moral of the poem) is to abate the pride of the calculating understanding, and to reinstate the *imagination* and the *affections*

* Her husband had enlisted for a soldier.

in those seats from which modern philosophy has laboured but too successfully to expel them.

'Life's autumn past,' says the grey-haired Wanderer,

————— I stand on winter's verge,
And daily lose what I desire to keep;
Yet rather would I instantly decline
To the traditionary sympathies
Of a most rustic ignorance, and take
A fearful apprehension from the owl
Or death-watch—and as readily rejoice
If two auspicious magpies crossed my way—
This rather would I do than see and hear
The repetitions wearisome of sense,
Where soul is dead and feeling hath no place.—p. 168.

In the same spirit, those illusions of the imaginative faculty to which the peasantry in solitary districts are peculiarly subject, are represented as the kindly ministers of conscience:

————— with whose service charged
They come and go, appear and disappear;
Diverting evil purposes, remorse
Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,
Or pride of heart abating.

Reverting to more distant ages of the world, the operation of that same faculty in producing the several fictions of Chaldean, Persian, and Grecian idolatry, is described with such seductive power, that the Solitary, in good earnest, seems alarmed at the tendency of his own argument.—Notwithstanding his fears, however, there is one thought so uncommonly fine, relative to the spirituality which lay hid beneath the gross material forms of Greek worship, in metal or stone, that we cannot resist the allurements of transcribing it—

————— Triumphant o'er his pompous show
Of art, this palpable array of sense,
On every side encountered; in despite
Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
By wandering rhapsodists; and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denials hourly urged
Among the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT hung,
Beautiful Region! o'er thy towns and farms,
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;
And emanations were perceived; and acts
Of immortality, in Nature's course,
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
As bonds, on grave Philosopher imposed
And armed Warrior; and in every grove
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
When piety more awful had relaxed.

"Take, running river, take these locks of mine"—

Thus

Thus would the votary say—"this severed hair,
 My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
 Thankful for my beloved child's return.
 Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,
 Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the chrystal lymph
 With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
 And moisten all day long these flowery fields."

And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed
 Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
 Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired;
 That hath been, is, and where it was and is
 There shall be; seen, and heard, and felt, and known,
 And recognized—existence unexposed
 To the blind walk of mortal accident;
 From diminution safe and weakening age;
 While man grows old, and dwindles and decays;
 And countless generations of mankind
 Depart, and leave no vestige where they trod.—p. 174.

In discourse like this the first day passes away.—The second (for this almost dramatic poem takes up the action of two summer days) is varied by the introduction of the village priest; to whom the Wanderer resigns the office of chief speaker, which had been yielded to his age and experience on the first. The conference is begun at the gate of the church-yard; and after some natural speculations concerning death and immortality—and the custom of funeral and sepulchral observances, as deduced from a feeling of immortality—certain doubts are proposed respecting the quantity of moral worth existing in the world, and in that mountainous district in particular. In the resolution of these doubts, the priest enters upon a most affecting and singular strain of narration, derived from the graves around him. Pointing to hillock after hillock, he gives short histories of their tenants, disclosing their humble virtues, and touching with tender hand upon their frailties.

Nothing can be conceived finer than the manner of introducing these tales. With heaven above his head, and the mouldering turf at his feet—standing betwixt life and death—he seems to maintain that spiritual relation which he bore to his living flock, in its undiminished strength, even with their ashes; and to be in his proper cure, or diocese, among the dead.

We might extract powerful instances of pathos from these tales—the story of Ellen in particular—but their force is in combination, and in the circumstances under which they are introduced. The traditional anecdote of the Jacobite and Hanoverian, as less liable to suffer by transplanting, and as affording an instance of that finer species of humour, that thoughtful playfulness in which the author more nearly perhaps than in any other quality resembles

bles Cowper, we shall lay (at least a part of it) before our readers. It is the story of a whig who, having wasted a large estate in election contests, retired 'beneath a borrowed name' to a small town among these northern mountains, where a Caledonian lord, a follower of the house of Stuart, who had fled his country after the overthrow at Culloden, returning with the return of lenient times, had also fixed his residence.

— Here, then, they met,
Two doughty champions; flaming Jacobite,
And sullen Hanoverian! you might think
That losses and vexations, less severe
Than those which they had severally sustained,
Would have inclined each to abate his zeal
For his ungrateful cause; no,—I have heard
My reverend father tell that, mid the calm
Of that small town encountering thus; they filled
Daily its bowling-green with harmless strife,
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the church,

And vex'd the market-place! But in the breasts

Of these opponents gradually was wrought,

With little change of general sentiment,

Such change towards each other, that their days

By choice were spent in constant fellowship;

And, if at times they fretted with the yoke,

Those very bickerings made them love it more.

A favorite boundary to their lengthened walks

This church-yard was. And, whether they had come

Treading their path in sympathy, and linked

In social converse, or by some short space

Discreetly parted, to preserve the peace,

One spirit seldom failed to extend its sway

Over both minds, when they awhile had marked

The visible signs of this holy ground

And breathed its soothing air.—

There live who yet remember to have seen

Their courtly figures—seated on a stump

Of an old yew, their favorite resting place.

But, as the remnant of the long-lived tree

Was disappearing by a swift decay,

They with joint care determined to erect,

Upon its site, a dial, which should stand

For public use; and also might survive

As their own private monument; for this

Was the particular spot, in which they wished

(and heaven was pleased to accomplish their desire)

That sundial, their remains should lie.

So where the mouldered tree had stood, was raised

Yon structure, framing with the ascent of steps

That

That, to the decorated pillar lead,
 A work of art, more sumptuous, as might seem,
 Than suits this place; yet built in no proud scorn
 Of rustic homeliness; they only aimed
 To ensure for it respectful guardianship.
 Around the margin of the plate, whereon
 The shadow falls, to note the stealthy hours,
 Winds an inscriptive legend.—

At these words
 Neither we turned; and gathered, as we read,
 The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers couched.
 "Time flies; it is his melancholy task
 To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
 And re-produce the troubles he destroys.
 But, while his business thus is occupied,
 Discerning mortal! do thou serve the will
 Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,
 Which the world wants, shall be for thee confirmed."

pp. 270-3.

The causes which have prevented the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth from attaining its full share of popularity are to be found in the boldness and originality of his genius. The times are past when a poet could securely follow the direction of his own mind, or to whatever tracts it might lead. A writer, who would be popular, must timidly coast the shore of prescribed sentiment and sympathy. He must have just as much more of the imaginative faculty than his readers, as will serve to keep their apprehensions from stagnating, but not so much as to alarm their jealousy. He must not think or feel too deeply.

If he has had the fortune to be bred in the midst of the most magnificent objects of creation, he must not have given away his heart to them; or if he have, he must conceal his love, or not carry his expressions of it beyond that point of rapture, which the occasional tourist thinks it not overstepping decorum to betray, or the limit which that gentlemanly spy upon Nature, the picturesque traveller, has vouchsafed to countenance. He must do this, or be content to be thought an enthusiast.

If from living among simple mountaineers, from a daily intercourse with them, not upon the footing of a patron but in the character of an equal, he has detected, or imagines that he has detected, through the cloudy medium of their unlettered discourse, thoughts and apprehensions not vulgar; traits of patience and constancy, love unwearied, and heroic endurance; not unfit (as he may judge) to be made the subject of verse, he will be deemed a man of perverted genius by the philanthropist who, concerning of the peasantry of his country only as objects of a pecuniary sympathy,

starts

starts at finding them elevated to a level of humanity with himself, having their own loves, enmities, cravings, aspirations, &c., as much beyond his faculty to believe, as his beneficence to supply.

If from a familiar observation of the ways of children, and much more from a retrospect of his own mind when a child, he has gathered more reverential notions of that state than fall to the lot of ordinary observers, and, escaping from the dissonant wranglings of men, has tuned his lyre, though but for occasional harmonies, to the milder utterance of that soft age,—his verses shall be censured as infantile by critics who confound poetry 'having children for its subject' with poetry that is 'childish,' and who, having themselves perhaps never been *children*, never having possessed the tenderness and docility of that age, know not what the soul of a child is—how apprehensive! how imaginative! how religious!

We have touched upon some of the causes which we conceive to have been unfriendly to the author's former poems. We think they do not apply in the same force to the one before us. There is in it more of uniform elevation, a wider scope of subject, less of manner, and it contains none of those starts and imperfect shapings which in some of this author's smaller pieces offended the weak, and gave scandal to the perverse. It must indeed be approached with seriousness. It has in it much of that quality which 'draws the devout, deterring the profane.' Those who hate the *Paradise Lost* will not love this poem. The steps of the great master are discernible in it; not in direct imitation or injurious parody, but in the following of the spirit, in free homage and generous subjection.

One objection it is impossible not to foresee. It will be asked, why put such eloquent discourse in the mouth of a pedlar? It might be answered that Mr. Wordsworth's plan required a character in humble life to be the organ of his philosophy. It was in harmony with the system and scenery of his poem. We read *Pier's Plowman's Creed*, and the lowliness of the teacher seems to add a simple dignity to the doctrine. Besides, the poet has bestowed an unusual share of education upon him. Is it too much to suppose that the author, at some early period of his life, may himself have known such a person, a man endowed with sentiments above his situation, another *Bornis*; and that the dignified strains which he has attributed to the Wanderer may be no more than recollections of his conversation, heightened only by the amplification natural to poetry, or the lustre which imagination flings back upon the objects and companions of our youth? After all, if there should be found readers willing to admire the poem, who yet feel scandalized at a *name*, we would advise them, wherever it occurs, to substitute silently the word *Pilgrimage*, or *Pilgrim*, or any less offensive designation, which shall connect the notion of sobriety in heart and manners with the experience and privileges which a wayfaring life confers.

ART.

ART. VI.—*Cours de Littérature Dramatique.* Par A. W. Schlegel. Traduit d'Allemand. 8vo. 3 vols. pp. 1900. London. 1814.

THIS is a work of extraordinary merit. It was originally delivered at Vienna in the form of lectures, and professed to be a review of dramatic literature in the different countries where it has successively flourished. It has been since carefully revised, and now comes before the public with the author's last touches and improvements.

Mr. Schlegel employs his first chapter in analysing the spirit with which a critic ought to be animated, and in various preliminary remarks which appear essential to the success of his system; he observes, that either from the imperfection of language, or the perversion of ideas, the office of a critic is usually supposed to consist in the talent of detecting faults, rather than in that refined and delicate taste, which is requisite to appreciate the higher order of beauties. This opinion he acknowledges to be in some measure justified by the proceedings of modern critics, eager to point out the smallest defect, and more ready to eulogise the industrious accuracy of mediocrity than the lofty flights of superior genius. For a long time after the revival of letters, writers were exposed to innumerable disadvantages from the pedantry and presumption of the commentators, who attributed to the ancients an unbounded authority in every branch of literature. Hence the admiration, so deservedly due to the poets and historians of Athens and Rome, became in some sort injurious to posterity, who were told, by what they considered as authority, that nothing could be expected from the labours of men, if ha some do the path of imitation; that the only praise, which remained for a modern to acquire, was by closely adhering to those excellent models; and that the slightest deviation from the precepts of Aristotle was a proof of degenerated taste.—vol. i. p. 12.

A servile copyist must ever be tame; it is, by imbibing the spirit, not by pilfering the ideas of Homer or Virgil, that we can hope to reach the temple of Fame. To this description of man, however, the pedantry of critics long assigned the honourable appellation of modern classics, while they treated those who ventured to follow the inspiration of genius, as bold and barbarous innovators. And the better to establish this absurd theory, they attempted to draw an impassable line between taste and genius. Fortunately, however, the world has discovered that commentators are seldom good judges of taste, and that the plodding perseverance of a Wolf or a Heyne would never have produced the *Iliad*, or the *Georgics*. 'Taste and genius,' says our author, 'are unquestionably derived from the same

The comparative merit of the ancients and moderns has long afforded abundant matter for dispute. Lately, however, men of

With the single exception of the Christian dispensation no cause appears to have operated with such powerful effect, in regulating the progress of cultivation, as the bold and manly character of those people who overturned the empire of the Cæsars; because they introduced new habits of life, together with a sterner system of ethics, among the degenerate inhabitants of southern Europe. This change, though it may have checked the excursions of fancy, lent dignity and energy to the soul. The rude mixture of heroism with religious enthusiasm gave birth to the institutions of chivalry, the leading principle of which was to mitigate the ferocity of uncivilized warriors, and subject force to the controul of humanity. Under the guidance and protection of chivalrous honour, love assumed a more elevated character. It was the rational homage of strength to beauty; it was the apotheosis of beings, who though naturally weak, are exalted by the attraction of personal charms, and the characteristic virtues of their sex, above the common level of humanity. Even religion appears to consecrate a worship, which presents to our veneration what is purest and most attractive in nature—virgin innocence, and maternal affection.

Thus love and honour, the cherished objects of chivalrous pursuit, became the favourite themes of the poet, whose songs, perused with enthusiastic avidity by all classes of people, prepared the way for that superior degree of cultivation to which romantic literature afterwards attained. This epoch possesses its appropriate machinery of giants, fairies, and enchanters; an incongruous mixture of the prowess of knights, and the miracles and tempta-

A cultivated taste, combined with a creative imagination, constitutes genius in the arts and letters. Without taste, imagination would produce only a random analysis and combination of our conceptions; and without imagination, taste would be desitute of the materials of invention. These two ingredients of genius may be mixed together in all possible proportions. — Stewart's Philos. 2. 497.

Mr. de Staël has made the British public familiar with these expressions.

tions of saints, blended together in heterogeneous confusion; but the marvellous achievements which its legends record, are of a nature totally distinct from the mythological fables of antiquity.

Some philosophers have asserted, that melancholy forms the characteristic feature of northern poetry; an opinion which our author seems inclined to adopt. Among the Greeks, the most aspiring were content with attaining to that degree of elevation which human nature is calculated to reach, fully satisfied with the triumph so gloriously obtained over the genius and exertions of their competitors; but the Christian is taught that the destiny of man does not terminate with this life; that in his present state of probation he is subjected to trials, which must finally decide his happiness, or misery for ever. The sensual religion of Greece offered only external and temporal blessings; to the believer in the gospel every object presents itself in a very different light; all earthly possessions diminish in value, when known to be transient and delusive.

Disgusted with the imperfect gratifications of this world, we delight to escape to another of the poet's creation, where the charms of nature are clothed in eternal bloom, and where sources of pleasure are opened to us, suited to the vast capacities of the human mind. It however presented itself under very different aspects to the Greek and the Scandinavian. The quick sensibility of the former attached him to the joys and glories of the present life; while the climate, the education, and the faith of the latter, all equally contributed to make him thirst after enjoyments, which his bleak mountains were little calculated to afford; and therefore tended to abstract his affections from what was actually within his grasp, and to unfold the dark and awful visions of the ideal world.

Greece appeared to its inhabitants in all the beauty and luxuriance of uncontrolled vegetation. A republican government called into action all the talents, and passions, and energies of the community. History, philosophy, and poetry combined to elevate the national character. The devotion of the Greeks rather assumed the form of gratitude, than the language of supplication. The grove which embellished, and the hill which bounded his landscape, suggested only the idea of the nymph, or faun, who tenanted their recesses, without raising their contemplation from nature, to nature's God.

Sæpe per autumnum, jam pubescente Lyæo,
Conscendit scopulos, noctisque occulta per umbram
Palmitæ maturo rorantia lumina tersit
Nereis, et dulces rapuit de collibus uvas.—*Statius Sylv. II.*

It was far otherwise with the speculative nations of the north. Their perpetual frosts, their boundless forests, their extensive plains, all suggested the idea of immensity; and even before the introduction

introduction of christianity, they looked toward Walhalla, as the termination and recompense of all their wretchedness. We need not then wonder at the eagerness with which they embraced a religion, which harmonised so well with their feelings. The gloomy grandeur of the surrounding scenes extended to the creations of their fancy.* Hence a solemn and religious tone became the characteristic of their poetry; every thing was strongly felt, and forcibly expressed. Unfettered by the pedantic laws of criticism, their imagination became bold and excursive; and the pleasure produced by its free indulgence soon liberated it from every restraint. As religion was the parent of their poetry, so it was its end. Spiritualised by the contemplation of the divine essence, it gained in moral effect, what it lost in picturesque beauty. If it were not descriptive, it was sublime.

In the development of his plan, M. Schlegel, after examining the dramatic productions of the ancients, directs his attention to those among the moderns who have most closely imitated the Greeks, and concludes with those writers, who, with a laudable disregard for the precepts usually attributed to Aristotle, but which he denies to have been delivered by that philosopher, at least to the extent which is commonly supposed, have followed the impulse of native genius.

It is natural to imagine that the idea of theatrical exhibitions should present itself to every people who had made any proficiency in literature; yet this supposition is contradicted by facts. Neither in Herodotus, nor in any author who has treated of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, is any mention made of a theatre. The Etrurians, on the contrary, who in many respects resembled the inhabitants of Memphis, were fond of scenic representations; and the word *histrionic*, which has been adopted in so many of the languages of Europe, is decidedly of Etruscan origin.—p. 41.

Neither the Persians nor Arabians, though exquisitely alive to the beauties of poetry, possessed a national drama. Dramatic poetry was equally a stranger in Europe during the darkness of the middle ages. Christianity proscribed the licentious and sanguinary spectacles of heathen Rome, so destructive of moral perfection; and the human mind as yet was not sufficiently enlightened to discover that an amusement prohibited by the church, ought under any restrictions to be tolerated. During a period of little less than a thousand years, no plays were represented. In the fourteenth century, Boccaccio, who enters so minutely into the various details of domestic life, never speaks of theatrical exhibitions; and of course

* Διὰ τι πάντες, ὅσοι περιττοὶ γιγνώσιν ἄνδρες, ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν, ἢ πολιτικὴν, ἢ ποίησιν, ἢ τέχνης φαίνονται μετὰ λυγροῦ ὄντες. Aristot. Problem. xxx.

it may be fairly inferred, that none existed in his time. We learn, on the other hand, from the most authentic testimony, that in some of the islands of the Pacific ocean, where the inhabitants were strangers to most of the comforts and to all the decencies of civilized society, a rude species of drama prevailed, in which some striking event of ordinary life was imitated in a grotesque and extravagant manner.

Theatrical productions were not only known to the Hindoos, before they had any intercourse with Europeans, but their literature was enriched with pieces of unquestionable merit of a date antecedent to the christian era. *Sacontala*, till lately the only play* translated from the Sanscrit into any of the vernacular dialects of Europe, bears a striking resemblance to the romantic drama. For its acquaintance with this brilliant specimen of Hindoo literature the world is indebted to the indefatigable genius of Sir William Jones, whose name must ever be cherished in Europe and Asia, while talents are the object of admiration, and benevolence continues to hold an elevated station among the higher orders of virtue. 'The play of *Sacontala*,' says its enlightened translator, 'must have been very popular when it was first represented; for the Indian empire was then in its full vigour, and the national vanity must have been highly flattered by the magnificent introduction of those kings and heroes in whom the Hindoos gloried; the scenery must have been splendid and beautiful, and there is good reason to believe, that the court at *Avanti* was equal in brilliancy, during the reign of *Vicramaditya*, to that of any monarch in any age or country.'

The first attempts of the moderns in the fifteenth century for the revival of theatrical exhibitions, were confined entirely to allegorical, or scriptural subjects. The literature of the ancients was circumscribed within too narrow a circle for *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* to become models for a semibarbarous people. Besides, the purity of a religion, whose principles were at that time imperfectly understood, might have been sullied by the introduction of heathen divinities. The miracles of saints, and the sufferings of martyrs, were therefore substituted in the place of that elegant mythology, so useful in poetic fictions. But in the clumsy efforts of that unpolished age, it is easy to discover the origin of the romantic drama. Amid the prodigious popularity of scenic representations, it is no less curious to trace the immense disparity visible in the efforts of nations, equally enlightened and civilized. This difference is so striking as almost to authorise an opinion that dramatic talents are of a species totally distinct from those which are required to shine in the other branches of poetry.

* *Prabodd Chandrodaya* appears to have been unknown to M. Schlegel.

It is not the contrast existing between the Greeks and Romans that is most calculated to excite our surprise. Destined by nature to succeed in every scientific pursuit, the former attained to superior excellence in philosophy, eloquence, and poetry; while the latter were formed for the ruder occupations of subduing and plundering the world. During the only period of their history, in which they can justly lay claim to the admiration of the wise and good, the Romans were little acquainted with the arts and sciences. It was the conquest of Greece that introduced to those barbarous warriors the knowledge of sculpture and painting, though to their unpolished minds they appeared rather in the light of relaxations from the tumult of arms, and the bustle of the forum, than as objects deserving to engage the attention of men designed to extend the dominion of the republic to the remotest limits of the habitable globe.

For the invention and improvement of the dramatic art we are indebted to Athenian taste; for the rude productions of the Doric Epicharmus can hardly be considered as forming an exception. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were all born in Attica, and acquired the laurels they so deservedly obtained by studying to captivate a people so difficult to please. Sprung from a noble and manly race, endowed with exquisite sensibility, and inhabiting a pure and unclouded atmosphere, the Athenians enjoyed every terrestrial blessing, to which, in the then imperfect state of religious knowledge, it was possible for mortals to attain.

The Spaniards and Portuguese afford a striking example of the difference that may exist between two people, essentially the same in all their physical wants and enjoyments. The dramatic literature of the former is unrivalled in richness and variety. Even the Athenian writers who excite our astonishment by the fecundity of their genius, have been equalled at least by the Spaniards. Whatever judgment we may entertain respecting the conduct of their theatrical productions, we cannot refuse them the merit of invention. The Portuguese, on the contrary, though not inferior to their neighbours in other branches of poetical composition, have never possessed a national theatre. Yet so great is their predilection for this species of amusement, that they find delight in attending the imperfect efforts of the ambulatory troops of Spanish comedians, who wander from city to city. Such is the unconquerable indolence of the national character, that they prefer listening to the poems of Calderon and de Vega in a foreign idiom, to encountering the labour of original composition, or even that of simple translation. — P. 47.

The genius of the Italians, though addicted to poetry beyond any contemporary people, never shone in dramatic productions. It would be curious to inquire, had we leisure for the research, whether

ther, this is a national defect, inherited from their *Rothan* progenitors, or, arises from their attachment to pantomime and buffoonery, so inconsistent with the dignity of the comic muse, and so subversive of rational taste. But though the Italians may be said to have completely failed in dramatic composition, they may claim the honour of having invented that incongruous compound of music, decoration, and dance, the modern *opera*—a species of entertainment truly characteristic of the frivolity of the age, which is capable of preferring a spectacle, where sense and propriety are sacrificed to sound, to such productions as *Macbeth* and *Othello*, when elucidated by the genius of a Kemble or a Siddons.

M. Schlegel ascribes the imperfections of the German stage to a laudable motive. His countrymen, he says, and says with truth, are naturally fond of speculations, and wish thoroughly to penetrate the essential qualities of an art, before they attempt to reduce it to practice. This excessive caution is in many respects attended with pernicious consequences, and frequently operates as an obstacle to invention. There is unquestionably a period in life when men ought to escape from the trammels of education and turn their acquirements to practical good. The zeal with which the Germans have availed themselves of the genius of their neighbours, has led them to undervalue the national talents.

The second lecture commences with an ingenious inquiry into the principles of dramatic effect. Dramatic compositions being in general designed for representation, they ought to be considered in two points of view, essentially different from each other, that of theatrical effect, and poetical merit. By the latter term, we do not mean to confine ourselves to the harmonious construction of the verse, or the studied embellishments of style; it is to the conception and conduct of the original design that we chiefly allude, and which would be equally liable to commendation or censure, should the play be written in prose, or not be found in a piece composed with the strictest attention to metrical harmony.

To produce what is usually called effect, it is necessary to operate upon the feelings of a multitude, the greater part of whom are more sensible to the influence of external impressions, than capable of nice discrimination. Their attention must be roused by striking events, their interest excited by conflicting passions. In this point of view, a dramatic writer resembles an orator. Both attain their end by the clearness, the rapidity, and the energy of their language. Both are equally obliged to avoid all turns and expressions which exceed the reach of a common understanding, and particularly every thing calculated to inspire *ennui*. Men assembled in crowds are less easily worked upon, than when addressed individually. Suffer their attention to slumber and they will seek for amusement in

in emotions different from those which it is the wish of the poet to excite : but when he has once rendered himself completely master of their feelings, he may safely trust to them for success.

‘ Il y a des momens où le récit le plus simple, comme le plus orné, où l'enthousiasme lyrique le plus exalté, les réflexions les plus profondes, les allusions les plus fines, les traits d'esprit les plus ingénieux, l'essor le plus inattendu d'une imagination brillante, sont également à leur place ; où les spectateurs bien préparés, ceux même qui ne peuvent pas tout saisir, prêtent toujours une oreille attentive comme s'ils entendaient une musique en harmonie avec leurs dispositions intérieures. C'est alors que le grand art du poëte est de tirer parti des effets de contraste ; il peut, avec leur secours, donner quelquefois des couleurs aussi frappantes à la peinture du calme de l'ame, à un retour contemplatif sur la destinée, même à la langueur de la nature épuisée, qu'à l'expression des émotions les plus fortes, et des passions les plus orageuses. — p. 55.

After endeavouring to shew that the drama, under proper regulations, might furnish a powerful engine for national improvement, our author once more directs his attention to Greece, the enlightened parent of every science. All the various translations of her celebrated writers he condemns as incapable of conveying any adequate idea of the transcendent beauties of the originals. How then, he inquires, are those who are unacquainted with the language of Æschylus and Demosthenes to appreciate the merit of the poets and orators who flourished at Athens, and whose works still continue to afford the best models for the imitation of those who desire to excel in the same arduous career? His answer is—by the study of sculpture—which he by no means considers a difficult task, because though few have an opportunity of consulting the originals, almost all may have access to the casts. The beauty of the Belvidere Apollo and the Venus de' Medici is marked in characters too impressive to require illustration. In every age, and every climate, where the human understanding is sufficiently cultivated to be capable of rational combination, they must ever excite the warmest enthusiasm, and inspire the profoundest veneration for the genius of those, who have given a dignity and grace to inanimate marble, to which animated matter could never attain. Should any guide be required to direct their researches, M. Schlegel recommends ‘ The History of the Fine Arts, by Winckelmann,’ a work extremely popular in Germany, but which appears to us so deficient in many essential points that it is rather calculated to corrupt the taste of a reader, than to improve it.

In order perfectly to understand the Grecian drama, it becomes necessary to attend to the structure of their theatres, so totally dissimilar to those of modern times that, without this previous inquiry, we may be tempted to form a very erroneous opinion respecting

their theatrical exhibitions. Vitruvius is, perhaps, the only ancient writer who has treated this subject scientifically, but his description is in many respects imperfect; we must therefore endeavour to supply the defect from different sources. The Grecian theatres had no covering, and plays were performed by daylight in the open air. The custom of protecting the spectators from the heat of the sun by the help of moveable awnings, was probably an invention of more recent date, and introduced by the luxurious Romans. A storm, if it happened during the representation of a play, compelled the audience to separate hastily; but at all events they would have preferred submitting to a temporary inconvenience, to sacrificing the solemn pomp of a religious festival to personal comfort. Besides, a feeling of piety inspired the idea that scenical exhibitions, destined to celebrate the adventurous exploits of heroes and demigods, ought to take place 'under the canopy of heaven,' and in the presence of those divinities, who, in the language of Seneca, regard the struggles of virtue against the impetuosity of the passions, as a spectacle worthy of their admiration.

Modern critics have exaggerated the inconveniences resulting from the necessity of assembling the different scenic characters in a narrow inclosure in front of a house. They do not consider that the Greeks passed a very considerable portion of their time in the open air, where most affairs of importance were transacted. To the court adjoining their habitation, where sacrifices were performed to the household divinities, matrons, and even virgins, had access; and thus an important difficulty was removed. When compared with the dimensions of modern theatres, though lately increased to an inconvenient size, those of the ancients were of colossal proportions, because they were designed to contain not only every citizen belonging to the state, but all the strangers, who, attracted by the splendour of the entertainment, flocked in crowds to so popular a sight. The spectators were seated on steps, progressively rising above one another, and though some were placed at a considerable distance from the stage, they saw and heard with greater facility than many of the audience at a London playhouse, because the character of the passion intended to be expressed, was strongly painted upon the mask which was worn by an actor, whose voice, according to Vitruvius, was strengthened by the artful distribution of certain vessels which served to reverberate sounds, as well as by other ingenious devices. The decorations were disposed in such a manner, that the object intended principally to attract the attention of the spectators, occupied the middle of the stage; while, in contradiction to the practice of modern times, the side scenes were solely allotted to perspective. The rules observed were invariably the same. On the left was represented the city where the event was supposed to

to take place; there also was placed a temple, or palace, or other public edifice, that might be requisite for the purposes of the author. On the right the eye of the spectator was left to wander at large over seas, or rivers, or mountains. The lateral decorations were moveable and turned on a pivot, by the assistance of which the necessary changes were executed. Indeed from a passage in Plato, we are led to imagine that the Greeks were far greater proficient in the art of theatrical illusion, than is usually admitted by those, whose opinions have been biassed by the contemplation of some miserable landscapes, discovered among the ruins of Herculaneum.

These remarks may suffice to give the reader a general idea of the construction and arrangement of an ancient theatre: we add a few words respecting the use of masks, of which our author's admiration of antiquity has induced him to entertain a very favourable opinion.

“On ne peut concevoir une trop haute idée du bel effet des masques, ni de l'ensemble à la fois majestueux et plein de graces qu'offrait la réunion des figures tragiques. Pour se les représenter dignement il faut avoir présent à l'esprit le grand style de la sculpture antique.” Les belles statues Grecques douées de mouvement et de vie, nous offraient une image frappante du spectacle des anciens. Mais si la sculpture se plaisait à représenter les formes du corps dans leur beauté naturelle, l'imitation théâtrale devait suivre un principe opposé, et les envelopper autant qu'il était possible. La décence publique, et la difficulté de trouver dans la réalité rien qui pût répondre à la noblesse des visages imités, l'exigeaient également. Les vêtemens permettaient l'emploi de divers moyens ingénieux pour renforcer à propos la grosseur des figures et rétablir les proportions exactes que l'usage des masques, et celui du cothurne avaient pu altérer.—p. 109.

This surely is suffering the imagination to get the better of the judgment. The sudden transitions of the countenance from sorrow to joy, or from pity to anger, are what chiefly determine the genius of an actor. Declamation is only a secondary talent. Can any one who recollects the expressive features of Garrick, and has seen them change with the slightest variation of passion, regret that they were not covered with a mask, and thus deprived of the power of utterance?

The Greeks were so partial to mythological subjects that they seldom founded their tragedies upon any other. The happiness or misery of a man appeared to them less the result of his own individual efforts, or of the exercise of his moral liberty, than of the capricious enactments of Destiny, a gloomy divinity, inaccessible to pity, and endowed with uncontrollable power. An engine so mighty was calculated to produce the most striking effects, when opposed to the weakness of mortal strength, and regulating the affairs

affairs of this terrestrial globe, without the smallest regard to the dictates of justice, the claims of virtue, or the voice of compassion. Her sway was so absolute, that, in comparison with her, all the other gods are represented as impotent; and they are in consequence frequently painted by the tragedians as the mere ministers of Destiny; and if they occasionally assert their pretensions to immortal extraction by exercising the prerogative of free-will, they seem immediately to forfeit their right to supernatural agency, and to sink to the humble condition of mortals, vainly struggling against the tyranny of Fate.

The two historical tragedies—the Capture of Miletus by Phryniæus, and the Persians of Æschylus—instead of forming exceptions to the above mentioned rule, tend rather to give it additional confirmation; particularly as both of them belong to an epoch, when the tragic muse had not attained to her full meridian of glory. It can hardly be necessary to remind the classic reader, that the former was fined by the Athenians for having excited an emotion too powerful to be resisted, by his forcible description of those calamitous scenes, which they might have prevented. It would be difficult to justify so extraordinary a sentence according to our notions of justice, unless we suppose that the satire was too pointed to be endured, without exposing the government to contempt. At all events it must be admitted that the representation of any recent catastrophe operates with far greater energy on our feelings, than when it is contemplated through the medium of time, and obscured by the gloom of antiquity.

Heroical fables, on the contrary, recal to the recollection the exploits of men who existed in a very different state of society, and to whose trials and sufferings we are not likely to be exposed, even by the rudest shock of adversity. At the period when tragedy flourished in Greece, the marvellous achievements of Bacchus and Hercules were almost as much objects of sceptical doubt, as of popular veneration. The original source of mythology was known only to the initiated. It was therefore equally exposed to the cavils of the philosopher, and the sarcasms of the comic poet. Some of its traditions may be attributed to the poverty of language, which, in its ruder state, being incapacitated by the want of abstract terms, from characterising those relations, which distinguish the various classes of sensible objects; compelled man to embody the creations of his own imagination. Others arose from the anxiety, which seems to have prevailed in every country, to explain the admixture of moral evil with positive good, as well as to reconcile the existence of the former with the wisdom and benevolence of Providence: while many originated in the eagerness entertained by the privileged casts, the only depositaries of learning,

ing, to preserve their scientific discoveries, and astronomical observations, from vulgar eyes, and thus by mysteriously involving them in impenetrable obscurity, to prevent the detection of their flimsy claims to superior intelligence.

The fabulous legends of antiquity had given supernatural dignity to a race of heroes descended from the immortal gods, endowed with extraordinary powers, and a prey to ungovernable passions. They lived at a period of the world, when the industry of man had not reduced the earth to a state of cultivation, but when the untamed animals, in spite of his utmost exertions, participated in the fruit of his ill-directed labours. In vain her wild and vigorous productions announced the unbounded fertility of nature; all he wanted was to satisfy his carnal appetites, and when they were appeased, he slept in tranquillity amongst his brother brutes. Monsters, invested with a human shape, were to be met with at almost every step; but the disorders occasioned by their passions and vices were totally different from those which spring from the corruption of civilized society. The crimes recorded in fable were placed beyond the reach of human controul, and subject only to divine jurisdiction.

The enemies of freedom have pretended that the hatred of the Greeks for royal authority induced them to derive an ungenerous pleasure from representing the downfall of tyranny, and have even accused their tragedians of seizing every opportunity for abusing a monarchical constitution. Such a proceeding would have been totally inconsistent with the principles which they professed, as well as repugnant to the feelings which they were anxious to inspire. The far greater part of the sovereigns, whose violence and crimes were held up to popular indignation, were not of Athenian extraction. So far from wishing to degrade their ancient rulers, the poets invariably represented Theseus as a pattern of justice and moderation, the protector of innocence, and the friend and founder of liberty. It was an ingenious device for flattering a people so vain of their own superiority, to describe them, even from the remotest antiquity, as surpassing all the other inhabitants of Greece, in equity, valour, and moderation.

The great revolutions, by which the monarchical governments were overturned, to make way for an association of independent states, had raised an impassable barrier between the fabulous age, and that in which dramatic poetry and philosophy flourished. Contemplated at a distance through the medium of tradition, the heroes of tragedy appeared of gigantic stature, and irresistible prowess. Before the institution of human tribunals, and the formation of separate states, the uncultivated understanding of a daring banditti must have been unable to form to itself the idea of a period when strength

strength should be fettered by civil institutions. To them nothing appeared inconsistent with justice that superior courage could achieve. In such a state of society, the most rapid vicissitudes of fortune were common; and afforded striking materials for the drama.

Of the numerous treasures which enriched the Grecian theatre, a very scanty portion has escaped the ravages of time. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, are the only tragedians with whose works we are acquainted, and these too are reduced to an inconsiderable number. Fortunately however there is great reason to believe that these three poets were the most celebrated of any that Athens, the exuberant parent of genius, ever produced in a dramatic career; and they unquestionably afford very striking examples of the different species of theatrical compositions. Seven of *Æschylus*'s plays, and as many of *Sophocles*, are all that have reached us, but luckily some of their most popular productions are included in the list. *Euripides* indeed has been more fortunate, and seventeen of his tragedies have been preserved.

Æschylus may be regarded as the inventor of tragedy; because by him she was surrounded with attributes proportioned to her dignity, and adorned with all the pomp and decoration which can awaken attention or captivate applause. Not content with instructing the chorus (which he may be said to have created) in the elegant accomplishments of music and dancing, he did not disdain, by appearing in person on the theatre, to teach his countrymen the art of declamation. His characters are marked with bold and vigorous touches; but he was little acquainted with the art of developing his plots (simple as they are) with method and regularity. Hence the progress of the drama is frequently interrupted by long and tedious reflections, delivered indeed in harmonious metre, and replete with philosophical remarks, but totally misplaced, because they tended only to confuse, or, what is worse, to tire an audience. These defects, however, were amply compensated by the depth and elevation of his ideas. It was not tenderness, or compassion, that he wished to excite, but terror, amazement, and indignation. The manner in which he represents the power of destiny, is in the highest degree awful and impressive—he describes her hovering over the inhabitants of the earth, impelling them to act with irresistible impulse, and then punishing them for crimes from which no efforts of virtue were sufficiently powerful to save them. His supernatural beings (which he was fond of introducing) are the offspring of a strong and creative fancy, and their language is dignified, and peculiar to themselves, but frequently borders upon obscurity, when he descends to the common level of mortality, his genius seems at once to lose its native energy.

The epoch in which he lived was particularly favourable to the exertion

exertion of talent, and he appears to have taken every possible advantage of his situation. A sharer in the splendid victories of Salamis and Marathon, he describes, in the *Persians*, the downfall of a power whose overthrow he had gloriously aided. No wonder then that he painted the triumph of the Greeks with all the enthusiasm of a hero.

In treating of the chorus, we shall confine ourselves to its perfect state, without attempting to trace the different steps by which it gradually arrived at maturity. *Æschylus* found it surrounded with all the imperfections incidental to a recent discovery; neither would it be difficult to point out the influence of these upon some of his early productions, in which the chorus assumes the part of an actor, instead of confining itself to its proper sphere, which is simply that of a spectator; while in most of the plays of *Euripides*, it serves only to display the author's lyrical powers, and to announce his philosophical tenets. But its proper office was unquestionably to bring upon the stage the poet and audience together. It was also of use in another point of view, inasmuch as it relieved the attention of the audience by weakening the intensity of their feeling; and presenting to them a lively commentary upon the events which were passing before their eyes; thus enforcing the moral effects of the piece, by making them share more deeply in all the vicissitudes of the catastrophe. To be passive was utterly inconsistent with the character of the Athenians. In order therefore to guard against frequent interruptions the poet assigned a part to the public; who were fully satisfied with delegating to the chorus a privilege, which upon all other occasions, they were jealous to preserve, the unrestrained expression of their sentiments.

The chorus, as has been fully proved by repeated experiments, is never likely to succeed in any other meridian. Its existence presupposes the wildest democracy; and the puerilities of *Seneca* are alone sufficient to deter any future poet from attempting to naturalise it on any other stage. When the selection of subjects was limited to the heroic age, its introduction was singularly fortunate, because it served, in some measure, to accustom a prejudiced and turbulent mob to the respect naturally due to transcendent talents and virtues; even when exercised by men whom the Athenians were too prone to insult with the odious appellation of tyrants.

Availing himself of the bold and successful efforts of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* afforded the world a splendid example of what genius can accomplish when enriched by study, and refined by taste. The productions of the former were comparatively rude and imperfect; but the latter carried the dramatic art to a degree of excellence, which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. The *dramatis personæ* were augmented, the plot was arranged with greater intelligence, and

developed

developed with superior art. The wild imagination of *Æschylus* delighted in the creation of imaginary beings, but *Sophocles* confined himself to real life; and though he occasionally gave to the human character more dignity and elevation than it usually possesses, he still left it subject to the failings of mortality. Such was the fertility of his genius, that he is said by some authors to have composed one hundred and thirty plays, seventeen of which are rejected as supposititious by *Aristophanes* the grammarian. Others reduce the number to eighty; but unfortunately, as we already have had occasion to remark, no more than seven remain, and the beauties with which they abound are so striking and various that they tend to augment our regret for the loss.

Euripides is no favourite with *M. Schlegel*, who appears considerably to have underrated his merit, when he says,

‘ Il est peu d’écrivains dont on puisse dire, avec vérité, autant de bien, et autant de mal. C’est un esprit extraordinairement ingénieux, d’une adresse merveilleuse dans tous les exercices intellectuels; mais parmi une foule de qualités aimables et brillantes on ne trouve en lui, ni cette profondeur sérieuse d’une âme élevée, ni cette sagesse harmonieuse et ordonnatrice que nous admirons dans *Eschyle*, et dans *Sophocle*. Il cherche toujours à plaire, sans être difficile sur les moyens. De là vient, qu’il est sans cesse inégal à lui même; il a des passages d’une beauté ravissante, et d’autre fois il tombe dans de vraies trivialités; mais avec tous ses défauts, il possède la facilité la plus heureuse, et un certain charme séduisant qui ne l’abandonne point.’—vol. i. p. 219.

We feel it to be an indispensable duty, continues our author, to point out the defects of *Euripides*, because the present age is subject to the same failings by which the Athenian poet acquired popularity. The modern theatre abounds in plays which, though greatly inferior to those of *Euripides*, have this striking resemblance to them, that, while they enervate the mind by effeminate sentiments, they inspire religious incredulity.

Too fond of effect, *Euripides* sacrificed every thing to obtain it. Provided he succeeded in drawing tears from the audience, he was totally indifferent by what means he effected it, and thus it often happens that his heroes deplore their misfortunes in language unbecoming the dignity of their character. It is in describing the tortures of an agonised mind that he particularly excels. With masterly skill he develops the weaknesses of a heart enslaved by passion, and a prey to the fury of love; but he is shamefully lax in every principle of morality, and readily sacrifices both religion and virtue to a brilliant expression, or a striking situation.

It is rather singular that *M. Schlegel*, who professes himself an enemy to every species of buffoonery, should be so warm an admirer of *Aristophanes*. At present it is impossible to discuss the subject

subject with the accuracy which its importance deserves. We must therefore content ourselves with proclaiming our total disapprobation of the licentiousness which polluted the Grecian comedies, as well as of the custom which prevailed of exposing the most respectable characters in the state to the scoffs and derision of the populace. But these defects belong to the age and the system, rather than to the man. In Aristophanes they are redeemed by a thousand beauties. Where can language be found more exquisite, or verse more harmonious? If amid all the poets of antiquity we were challenged to single out the individual most gifted with a consciousness of power which never forsakes him, with a buoyancy of imagination which animates—a playfulness of wit which enlivens—and a felicity of diction which adorns every thing—Aristophanes would be the object of our selection. The soundest morality, the most profound philosophy, and the most enlarged and liberal views of civil and social polity are scattered with unsparing liberality throughout his dialogue. Regularity and even connection of incident he carelessly disclaims; his plots are the offspring of frolic, and he delights at every succeeding minute to destroy the fabric of the preceding one. The choral parabasis gave him ample opportunity to exhibit his poetic powers, and he profusely displays them. Conscious of deserving applause, and secure of obtaining it, he was not over anxious to court the favour of the populace; he was aware that the Athenians stood more in need of him, than he of the Athenians.

None of the dramatic productions of the Augustan age have escaped the ravages of time; and though it is impossible to estimate with precision the loss which we have sustained, we may reasonably conjecture that it has not been irreparable. It is almost certain, says our author, that no original tragedy was ever composed in the Latin language; yet it is not difficult to form a tolerable idea what such a production would have been. Totally different from the dramas of Greece, both in its external form, and allegorical meaning, it would probably have breathed the warmest attachment to religion and liberty. The primitive worship of Rome, before she was corrupted by conquest and wealth, was far more moral and rational than that of the Greeks. This sacred flame, however, was entirely extinguished in the breast of their degenerate sons, before a taste for poetry and the liberal arts became fashionable among the wealthy patricians.

In spite of their admiration for Grecian manners, the Romans were ill calculated for every elegant pursuit. After abandoning the rigid virtues by which Cincinnatus and Fabritius reached the summit of glory, they gave way to a corruption of manners, and an insatiable rapacity, which would have remained a solitary example of

of human depravity, had not revolutionary France exhibited scenes still more horrid and revolting.

'Jamais,' says our author speaking of the Romans, 'ils n'ont démenti leur origine, jamais ils n'ont cessé de prouver que leur fondateur n'avait pas été nourri par le sein d'une mère mais par une louve dévorante. Ils furent le Génie tragique de l'univers, ils donnèrent à la terre le spectacle épouvantable de rois enchaînés ou languissans dans les cachots, et ils se montrèrent sous la forme de la nécessité de fer aux yeux des peuples abattus. Dévastateurs du monde entier, ils languissaient solitaires au milieu du désert qu'ils avaient fait, et le trophée qu'ils voulurent élever avec les ruines de l'univers, ne fut que le tombeau de leur vertu et de leur gloire. Ils ne connurent jamais l'art heureux d'exciter par des accens habilement ménagés les plus douces émotions de l'âme, ni de parcourir d'une main légère les cordes harmonieuses du sentiment, ils franchirent toujours les degrés intermédiaires, et touchèrent aux dernières bornes de la tragédie, comme ils l'avaient fait dans l'héroïsme stoïque, et dans la fureur effrénée de toutes les voluptés. Il ne leur était resté de leur antique grandeur que la puissance de braver la destinée, lorsqu'il fallait enfin échanger contre la douleur et la mort, les jouissances d'une vie désordonnée; et en marquant les héros de leurs fictions tragiques de ce sceau particulier de leur magnanimité primitive, ils se plurent à étaler encore avec un orgueil fastueux le mépris qu'ils avaient pour l'existence.'—vol. ii. p. 23.

It is now time to direct our attention to modern Europe, where the Italians first instituted a national theatre, and taught the French the first precepts of the dramatic art. To the Spaniards the latter had still greater obligations, though an almost idolatrous respect for the works of the ancients prevented them from adopting the bold and vigorous style of the romantic drama. Confiding in the resources of native genius, the theatrical writers of Spain and Britain disdained the servile trammels of imitation, and formed to themselves a system more spirited and interesting than it was possible to produce by a slavish adherence to, what are called, the precepts of Aristotle. Their works, therefore, have acquired a character of independence which would render them objects of general interest, even had they no other recommendation.

Christianity had proscribed the sanguinary spectacles so delightful to the ferocity of the Romans, before the northern barbarians had inundated Europe, and overturned the empire of the Cæsars. After a long period of darkness the Italians first attempted to imitate the great models of classic literature, whose works were progressively discovered, and the *Sophonisba* of Trissino, written at the commencement of the sixteenth century, was the first regular tragedy that appeared after the revival of letters. The pastorals of Tasso and Guarini were composed about half a century later, and though not properly comprised under the denomination of tragedy,

tragedy, they abound with poetical beauties. The *Merope* of Maffei, which is of much later date, still supports a reputation in Italy much superior to its intrinsic desert. The talents of Maffei were rather those of an antiquary than of a dramatic poet—'Mais dans le pays des aveugles, les borgnes sont rois.'

Metastasio and Alfieri have successively divided the suffrages of the public. Both ostentatiously disclaim all sort of obligation to the dramatic writers of France, and even profess themselves unacquainted with their works; yet by an unaccountable fatality they have followed their steps as closely as if Corneille and Racine had been the constant objects of their study. Alfieri is a minute observer of all the unities to which the French critics attach such infinite importance; and if Metastasio attended only to the unity of time, it is because a frequent change of decoration is essentially requisite in an opera. Disdaining the pomp of scenical illusion, the former never deviates, even in the minutest instance, from the simplicity of the ancients; while the latter, though he has occasionally borrowed from the Spaniards, has totally failed in his endeavours to extract from the union of such discordant elements, that beautiful harmony which constitutes the principal charm of the romantic drama. No man, who ever attempted a poetical career, was ever less liberally endowed with a poetical genius than Alfieri. Disgusted with the indolent effeminacy of his countrymen, and the degeneracy of the age in which he lived, indignation gave vigour to his pen, and led him to paint the crimes of despotism in the most odious colours. Yet it must be confessed that his plays are, in general, little more than vigorous essays upon moral and political subjects. It was his ambition to become a theatrical Cato, but in the attempt he forgot that though an author may admire the doctrines of Zeno, it is not by displaying the opinions of that philosopher that the feelings of an audience can be touched. His most unpardonable fault, however, is the studied affectation of a style which renders the musical dialect of Tuscany as rough and offensive to a critical ear as the guttural pronunciation of Swabia. 'Son style rude et monotone est tellement dépourvu d'expressions figurées, qu'on disait que ses personnages sont tout à fait privés d'imagination.'—vol. ii. p. 50.

The little space that is left for discussing the merits of the French dramatists, must be confined to Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and Molière. It may, however, be proper previously to inquire, whether the system adopted by those celebrated writers is really the best which they could have pursued; because, if a rigid conformity to the supposed precepts of Aristotle be the highest excellence of a tragic writer, it must be admitted that they have nearly reached the summit of perfection. The genius of Corneille, however, was

of too bold a cast to be confined by any restrictions. One of his most admired productions (the *Cid*) is evidently of Spanish extraction; in this the unities of time are imperfectly observed, and those of place entirely neglected.

Of all the French tragedians Racine studied the ancients with the greatest attention. But the national taste was too decidedly fixed to allow of any innovations: he was, therefore, obliged to content himself with transporting to the Parisian theatre, those beauties which the taste and prejudices of the audience were prepared to receive. But whether this was a sacrifice to the opinions of his countrymen, or proceeded from natural inclination, it is equally certain that he adopted, in its fullest extent, the ridiculous system of effeminate gallantry, which is totally misplaced in a tragical composition, and at which the good sense of the ancients would have revolted.

The style of Racine is greatly admired, and is generally highly polished and elegant; but it is difficult to find a single page in which useless words, and even lines, are not introduced for the sake of the rhyme. The French talk much of the pleasure derived from contemplating the many obstacles which the poet must have overcome before he could produce *Britannicus* or *Phædra*. But can it be possible for any person of genuine taste, when he beholds *Talma* in one of his most admired characters, so far to abstract his attention from the object before him, as calmly to occupy himself with reflecting upon the difficulties an author must encounter in the regular arrangement of masculine and feminine rhymes? At least we envy not the state of that man's mind who is capable of so much stoicism.

Though but imperfectly acquainted with the literature of Greece, Voltaire sometimes speaks of her tragedians with enthusiasm, but it is merely for the purpose of attacking them with greater effect, when he compares them with the prodigies of national genius, among whom he modestly comprises himself. Intimately persuaded that he was destined to enlighten the world, (for nothing was too extravagant for his vanity to believe,) he formed a plan for improving the dramatic art, by giving greater splendour and animation to the stage. This was unquestionably a meritorious attempt, and entitles him to just commendation; but we cannot equally applaud his insidious attacks upon the throne and the altar, whenever an opportunity occurs of undermining the religion or loyalty of his countrymen. It is impossible, however, to deny that the theatre is indebted to him for various improvements, but particularly for bringing before the eyes of the spectators the final termination of the catastrophe, which is usually related in the plays of Racine by some courtly attendant. In the whole range of French tragedy we know

know of nothing which, in point of effect, can compare with the fourth act of Mahomet.

Whenever the French tragedians have treated historical subjects, they have almost always been guilty of the same fault, that of substituting the manners of their own country, for those of the people they introduce; thus their portraits are totally destitute of truth and originality. Orosmane and Alexandre are essentially French in every thing except their appellation and dress. Bajazet makes love like a Parisian, and not like a Turk. It is true that the sanguinary policy of oriental despotism is admirably painted in the character of the vizir, but all the rest of the piece is exactly the reverse of Turkish manners. Instead of being slaves, the sultanas assume the reins of government, and intrigue for power with as much spirit and address as if they had been educated in the meridian of Versailles; and the manner in which they employ their authority is calculated to justify the precautions of the Ottomans in keeping them strictly confined.

‘On est dans l’histoire sur un terrain prosaïque; la vérité du tableau demande une grande précision, des détails circonstanciés, des traits caractéristiques dont la pompe de la tragédie ne s’accommode pas toujours, et qui font perdre au cothurne quelque chose de sa hauteur. Aussi Shakespear, le premier des poètes historiques, a-t-il introduit sans scrupule, une grande variété de tons dans ses tragédies. Les poètes Français n’ont jamais pu s’y résoudre, et c’est pourquoi leurs compositions dramatiques manquent de ces contrastes pittoresques, de ces vives couleurs, de ces traits marquans, qui donnent l’idée de la vie.’—vol. i. 149.

Another grievous defect is the manner employed to communicate to the audience the state of affairs at the commencement of the play. This is usually done by making a prince or a princess impart to a confidential attendant some important secret, with which it is impossible they should have been unacquainted. The absurdity of this proceeding was never more striking than in the *Œdipe* of Voltaire, who makes that unfortunate prince communicate to Jocasta his fatal contest with Laius, which with wonderful prudence he till then had kept to himself, though they had been married a considerable time.

‘Avec quel art admirable au contraire, Shakespear et Calderon n’instruisent-til pas les spectateurs? Ils s’emparent de l’imagination dès l’entrée, et c’est seulement quand l’intérêt est excité, qu’ils développent les suppositions fondamentales de leur fiction.’—vol. ii. 169.

M. Schlegel appears to undervalue Molière, who is certainly inferior to no comic writer of modern times. *Le Tartuffe*, *L’Avaro*, *Les Femmes Savantes*, *Le Misanthrope*, and *L’Ecole des Femmes*, are all admirable in their way, and display infinite wit and humour. *Le Méchant* of Gresset is one of the most elegant pro-

ductions of the comic muse, and presents an ingenious satire upon Parisian manners, as they existed previously to the revolution. The poetry is excellent, and there is no play of which so many lines have become proverbial, except perhaps *La Métromanie*.

After tracing a hasty sketch of the theatrical productions of the different nations who profess to have followed the steps of the ancients, it remains for us to add a few observations upon the romantic drama of which M. Schlegel treats in the second part of his ingenious work. In their dramatic career, the English and Spaniards have trusted entirely to the strength of original genius, without receiving any extraneous impulse. They were besides totally independent of each other. The Castilian poets were certainly unacquainted with the state of the English stage; and though Cervantes, and other celebrated writers of romance, were known and admired by the British litterati, it does not appear that in the days of Shakspeare, the dramatic productions of Spain had found their way into England. It was not till the reign of Charles II. that a few of Calderon's pieces were translated.

So multiplied are the connexions existing between nation and nation in modern times, that intellectual originality may justly be regarded as one of the greatest phenomena in nature. Nothing therefore can be a greater object of curiosity, than attentively to observe in what manner a bold and inventive imagination erects a fabric entirely of its own creation, and derives from the powers of an enlightened mind, all the resources requisite for the undertaking, without troubling itself to inquire what progress may have been made by contemporary nations in similar pursuits.

Among the people of modern Europe, Spain and England alone can boast of possessing a national theatre; for that of Germany exists only in perspective. Many pretenders to criticism and delicate taste, who lay it down as a maxim, that it is impossible to deviate from the example of the ancients, without incurring the censure of barbarism, accuse Shakspeare of having introduced an incongruous species of drama, which, notwithstanding it presents occasional beauties, is too rude and offensive to classical taste to be tolerated in an age of refinement. This opinion, though founded upon erroneous principles, and totally destitute of solidity, has been supported by such high authority, that it merits a moment's discussion.

Supposing the theory established by the French to be correct, the most perfect productions of Shakspeare and Calderon would serve only to place them at a greater distance from the ancients; and their sole merit would be that of having invented a system which none but barbarians could be expected to imitate. But is this really the case? Is Shakspeare, as Voltaire insultingly calls him,
a drunken

a drunken savage? And are the English totally destitute of taste in admiring his monstrous productions?

To this we shall reply, that it is universally admitted, that the degree of refinement to which a nation has attained in science and the arts, its state of civilisation, as well as the opinions and prejudices which prevail among its inhabitants, determine the character that poetry assumes at each particular period. For this reason we think that it is the height of absurdity to establish a standard by which the writings of all successive generations are to be judged. We readily admit, that the productions of the romantic theatre are not reducible to the form of tragedies and comedies, according to the theory of the ancients. That the works of a people, too proud to be shackled by critical rules, when offending against the dictates of reason, should differ from those of an imitative nation, may be easily conceived. But it is truly surprising to trace a resemblance in the writings of people, essentially differing in their religious and political establishments, no less than in their physical and moral attainments. And this literary phenomenon can only be explained, by admitting that a similar principle has developed and guided the theatrical genius of both nations.

This resemblance is not confined to the neglect of what is called the Aristotelian unities, and the mixture of comic and tragic scenes, but extends to the construction and conduct of the pieces. This principle has invariably governed the Spanish theatre from its first establishment, but in England it was restricted to a more limited period, the age that preceded the unhappy disputes between Charles I and his parliaments. Under the licentious and contemptible government of his son the nation became entirely French, and to the utter disgrace of the public taste, bombast and indecency usurped the place of genius and nature.

Shakspeare is deservedly regarded as the pride and ornament of his country. After having attracted the admiration of his contemporaries, his plays were banished from the theatre by the fanatical zeal of the puritans, by whom every thing that could ameliorate the national taste was proscribed as the invention of Satan. *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Lear* were little calculated to please a profligate court that delighted in the declamatory nonsense of Dryden, and the despicable ribaldry of Centlivre. But when the genius of Garrick elucidated his principal characters, the glory of Shakspeare revived—it has augmented with the progress of taste, and must continue to increase till feeling and judgment are extinguished.

The degree of information to which Shakspeare attained, has been the subject of much critical dispute. By those who consider the knowledge of the dead languages as the only criterion of wisdom, he will naturally be regarded as ignorant—but he possessed acquire-

acquirements more solid and useful than those of Latin and Greek, in a perfect acquaintance with things. He was sufficiently versed in ancient mythology to introduce it as an allegorical ornament. The lives of Plutarch he had studied attentively, and was well read in the history of his own country.

‘ Cette histoire, pour son bonheur, n’était point encore écrite dans les formes diplomatiques, ni dogmatiques ; on la retrouvait dans les chroniques ; elle n’était point réduite à une froide discussion sur le droit public, et sur l’état des finances. On y conservait encore l’image de la vie ; et d’un siècle fécond en exploits énergiques Shakspear observait la nature avec une attention profonde. Il possédait la langue technique des différens matiers, il avait beaucoup voyagé dans l’intérieur d’Angleterre, et s’était informé soigneusement auprès des navigateurs, de tout ce qui concerne les pays étrangers. Enfin il était instruit à fond des coutumes populaires, des opinions et des traditions dont il pouvait tirer quelques effets poétiques. ’—ii. 358.

Many branches of science have been improved since the days of Shakspeare, but they are precisely those from which a poet can derive little advantage. For what have oxids or alcalis, steam-engines or spinning-jennies, or even the boasted discovery of political economists—‘ that man cannot live without eating ’—to do with the development of the tender affections, or the distracting torments of jealousy ?*

No writer, perhaps, was ever so minutely acquainted with the human heart. With an accuracy, almost beyond the reach of mortal penetration, he unravelled its secret emotions, dived into characters the most opposite to what they affected to appear, and always made the personages he introduced upon the stage, speak and act, exactly as they would have done, had they been placed in similar situations. Under his fostering genius imaginary beings assume the forms and appearance of real life ; and even the wildest flights of his creative fancy bear such a character of reality, that in studying them we may acquire almost as much experience, as by contemplating the actual state of society.

‘ Peut-être aucun poète n’a porté aussi loin que lui le talent de pein-

* We live in an age of pedantic affectation, and exaggerated sensibility. A spirit of purification is gone abroad, which would interdict the most innocent pleasures and substitute the amusement of sighing and groaning for the elegant and rational entertainments of the theatre. But among the most extraordinary attempts at moral improvement, none, perhaps, is better calculated to excite a sarcastic smile than the publication of a ‘ Family Shakspeare,’ from which all objectionable passages are expunged. This is Jack tearing off the lace from Lord Peter’s coat, with a vengeance ! M. Schlegel has an excellent observation on this subject :

‘ On fait bien de prendre soin de la décence dans tout ce qui passe en public, et particulièrement sur la scène. Mais on peut aller trop loin dans ce genre, et une censure inquiète, qui voit un péché dans chaque plaisanterie un peu hasardée, est un signe très douteux de la pureté des mœurs. ’—ii. 350.

dre.

dre. Non seulement il sait l'étendre à tous les états; à tous les sexes, à tous les âges, même à la plus tendre enfance; non seulement il fait agir le roi et le mendiant, le héros et le fripon, le sage et le fou, avec une égale vérité; non seulement il nous transporte dans les siècles éloignés, parmi les nations étrangères, et, malgré quelques fautes de costume, il nous représente avec une justesse frappante l'esprit des anciens Romains, celui des Français dans leurs guerres avec les Anglais, celui des Anglais eux-mêmes dans une grande partie de leur histoire, celui des Européens du midi, enfin le bon ton de la société cultivée ainsi que la rudesse et la barbarie de l'ancien temps dans le nord; non seulement il caractérise ses personnages avec une profondeur, et une précision, qui ne permet ni de les classer par des dénominations générales, ni de les arranger à fond; non seulement il crée des hommes en nouveau Prométhée; — mais il nous ouvre les portes du monde magique des esprits, il évoque les spectres, il fait célébrer aux sorcières leur horrible sabbat, il peuple l'air de génies et de sylphes aimables, et ces êtres, qui ne vivent que dans l'imagination, ont cependant une telle vérité, qu'un monstre tel que Caliban fait naître en nous la conviction que, s'il en existe de semblables, c'est ainsi qu'ils doivent être faits. —ii. 376.

It is difficult to decide whether Shakspeare excels most in painting the passions, or in delineating characters. By a single expression he gives the audience an insight into what is passing in the breasts of the persons he introduces to their acquaintance; and traces minutely the secret and almost imperceptible gradations by which vice first insinuates itself into the human heart; how it extends its influence there, till it ultimately assumes a dictatorial sway to the utter extinction of virtue.—'Shakspear est peut-être le seul poète qui caractérise les maladies de l'ame, la mélancolie, la folie, le somnambulisme avec une parfaite vérité; elle est telle, qu'un médecin pourrait s'instruire à cette école.'—379.

M. Schlegel now proceeds to an analysis of the different plays, which he executes with so much ingenuity, that we sincerely regret that the want of room must prevent us from accompanying him in the research. We cannot however omit the following remarks.

'Othello, like one of Rembrandt's pictures, is in the most gloomy style of colouring. The Moor of Venice presents a finished portrait of the savage inhabitant of the torrid zone. A thirst for military glory, a high veneration for the laws of honour, acquired in the Venetian service, and an acquaintance with the habits of civilized life, had subdued his natural ferocity only in appearance. In the breast of an African, jealousy assumes its most horrible aspect. It is not the susceptibility of delicate love, which respects the darling object of its affection. It is rather the frenzy of sensuality, which first gave birth to the barbarous custom of excluding women from society, and keeping them immured in a prison. No sooner had the poison entered his veins than it excited the most dreadful effervescence. Till then the character of Othello

was generous, open, unsuspecting, devotedly attached to the object of his worship, and grateful for the tenderness he inspired. With the magnanimity of a hero he despised danger; by his affability he gained the affection of the soldiers, and by his courage and counsels he rendered service to the state. But the impetuosity of his passions destroyed in a moment all his adopted virtues, and the ill-formed pupil of imitation and moral improvement resumed all his native barbarity, when inflamed by an unfounded suspicion. This is admirably expressed by the eagerness with which he pants for the destruction of Cassio, and the vengeance he meditates against Desdemona. But when he discovers his error, remorse, tenderness, honour, are awakened again in his breast, and the violence of his indignation is directed against himself with all the fury of an African despot, who punishes a revolt among his slaves.

‘If the gallant Moor bears on his countenance the dark tints of suspicion and cruelty, the heart of Iago is black as Erebus. Like an evil genius he attaches himself to the person of his general, and by his perfidious insinuations undermines his repose....Never did the imagination conceive a more consummate villain; never was any plot more artfully contrived. A perfect adept in the science of dissimulation, Iago alternately assumes the most opposite forms. Cold, discontented, and harsh, when he dares to indulge his natural feelings; he becomes the humblest of sycophants, when he thinks it for his interest to be so. Inaccessible to every sentiment of generosity, he calmly examines the actions of other men, seizing every opportunity of turning their passions to his own advantage. His incredulity with respect to female chastity, the result of a regular system of depravity, renders him more fit for the execution of a plan, the most diabolical that ever was conceived. Accustomed to view every object in its worst light, he uses little circumlocution in attacking the feelings of his general, and disenchanting them respecting the chimeras of love; by the disgusting language which he employs, he hopes to render his heart more indifferent to the innocence of Desdemona. Had Shakespear written at a period of greater refinement, he would probably have softened the colouring, but the vigour of the picture would have suffered.’

Speaking of *Macbeth*, M. Schlegel exclaims,

‘What expressions can equal the transcendent merit of this most sublime production of genius! Since the Eumenides of Æschylus the tragic muse has produced nothing equal in boldness, and horror. The witches, it is true, are not infernal divinities—neither ought they to be so—they are simply vile agents of hell....It is hardly possible for any superstition to have spread among different nations, and to have continued for ages an object of popular dread, without possessing as strong a hold upon the minds of the uninformed, as if it really was supported by the dictates of reason, and formed a part of the national faith. To this feeling the poet addresses himself; skilfully availing himself of the popular opinion, which still existed in the days of Elizabeth. In the piece before us, he considers superstition in the double capacity of a poet and a philosopher. We do not mean a philosopher of the modern school, who endeavours to eradicate every popular prejudice by ridicule,

cule, but like a real sage, who remounts to the source of every opinion, and when he discovers any thing destructive of the happiness of mankind, never rests till he has opened the eyes of his fellow creatures, and made them sensible to the danger that awaits them.

‘The manner in which the witches are introduced produces a kind of magical effect—their language is not that of ordinary beings, although composed of the elements of common discourse. The accumulation of rhymes, and the singular cadence of the verse seems intended to convey an idea of the music which was supposed to accompany the nocturnal orgies of such infernal beings. Delicacy indeed turns away in disgust from the nauseous ingredients with which the magic cauldron is filled; but revolting as they appear, they are necessary to the general effect, and may be considered as symbolical of the hostile disposition which continually impels the prince of darkness to destroy the fairest work of the Creator. When conversing with one another, the terms employed by the witches have nothing distinctive, but they address Macbeth in a loftier tone. Their predictions are clothed in lachrymose obscurity, and have the majestic solemnity of oracles. It is easy to perceive that they are instruments in the hands of some superior power, without whose assistance they could never have acted so distinguished a part.’

The author now proceeds to examine the motives which may have tempted our immortal bard to introduce these supernatural agents. Shakspeare probably followed the ancient chronicles, without troubling himself with metaphysical principles, but M. Schlegel's explanation is ingenious.

‘No natural motives could have accounted for the sanguinary profanation of the rites of hospitality without representing the murderer in colours too odious for theatrical exhibition. But the imagination of Shakspeare was capable of conceiving a more sublime idea; he created a hero endowed with splendid qualities, but enslaved by ambition, and too feeble to withstand the alluring offers of the infernal spirits, when presented with so much address. Even at the moment when he yields to their hellish suggestions, he preserves some tints of his original character. Nothing can be more ingenious than Shakspeare's manner of painting his progressive advances towards guilt. The first idea of destroying his monarch, and guest, is suggested by the witches, who meet him returning victorious from battle, and present to his imagination the distant image of power, attainable only by the foulest of crimes; and in order to obtain greater influence over his mind, they announce an event which, though highly improbable, is immediately fulfilled. An opportunity occurs for obtaining the crown, and Lady Macbeth conjures him not to let it escape. The virtue of the husband is too weak to resist; but no sooner has he executed the atrocious deed than remorse seizes his soul, and his whole nature is changed. The warrior, who intrepidly braved every peril, clings to life with more than female timidity. The man, whose generosity would have led him to spare a
vanquished

vanquished foe; unmercifully destroys whatever threatens to interrupt his despotic career.

'Destiny, whose influence was so unbounded in the pagan world, operates here with almost equal effect. Its power appears at the commencement of the piece, and produces an event which irresistibly decides all the rest. The ambiguity of prophecies, when literally accomplished, deceives those who confided in them for safety.

'There is no play, perhaps, in any language, in which the advantages of soliloquy are made so apparent. The workings of a mind, continually fluctuating between the splendid temptations of ambition, and a strong natural attachment to virtue, are described with masterly art—the operations of thought are made audible—all the pauses of hesitation that gradually arise between the first conception of the murder of Duncan, and the final execution of the horrible deed, are recorded with accuracy and minuteness. This could not be accomplished by any other means; but the true use of a soliloquy was never properly understood by any dramatic writer before Shakespear, and it would be difficult to point out any one of his successors who has employed it with equal effect.'

The character of Falstaff is unquestionably the most comic that the genius of Shakspeare ever conceived. Though this humorous knight is introduced into three different plays, he always appears under a novel aspect, and always with equal effect. Notwithstanding he is prone to every vice, his vices are not disgusting; and yet his failings are neither softened, nor disguised. Though old, he is addicted to sensual pleasures with an ardour hardly pardonable in youth. Always distressed for money, he never hesitates to employ the most dishonourable means of obtaining it. Though equally contemptible for cowardice, swaggering, and lying, he never excites the detestation such vices are calculated to inspire, because his attention to his own individual comforts never renders him morose. All he desires is to enjoy his gratifications in undisturbed repose. Always ready to share in every frolic, and never out of spirits when such can be procured, he laughs at his own failings in the same humorous strain in which he rallies Bardolph, or Pistol, or the prince. Notwithstanding he affects the indifference of a stoic for all social distinctions, he regulates his satire with consummate address, and knows how to stop the moment his sarcasms begin to displease. Convinced that the part he has chosen for himself could only be tolerated in consideration of his wit, he never suffers himself to be serious, even when alone and in moments of apparent distress, and he therefore constantly speaks of his own sensual philosophy in terms the most comic and diverting. His soliloquy upon honour is a masterpiece of wit.

The admiration of M. Schlegel for our immortal bard must satisfy his warmest partisans; but in his criticisms upon Dryden there are perhaps many who will not agree.

The

The effect produced upon the manners of the English nation by the unprincipled character of Charles II. is too well known to require illustration. The fanaticism of the puritans had rendered republicanism, and even religion, unfashionable; but the levity of the king was equally calculated to bring royalty into contempt. During his dissolute reign, England was inundated with all the follies and vices of the continent; and to such an extent did the contagion spread, that morality and piety began to pass for marks of disaffection toward the government. Yet this boasted imitation of Parisian manners was neither natural, easy, nor graceful. At the court of Louis XIV. amid the triumphs of gallantry, an outward appearance of decency was preserved; but at that of his copyist, impudence was mistaken for vivacity, and indecency passed for wit. The person who violated the common rules of decency with the most unblushing effrontery was regarded as the most accomplished courtier. Under such auspices it is easy to conceive what must have been the state of the theatre. Instead of being, as it ought, a school for good taste and morality, it became a seminary for indecency. Religion, and probity, and all the valuable duties of domestic life were publicly scoffed at, as the result of vulgarity and prejudice; and a system of corruption substituted in their place the most offensive to delicacy and reason.

Such was nearly the state of things when Dryden became the favourite of the stage; and there is, perhaps, no instance in literary history of any poet having attained to so high a reputation, who so little deserved it.

‘Dryden faisait des vers coulans et faciles, il possédait des connaissances plus étendues que bien digérées, et il avait le talent de donner à ce qu’il empruntait une apparence de nouveauté, mais tout ce qu’il aurait pu faire avec ses qualités superficielles, il le gâta par la négligence et la précipitation avec lesquelles il composait. Sa muse complaisante réparait les torts d’une vie déréglée; il avait une vanité insupportable; quelquefois il la déguise dans des prologues pleins d’humilité; d’autre fois il dit tout simplement qu’il peut avoir mieux réussi que Shakespear, Fletcher, et Jonson, mais que le mérite doit être imputé aux progrès et à la culture supérieure de son siècle—Et quel siècle bon Dieu! N’est-elle pas une insulte pour le siècle d’Elizabeth que de le comparer à celui de Charles II!’—iii. 207.

The general arrangement of Dryden’s plays is unnatural even to absurdity. The events appear to be solely the effect of chance, and the catastrophe is produced by means the most improbable and ridiculous.

In tracing the characters he seems totally to have forgotten that nature should have been his guide, for no beings can possibly bear less resemblance to those with which Providence has peopled the earth, than the heroes with which he peoples the stage.

His

His versification however is uniformly easy, and flows with harmonious facility; but the passions, the sentiments, the noblest emotions of patriotism, or the unblushing avowal of profligacy, succeed each other in heterogeneous confusion, without producing the smallest impression upon a cultivated audience, because they are merely the offspring of bombast declamation, and have not the smallest connexion with the heart. Sophisms are frequently substituted in the place of argument, and tedious similes introduced as a covering for want of imagination. Of all the tragedies of Dryden, two only rise above the level of mediocrity. Had the last four acts of 'All for Love' been equal to the first, it would have been surpassed by very few theatrical productions. The reconciliation between Don Sebastian and Dorax approaches very nearly to perfection. But his Montezumas and Almanzors, which he seems to consider as prototypes of heroical excellence, would be better placed among the monsters of the Opera stage, than among the personages of a drama, that at least affects to be rational.

The political ascendancy acquired by Spain in the course of the sixteenth century, diffused the knowledge of the language, and spread the literary productions of that nation among the most polished people of Europe. Since that time the study of the Castilian tongue has been universally neglected, and possibly might never have been resumed, had not the ill-judging policy of Buonaparte, by rousing the energies of a degraded people, made every thing belonging to them interesting. France had no acquaintance with the dramatic literature of the Peninsula, except from the translations of Linguet. But the selection he made was far from judicious, and the execution was conformable to the choice. The only pieces translated were comedies of intrigue, which, notwithstanding they abound in striking situations, are not the most brilliant ornaments of the Spanish theatre. It is in their historical compositions that the romantic genius of the Castilian poets is displayed with the greatest éclat.

It was not before the middle of the sixteenth century, that the dramatic art was brought to perfection, and in the seventeenth it began to decline. Since the 'War of the Succession,' it would be difficult to produce a single play, which does not indicate a deteriorated taste, and an almost total defect of imagination. Spanish pretenders to wit affect to treat with contempt the ancient national poets, but the people still regard them with enthusiastic admiration, whether represented at Mexico or Madrid. It is however quite absurd to talk of the taste of a nation, which regards the men who abolished the Inquisition, and laid the foundations of a free constitution, as enemies to their religion and country.

The progress of the dramatic art in Spain is marked by the names

names of her three celebrated writers, Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, and Calderon. The most accurate information which we possess upon this subject, is transmitted to us by Cervantes himself. He had witnessed the earliest attempts at improvements, and assisted himself in promoting them. Nothing can be more amusing than his description of the uncouth spectacles at which he was present in his youth, and which he represents as equally deficient in external decoration and intrinsic merit. One of his earliest productions, the *Siege of Numancia*, which has been recently published, may be classed among the most extraordinary theatrical phenomena; and what renders it an object of still greater curiosity is, that the author never seems to suspect how nearly he has approached to the grandeur and simplicity of the ancients.

Lopez de Vega no sooner appeared as a candidate for theatrical fame, than he eclipsed the glory of his predecessor, and for many years occupied the attention of the public with unrivalled reputation. Many of his numerous productions, the catalogue of which swells to a prodigious extent, without comprehending the whole of his works, have never been printed. It is easy however to form a tolerably accurate judgment of his merit by perusing a few of his plays, because he never attains to the highest degree of excellence, and never sinks to mediocrity.

In those pieces which are taken from the ancient chronicles, or borrowed from tradition and romance, the style is often rude and unpolished; but when he paints the national character, as it existed in his days, his language is more studied and refined. All his plays abound with the most comic adventures, and are replete with humorous remarks; and there are perhaps very few which would not produce a considerable effect upon the stage, if dressed in more modern apparel. Their defects too are in general of the same description, an exuberance of imagination, which led him to attend to striking situations, more than to the regular conduct of the plot.

At length the sublimest of the Spanish poets appeared like a meteor on the literary horizon. Calderon was richly endowed with every requisite to succeed in a theatrical career. Fertility of genius and indefatigable exertion, a creative fancy and brilliant wit, joined to the inestimable talent of modulating the feelings of the spectators exactly as suited his purpose, combined in forming one of the most extraordinary writers that ever attracted the admiration of the world. We are told by his biographer, that he composed upwards of one hundred and twenty plays, more than one hundred allegorical dramas founded upon scriptural or legendary subjects, and at least as many interludes, besides an abundance of fugitive poems. As his first attempt at theatrical fame was made at the early age of fourteen, and he continued to write till he was eighty-one, not-

notwithstanding the variety of his dramatic productions, he may be supposed to have composed with less precipitation than Lopez.

Amid this prodigious abundance of literary works, nothing was left in an unfinished state : on the contrary, every incident appears the necessary consequence of a pre-existing cause, and is determined by regular principles.

No poet was ever more fortunate in depicting the ancient character of the nation, when animated with those romantic virtues which once distinguished the inhabitants of the Peninsula. During the middle ages, the Spaniards supported a memorable part upon the great theatre of manly exertion, which the ingratitude of posterity has forgotten. From the mountains of Asturia they struggled heroically against the numerous hosts of Mahomedans who threatened to annihilate the religion and liberties of Europe. This extraordinary period may be justly termed the romance, and, in some respects, the miracle of history ; because, without the assistance of an arm more potent than that of man, the deliverance of Christendom could hardly have been achieved. A people, long accustomed to fight in defence of their faith, could not fail to behold it with enthusiastic respect. The consolations of piety were the only rewards to which these venerable warriors aspired. Every church that was rescued from the pollution of infidels, was regarded as the noblest of trophies ; for there the sacred symbols of their religious belief had been insulted, and there reposed the bones of their ancestors. Equally devoted to his God and his king, possessing the most elevated notions of honour, proud, serious, temperate, and devout, such was the ancient champion of Christianity, whether occupied in cultivating his patrimonial domain, or in opposing the enemies of his faith.

Such characters presented abundant materials to the original genius of Calderon, and he availed himself of them with consummate ability : but his success is more doubtful when he borrows from the records of antiquity, or the allegorical mysteries of paganism ; for he seems to have regarded the mythology of the Greeks in the light of an agreeable fiction, and always treated the history of the Romans as a majestic hyperbole.

Even when he descends to the walks of ordinary life, he captivates by an inexpressible charm. His pieces usually terminate in a marriage, but what variety is to be found in the adventures which precede it ! The ancients did not hesitate to employ means the most indecorous and immoral, for the gratification of the sensual appetites, or the attainment of some selfish purpose ; but Calderon's comedies are distinguished by a delicacy of feeling, that ennobles those passions which, when left to the guidance of inordinate appetite, degrade the moral dignity of man. Honour,
love,

love, and jealousy, ingeniously diversified, furnish ample materials for his muse. He calls into action every elevated sentiment, and never suffers the snares of vulgar intrigue to pollute the purity of his pages.

About half a century has elapsed since the Germans first aspired to the reputation of taste, during which they have advanced with rapid steps; and if the dramatic art has been cultivated with less zeal and success than various other branches of science, it is owing entirely to unfavourable circumstances, and not to deficiency of genius. Perhaps one of the greatest disadvantages under which the German dramatists labour, is the want of a capital. Taste and genius are confined to the northern circles, and flourish at Berlin and Weimar, but literary merit finds little encouragement at Vienna, and till lately was a stranger at Munich.

We have no time to advert to the early essays of the Germans in scenical composition; but must content ourselves with remarking that even so late as the beginning of the last century they had produced nothing deserving attention. Half-starved strollers and puppets were the only performers they were acquainted with. To give the reader some idea of the deplorable state of German literature at the period alluded to, it will be sufficient to add, that Gottsched was regarded as the restorer of letters. Desirous of introducing a classical style, this insipid pedant inundated the empire with tame and tasteless translations from the French. At length Lessing appeared, and gave a different bias to public opinion. Failing in his translations of Corneille and Racine, he had the sense to discover that he had mistaken the road, and the candour to acknowledge it. Instead of attempting to conceal, or even to palliate his error, he boldly attacked, in various publications, the bad taste of his countrymen in degrading their talents by servile imitation. The effect produced by his censure was rapid and decisive; and the pride of the nation being roused into action, the German poets gave an unbridled scope to their bold and fantastic imaginations. Lessing has the merit, and no trifling one it is, of having first recommended the study of Shakspeare to all who engaged in a dramatic career. According to his own confession he was not born with a poetical genius; it was by indefatigable perseverance that he acquired a facility in composing, and he was far advanced in life before he attained to celebrity as a dramatic writer. Mina de Barnhelm, Emilia Gallatti, and Nathan de Weire, particularly the latter, display an understanding profound and capacious, and more remarkable for solidity than for invention.

Goethe is a poet of a much higher order. Werther is too well known to require any comment. It was published at an age when the empire of the passions is most despotic, and this is perhaps the best

best excuse that can be offered for the dangerous lessons it conveys. The genius of Goëthe is of too bold and original a cast to be shackled by the trammels of prescription. In his first dramatic production, *Goëtz Von Berlichingen*, he bade defiance to criticism, and attempted to introduce the style and manner of Shakspeare. Rejecting the aid of poetical ornament, he made his characters speak the language of peasants and banditti. The honour of the nation is admirably painted, and the calamities arising from feudal contentions presented in colours the most striking; and he frequently produces a powerful effect by incidents apparently so trivial, that it required a genius of no common capacity to seize them. The principal object of this extraordinary man is to extend the sphere of intellectual enjoyment, and he has attempted it in almost every form of composition, most likely to captivate attention. But in his efforts to cleanse the Augean stable, he often injures the fabric, and, like the generality of modern philosophers, attacks opinions which constitute the happiness of life, while he pretends to be combating prejudices. There is scarcely any species of dramatic composition which he has not attempted; but though it is impossible that such talents should fail, it would be difficult to mention a single piece that deserves to be classed with the *Andromaque* or *Phèdre* of Racine, in felicity of execution; though his *Egmont* be more spirited, and his *Iphigenia* more antique.

The merits of *Faust*, one of the most extravagant productions of ill-directed though boundless genius, cannot however be estimated by any established principles, because it sets them all at defiance. This piece, which, in spite of various alterations, is no better than a fragment, is founded upon the old and popular story of the Devil and Dr. Faustus. Many scenes are allotted to develop the distracted state of Faustus's mind, when he discovers the uncertainty of all human possessions, and even the vanity of scientific pursuits. These are blended with others, in which the dregs of the people converse in terms appropriate to their station; and which appear to be inserted for no other purpose than to shew that the author is as well acquainted with the disgusting language of a night-cellar, as with the elegant manners of a court. Others, in which the ideas are truly dramatic, but which have neither object nor end, display a depth of thought, which leads us to expect some decisive result, but when the expectation is raised to the highest pitch, they conclude as abruptly as they begun. Goëthe is unquestionably a consummate master of scenical effect, but he has sacrificed it intentionally to more weighty considerations, which he perhaps was too prudent to avow. That *Faustus* is a work of extraordinary merit, and displays the strongest intellect, it would be a want of candour to deny—but we neither envy nor admire the talents that produced

produced it, at the expense of feeling, morality, and religion : for it not only aims at destroying all the comforts of the present life, by proving that man is destined to misery from his birth, however extensive his fortune, exalted his rank, or cultivated his intellect, but it tends to deprive him of the only solace that is left for his misfortune, the prospect of a blessed futurity.

We cannot conclude without allotting a few lines to Schiller, and are concerned we have space for no more. It has been the fashion of late to extol his latter works at the expense of his earlier productions. But we confess ourselves at a loss to discover the difference. All abound in situations of terrific effect, all are filled with profound and philosophical reflections, all are marked with striking defects. *Don Carlos* is a history rather than a play, and contains the author's opinions upon various subjects of moral and political interest ; but the discussions are tedious, the arrangement confused, and the catastrophe pantomimical, yet some of the characters are traced with a masterly hand, and some of the scenes are highly pathetic. *Wallenstein* was written in imitation of Shakspeare's historical plays, but in comparison with them it is cold and uninteresting. The tragedy of *Mary Stuart*, though greatly admired, is disgraced by many unpardonable blemishes. History, in events of such recent occurrence, should be followed with the minutest attention ; but here it is unnecessarily violated, for no better purpose than to produce an interview between the rival queens, in which they abuse each other with all the vulgar scurrility of fish-women. Mary's confession of Darnley's murder is equally reprehensible, because it is contradicted by facts ; and the administration of the sacrament upon a public stage, is an insult to religion and decency.

The noble simplicity of Helvetic manners is admirably painted in *William Tell*, and the enthusiasm of the nation in favour of liberty represented in colours the most captivating. This piece, which breathes the cordiality of unsophisticated nature, the rustic heroism of men whose courage defied the gigantic power of Austria, and whose religion proceeded from the heart, deserves to have been acted at the national festival, when, after enjoying independence for five hundred years, the Swiss celebrated the birth-day of their freedom. It is, perhaps, the only tragedy in any language that has been improved by omitting the fifth act. The characteristics of the Germans are genius and invention, but they are extremely deficient in judgment and taste.

The length to which this article has been already extended, precludes us from indulging in such general observations, as the subject would naturally suggest. There are some of M. Schlegel's opinions to which we cannot subscribe, and which want of room

alone has prevented us from combating. The spuriousness of these plays, which are sometimes printed with Shakspeare's minor poems, the Yorkshire Tragedy, Cromwell, &c. has been so satisfactorily demonstrated, that it would be only 'slaying the slain,' to renew the controversy. Our author very much underrated the comic merits of Ben Jonson, and certainly does not do justice to Beaumont and Fletcher, or Massinger. He has, however, the merit of being the first foreigner who speaks of these poets at any length. Such is the exuberance of our dramatic wealth, that we wantonly sacrifice more than other nations possess, in a blind adoration of Shakspeare. Strangers who seldom hear us speak of our minor writers, believe, in general, that our stage was created by this great poet alone, and that his contemporaries, of whose names they are ignorant, were little better than ballad-mongers and buffoons. In conclusion, we consider these Dramatic Lectures, on the whole, to be every way worthy of that individual whom Germany venerates as the second, and whom Europe has classed among the most illustrious of her literary characters.

- ART. VII.—1. *Proposal for improving the System of Friendly Societies, &c.* By Jerome, Count de Salis. 1814. Reynolds.
 2. *Essay on improving the Condition of the Poor, &c.* By Thomas Myers, A. M. 1814. Hatchard.

WE will candidly confess that it is the subject of these essays which has attracted our notice, rather than any novelty or importance in the essays themselves. Twelve years have elapsed since the official returns stated the number of persons receiving parochial relief, either regularly or occasionally, in this country to be 1,040,716. Since that time we have passed through a period of little leisure for domestic regulation, and seen a state of things by no means calculated to diminish the evil. It is not surprising that the disorder should have increased, for which no positive remedy can easily be found, and which has not yet been reached by the preventive check of education. The fact however is too important to be concealed, that of the 1,300,000 persons added to the population since 1801, more than 500,000 have swelled the list of paupers.* Mr. Myers states the result of an actual inquiry made in various unconnected parishes as to the number of the poor receiving relief, and the amount of the poor's rates in the years 1805 and 1812 respectively. This, though conducted in agricultural parishes

* Colquhoun on the British Power, &c.

only,

only, proved the number of poor in 1805 to be to that in 1812 nearly as five to six, and the increase in the rates nearly as ten to seven. The interval which has thus enlarged the number of the dependent class of the community, has also shewn us, by the insubordination of some manufacturing districts, the alarming consequence of those improvident habits, which leave the labouring poor no other resource than the support of the public, upon every recurrence of a scanty harvest, or accidental fluctuation of trade or fashion. Both benevolence and policy therefore coincide in recommending any plan which may be likely to meliorate the condition of so large and important a portion of society. At the same time we certainly cannot give our suffrage either to the cottage or cow system proposed by Mr. Myers, or to legislative interference in the arrangement of assurance or benefit societies, or to anything, in fact, which we find in the pamphlets before us, considered as a general measure.

It cannot be denied, that the labouring classes in England are placed in very peculiar circumstances by the operation of our poor laws. We are not among those who see in this system nothing but unmixed evil. Undoubtedly any interference of the legislature with the natural channels of population, subsistence, or industry, is in itself a mischief; and only to be admitted for the sake of removing a greater mischief. Yet who will venture to assert that irremediable poverty, together with the helplessness of sickness, infancy, and old age, can be safely left in a large and fully peopled community, to the care of that spontaneous charity on which they must devolve in the absence of all legislative provision? That they are not thus left; that we do not see in our streets and highways a mass of distress which no Christian can contemplate patiently, is an advantage which we owe to the poor-rate, but sometimes forget to acknowledge. On the other hand, it cannot but be allowed that an habitual conviction of the certainty of parish support, in the failure of other resources, must have an imperceptible effect upon the English labourer. It is no very enlivening prospect certainly; but the evils belonging to it are obscured partly by distance, and partly by the intervening objects, which a sanguine mind never fails to raise in the way of any distant evil: the uncertainty of life, the chance of better fortune, and a thousand improbable contingencies all stand between, and alike serve to keep in the back ground the degree of the evil, and the means to escape it. The result however is, that the inferior classes are habitually far less prudent and thoughtful, than those of many other countries, even where the moral sense is less strong, and the general standard of intelligence considerably lower.

To counteract this principle, thus steadily though silently affect-

ing the minds of the labouring poor, continual pains are required on the part of those who are conversant with them ; and every facility should be granted by the legislature to any plan by which they might be encouraged to greater forethought. We will endeavour to show, moreover, that the present period is distinguished by several important points, which afford a reasonable hope of the success of such an endeavour. By the dissemination of education, which forms the prominent feature of the present age, and will transmit, we trust, its portrait to posterity in colours of imperishable lustre, a silent but very important change is gradually effecting in the minds of the labouring class. The difference is not only that of being able to read and write, though even this is no trivial matter : they now receive their first elements of instruction in a mode which exercises their minds and sharpens their faculties so successfully, that a boy who has been educated on the Madras system has an advantage over the scholar of Shenstone or Goldsmith's village teachers, much greater in degree and value, than that scholar enjoyed over his uneducated neighbours. It is not too much to say, that a generation is now growing up more informed, and more zealous of information, with minds of 'larger discourse, and more capable to look before and after,' than the most sanguine advocate of the perfectibility of human nature would have dared to predict, when that encouraging doctrine was most fashionable. All must think such a crisis important, though for different reasons, according to their different views. Some will be struck with the idea, that knowledge being power, or wealth, or motion, or all together, will greatly increase the weight of the inferior classes, and render it politically desirable that their stake in the country should be increased in proportion. To us the enlarged intelligence of the lower ranks seems only calculated to make them more useful members of society, as long as the standard of intelligence in the classes above them is raised in an equal degree. But the peculiar importance of this crisis arises, in our opinion, from the favourable circumstance, that the poor are daily becoming more and more able to co-operate in any scheme proposed for their advantage ; more likely to listen to any reasonable suggestion ; more able to understand, and therefore to relish and follow it. The obstinacy of ignorance is, for a thousand reasons, the greatest of all barriers to improvement : and particularly, because the grand secret in assisting the poor, is to make them agents in assisting themselves ; to supply them with a permanent energy, instead of a temporary stimulus ; just as it is a greater favour to teach a man the use of his own limbs, than to support or carry him. This begins now to be understood.

It is acknowledged to be more useful to sell at a cheap rate, than

than to give; to bestow occasional relief, than constant support: these and other improvements upon former plans of charity have been adopted, from a growing knowledge of human nature, and of the bad effects produced by regular bounty upon industry. Mr. Myers and many who think with him pay too little attention to this principle. Houses are to be built for the poor, and portions of land provided for them; they are to be supplied with cows, &c. and their occasional losses made up to them by subscription. All this has the merit of benevolent intention, but no other—it involves the fundamental error of turning things out of their natural course and channel; and the temporary or local good that may be obtained, bears no proportion to the evil of interfering with that great general law, which ordains that every man shall better his own condition by his individual exertions. We do not mean, however, that these plans are always objectionable. Mr. Myers mentions a parish, where ‘the agent to the manorial proprietor (Earl Fitzwilliam) set apart a plot of land contiguous to the village, which he let at a fair rent to the cottagers, in divisions of half an acre each, and which he recommended them to cultivate alternately, one half for potatoes and the other half for wheat.’ He instances also the parish of ‘Sutton Benington, in the county of Nottingham, where the labouring poor are accommodated by the rector with six acres of arable, and forty of pasture land; the former is occupied by sixty-two persons as potatoe gardens, the latter furnishes summer and winter keep for sixteen cows.’ (p. 25.) These instances we gladly notice, as supplying useful suggestions to benevolent landlords. To afford the poor every practicable facility, is not to oppose, but to co-operate with the broad principle which nature recommends. But to erect cottages, or allot land, in a way of gratuitous charity, and without an existing demand for additional labourers, is an artificial encouragement to population of which the country by no means stands in need. If there are any spots insufficiently supplied with labour, the land proprietor will quickly make up the deficiency by raising cottages, which will be able to pay a rent answerable to the expense. Wherever the evil exists, the remedy will be immediately found in the operation of private gain: but if a mistaken philanthropy were to pursue the same plan extensively, an appearance might be created at first sight very beautiful to the eye, of white-washed cottages and industrious peasants, but terminating in a perspective far less engaging. What charity would there be in introducing into a district already fully peopled fifty or a hundred additional families of labourers, who could only gain support by turning the former population out of employ, or depressing still lower the rate of wages, already too low to support a numerous family? Let each speculatist first consider

the experiment and its probable effects in his own parish, and then contemplate at his leisure its consequences, if it were made throughout the kingdom.

Count de Salis, to be sure, has an admirable recipe at hand to cure such fluctuations in the price of labour.

‘The assize,’ he says, ‘of each kind of labour might be fixed according to the average that the articles of provision generally used by the labouring poor in that district bore on the preceding market-day; and I should consider that labourers in husbandry, when the loaf is at 1s. ought to have 12s. a week, and when at 1s. 6d. 18s. per week, and so on in proportion.’—p. 78.

It is astonishing that any person so far accustomed to think of these subjects as to write a pamphlet upon them, should not have perceived, that this would be an attempt, weak and impotent indeed, but still an actual attempt on the part of the rulers of the country, to reverse the laws by which the universe is governed: and to ordain, by a fiat of their own, that the majority of the population should live equally well in a favourable or unfavourable, a scarce or plentiful season.

The measure here recommended in the wantonness of Count de Salis’s benevolence, brings us towards another characteristic feature which marks the present period, and induces us to hope for an improvement in the condition of the poor. A change *has* actually taken place, in the only way in which such change could be usefully effected, in the recompense of labour; which has certainly met with a very inadequate return during the greatest part of the last fifteen years, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the country, combined with the operation of the poor-laws. In all ages, for reasons which, after Adam Smith, it would be needless to detail, the prices of the necessaries of life have been known to vary considerably, without proportionally affecting the price of labour. This variation has never been more remarkable than during the last twenty years. The population throughout this period, evidently increased faster than improved cultivation could keep pace with it, which, though a necessary consequence, is still a slower process; and accordingly we have been struggling all along, with more or less success, according to the season, to bring the supply on a level with the demand, till at last they appear to be pretty equally balanced. The effect of our first return to this natural state appeared so extraordinary, that what was in fact a recovery to health, was mistaken for an indication of danger. Disorders of long standing are supposed to become necessary parts of the system. On the same principle, the sudden return of a price of corn bearing a fair proportion to the price of labour appeared so irregular, as to be thought by many a symptom of decay. It is however, in fact, a happy re-establishment

establishment of the natural order of things, which circumstances had deranged; and its permanency should be ardently desired by all who have experienced the effect produced upon the market by a dependence on foreign supply for even a fortieth part of the annual consumption. There is no reason to apprehend that a similar deficiency will occur again; or that the average price of wheat for the next period of fifteen years, will rise to the price which it has borne since 1800: it is still less probable that wages, which were never proportionably raised, should be reduced to their former standard.

This, therefore, is the time when we may inculcate on the poor, with some probability of success, the necessity of thinking and providing for themselves; a time when they have it, to a certain degree, within their power. Certainly any exhortations to this point lost much of their force, when a labourer to whom you urged the blessings of independence, might turn to his large family, and bid you compare their inevitable demands with the scanty produce of his weekly wages. This disproportion between wages and prices has reduced the country to an anomalous state, which, according to the temper, or party, or intelligence of the writer, has sometimes excited pity, and sometimes indignation. Some have marvelled at the fact, and others have taunted us with the allegation, that while the population and general wealth have been increasing at a rate of acceleration inconceivable as to any old country thirty years ago, the number of paupers, and the proportion which they bear to the whole community, have yet multiplied in an alarming ratio. The fashionable conclusion has been, that this increase of population must therefore be entirely artificial, and ascribed to the effect of the poor laws: an account of the phenomenon so easy and simple, that it has kept out of sight the incidental circumstance of those laws having existed for more than two centuries, so that they cannot well be supposed to have produced their effect, whatever it is, on population, so suddenly and sensibly. There cannot surely be any doubt with a person who dispassionately considers the circumstances in which this country has been placed during the last twenty years, that the unprecedented increase of population, amounting to between a sixth and seventh of the whole, has been owing to the extraordinary demand for productive labour. The effect which may be justly ascribed to the poor rates, has been that of preventing the reward of labour from rising in proportion to the demand for labourers. The nature of that effect upon the country at large, is too wide a field for us to enter upon: we are only at present concerned with the fact, that the real increase in the rate of wages, has not kept pace with the increased price of the necessaries of life. This is undeniable. About the year 1776, Dr. Smith took 9s. a week as a fair average for country labour, at which time

the average assize of wheaten bread was 7*d.* the quartern loaf. The average price of the quartern loaf for ten years preceding the last, was 14*d.* while the price of labour cannot be averaged higher than 14*s.* which is a little more than one half of what was necessary in order to place the labourer on a level with the labourer of thirty years before. Had not this deficiency been made up in some way, it is evident that it must have affected the population, and forced it to retrograde. That it has actually been made up by the poor rates, is known to every one residing in the country.

It should be remembered, therefore, that when we talk of 1,548,400 paupers, it is not meant, and should not be supposed, that there exists that number of helpless and idle mouths, supplied entirely at the public expense, and making to the public little or no return.* There have been found amongst them, during the last ten years, many of the hardest working members of the community; the sinews of its agricultural and manufacturing strength, and the feeders of its population: and they might be considered, not improperly, as the class, to which the inadequacy of the wages of their labour has been made up from the public stock.

We are not advocates for this artificial mode of commuted payment: it is grating to the labourer, whose support becomes eleemosynary, instead of independent; and it falls heavily upon the class immediately above the labourer, who contribute to the increased rate. There is a set-off, no doubt, to both these evils. The labourer has the compensating advantage of the resource which the poor rate affords him in sickness or old age; and the payer of the rates, if things were left to find their natural level, would feel a pressure equivalent at least to that of the rate in the advanced price of all commodities, arising from the advance on labour. We cannot, therefore, join in the tone of extreme severity with which the system of the poor laws is treated, on account of their tendency to depreciate the reward of labour: as if those laws, instead of being the offspring of humanity, or, at worst, of necessity, had their origin in the most cruel foresight on the part of the employers of the poor; proposed no other object than to extract the greatest possible labour from the inferior classes with the least possible return; and produced no other effect than to deny them all prospect of emerging from the low condition in which it was their misfortune to be born. No system ought to be supported, that really condemned to servile degradation the laborious part of the community, which must always constitute the majority of the whole. But what is the

* We consider that Mr. Colquhoun has fallen into an error in this point, when he indiscriminately classes all who receive poor's rates as paupers, and all paupers as unproductive labourers. On British Power, &c. p. 109.

fact?

fact? There can be no doubt (we have allowed) of the tendency of the system to lower the rate of wages. Yet if we examine the matter, we shall find that it is now very much within the power of the labouring classes to render their condition comfortable and secure, with some slight assistance from the legislature; especially since the reduction which has taken place in the price of the necessities of life—since our domestic supply has been more nearly equal to our demand.

The average wages of an artisan in London may be taken at 30s. per week; of an artisan in the country at from 16s. to 20s.; of a labourer in the field, including the addition for harvest work, * at 14s.; and it is undeniable, that on the lowest of these stipends a large family can be ill-supported, even without making any allowance for occasional loss of time. But it should not be forgotten, that the same wages are given to a man before he is married, before he has a family, before he has a large family, and after his family cease to be wholly dependent on his single labour. What may be insufficient to support a man and his wife and six young children, will support him without a family handsomely, and with two children comfortably. The period of life when a peasant is most distressed, is from his thirtieth to his fortieth year; his children are then pressing fast upon him, and are still unable to assist towards their own maintenance. Before that period, he has only occasion to be frugal; after that time, his children will begin to support themselves; which a boy can almost do at 10, or even 8; and a girl, well brought up and healthy, at 12 or 14. Would it then be advisable, would it even be practicable without a rise in the price of all commodities, which it is difficult to calculate, to raise the rate of wages so as to make them equal to the comfortable support of the most chargeable portion of the poor man's life? Yet this must be done at once, if the plan of relieving large families at the public expense were abolished. It is surely a more desirable object, to facilitate the means by which the overplus of one season of life might contribute to the wants of another; and to imitate the economy of nature, who does not make every part of the year equally productive, but expects that the superabundance of the harvest-months should suffice for her seasons of severity.

A little detail will be requisite for those who think that any idea of the labourer saving a portion of his scanty wages is chimerical. In our opinion, no more is necessary than to shew him the possibility, the advantage, and the means of doing so, and it will be

* The wages of persons employed in large manufactories are so fluctuating, that we do not venture to average them in this enumeration. But their fluctuating nature makes the principle here recommended peculiarly applicable to that class.

done.

done. At present, the general practice is for the labouring man to marry, almost as soon as he begins to work for himself; he marries, it is true, without a guinea beforehand; but his wages will support a wife as well as himself; and if he had not that demand upon them, they would all disappear before the end of the week: he has neither the idea, nor the means of saving any portion of them. The consequence is severe poverty for the rest of his life. But if a prudential and provident system be only so far supposed, that the average period of marriage should be 25, and that a possibility should be laid before the view of the labourer, of rendering his future life comparatively easy, by the temporary restraint of his passions, and the frugal application of his earnings in the mean time,* we will, in this case, venture to point out what might be within his power. A peasant may gain on a fair average 14s. per week through the year, from the time he is 18. He may perhaps live comfortably on a shilling a day. Here is an overplus of 7s. a week for seven years: but to avoid any appearance of over-stating the fact, we will only take 5s. or £13 per ann., which, if carefully laid up, would, with interest, make him worth £100 at 25. The mechanic cannot work for himself till he is 21, but his average wages are higher: from 20s. weekly we will allow him to save 10s. or £21. per ann. Were this overplus regularly saved for four years, he would also be worth near £100. at 25.

Suppose our Utopians to marry at this period. It is probable that, by similar habits, the wife may have laid by enough to provide the cottage with its homely furniture, which will not require a large capital, even according to a better inventory than Mr. Crabbe has taught us to supply. It is evident, that they can live without difficulty, even without farther saving, for four or five years; the interest paying their rent, and thus removing the necessity of those over exertions, which in the way of task-work often undermine the constitutions of many of our industrious poor. If the family increases after this time, difficulties will increase; young children will prevent the wife from contributing much towards the weekly outgoings; the children themselves can gain nothing towards them; and it must be expected that after this period something will be an-

* We trust not to be stigmatised as hard-hearted, or unmindful of the general precept, Increase and multiply, on account of this supposition. If there is a hardship, it is only what the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, have prescribed to the members of all old societies. The average period of marriage with those who are brought up to the learned professions cannot be placed so low as even 30. And as to dissolute modes of living, which some will apprehend, we sincerely believe that the habits of prudence and frugality would act much more powerfully one way, than the state of celibacy on the other. Certainly the great evil at present is in the premature marriages rendered necessary by illicit connections. Against this evil every argument should be directed, which reason and revelation, human prudence and religious duty, can supply.

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nually withdrawn from the capital. But it was laid up for this very purpose, and we can afford to allow for it. Let 5s. a week be taken for the four dead months of the year; those who are conversant with the labourer's cottage, will know that 5s. in addition to his usual wages, will place him in comparative opulence; and suppose this draft to be continued during ten years, the capital has only lost £40. From that time the children contribute their share: the family ceases to be a growing burthen; and there remains a stock towards setting forward the children in life, or to supply some of the numerous wants of increasing years.

But how are the savings to be placed out and secured? Here, indeed, we are at a stand: there is at present no way; and here, we believe, that the assistance of the legislature might be more usefully employed, than in almost any branch of our internal economy. In a small district, or a single village, an individual might effect something; he might vest a certain sum in the hands of trustees, as a security to his poorer neighbours; and by devoting a few hours in every week or month to receiving their small savings, he might render them most effectual service without the smallest risk to himself, by allowing them 4 per cent. for their little capital. But though we throw out this hint to the very few who might find such a plan practicable, we are aware that the concern is of much too large a size to be managed without the regularity of habits of business, or the authority of a public guarantee. Mr. Malthus has recommended county banks; Mr. Whitbread a national bank, the remittances to be made through the agency of the Post-office. In our idea, either plan would be extremely desirable, but the former is most simple and intelligible; and neither the magnitude nor details of the business would present any material obstacle in the way of its execution. Let there be an establishment in every county town, in some counties more than one might be advisable, under public security: or let even a local bank already established be guaranteed to the amount of the deposits of the poor, government requiring security from the banker, as in the case of the receivers of the county taxes. Let this establishment, both for the sake of notoriety, and to avoid the expensive journies of the poor, have its agents in every considerable place, who should be directed to receive weekly, or at farthest monthly, even the smallest sums, and remit them at stated periods to the county establishment, just as is now done by the local collectors of taxes. Let every poor man yearly, or half-yearly, receive a statement of his account with his interest. No addition need be made to the number of public servants; every village has its tax collector, and its agents to assurance offices, either of whom might become the local managers of such a concern, at a small per centage on whatever sums they received and disbursed. Proper persons

persons might be easily discovered to whom this would be no inconvenient addition to their regular employments; and after all, the risk would be nothing in comparison with that which is every day hazarded in gathering the taxes; because we are not so sanguine as to suppose, that the amount contributed would ever be so large. The expense, in fact, would be almost confined to the salaries of the clerks to the county establishment; and as there is no reason why the public should lose, the interest might be fixed a little lower than the usual rate, and the overplus, if any, repaid to the stockholder by occasional bonuses. In this case, government would afford nothing beyond the security of their guarantee; and the poor man would have good cause to be satisfied, if he could obtain without risk even 4 per cent. for his money. But the security of the capital is absolutely indispensable; and the insecurity of it according to any mode at present possessed by the poor of employing their savings, is one great reason why so little is at present saved. Probably too, Mr. Whitbread's restrictions would be adopted; confining the sum which any individual might bring to account annually, to £20 as a maximum; and limiting the utmost amount of any individual's stock to £200. There are, we are convinced, no difficulties in the details of the plan, which a person, accustomed to the business of many offices in the exchequer, might not arrange with a few days' attention.

But it will be said, that this plan for diminishing the dependence upon the rates, and encouraging the frugality of the labouring classes, might be very feasible, if we were legislating for a golden age; but that the carelessness and bad habits of the poor are insuperable, and all hopes of their foresight visionary. To this sweeping argument against all improvement we will oppose facts. In the first place, the existence of friendly societies. These are the associations of frugality and forethought against the uncertainties of human life; and every weekly contribution paid to them is a deduction from present enjoyment for the sake of future security. These also strongly illustrate the readiness of the poor to embrace any plan, of which they can understand the safety and the advantage. It is scarcely twenty years since they received the sanction of government through the bill introduced by Mr. Rose, and their members now amount to the number of 900,000. There are other associations, and very useful ones, known to many of our readers under the title of Penny clubs, to which the children of the very poorest class contribute their weekly mite, and are repaid in clothing at the end of the year. In some places there are weekly contributions for purchasing bibles, or for charitable purposes, which in the whole amount to sums that might astonish an abstract calculator. Servants are also in the habit of leaving a part of their wages
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in their masters' hands, and receiving only the interest. Every where, even without facilities, something is absolutely saved now; enough certainly to encourage a philanthropist to create those facilities. But it would be necessary to make the system generally understood, by distributing short and clear calculations, explaining to the poor the advantage offered them, and the means in their power—to take, in short, as much pains in this great concern, as every private adventurer takes, to give his medicine or his assurance-office publicity, and not half so much as a lottery contractor employs to encourage a taste for gaming. Towards this object of explaining the design, the clergy might do much; the Tract Societies might lend their aid; the agents would do something: and though it is probable that very little business might be transacted in the first years of the institution, far too little to satisfy the philanthropic enthusiast, we have no doubt that by encouragement and perseverance the habit of saving might be made to take root, and the fruit it bore would ensure its future cultivation. One legislative provision, however, would be indispensable: no man should be excluded from occasional relief from his parish whilst he had a little stock remaining in the bank. Whether he should be relieved in that case, merely on account of the size of his family, might be a just subject for consideration: but both humanity and policy coincide in requiring that an accident or temporary illness which may deprive a man, for a season, of the power of working, should not deprive him of the harvest of former laborious years; but should be assisted, as it now is, by that public which he industriously serves. It would probably be best in the end to make all influence of a national bank upon the poor rate preventive, rather than positive. The same spirit and the same habits which induced a man to lay by his £50 or £100 would equally incline him to remain independent of parish officers, and enable him, generally, to continue so: but all interference on their part with the capital should be studiously discouraged, and the grand axiom '*Laissez-nous faire*' prevail throughout the whole design and execution. No person likes to have the manner in which he shall better his condition or employ his property dictated to him; and he that has least is most jealous of that little. On this account any compulsory measure to engage the poor in benefit societies, or to enforce their subscription to assurance-offices, would have the inevitable effect of destroying all the good those associations have hitherto done, or may be expected to do. Again, no one likes to give the controul of his property to another, or believes that any one can manage it better than he who has the principal interest in its security. '*Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.*' This is not new in the history of human nature; neither should we think it

it necessary to repeat such indisputable truths, if the grand object of Count de Salis's pamphlet did not aim at placing the management of benefit societies under legislative influence; with a scheme for appointing clerks, and trustees, and inspectors of them, by Act of Parliament, and involving in the business the minister of the parish, the magistrates of the county, and even the Secretary of State. It is a far less evil that occasional mischief should arise from the deficiency or mal-administration of the funds (a rare occurrence now, we believe, since the subject has been more generally understood) than that the interference of government should be exerted or even suspected. The mere idea of it would effectually subvert the system.

The plan which we have ventured to recommend, could only be effected by those to whose hands the reins of government are entrusted. If the experiment were tried at first through the medium of county banks, neither capital nor credit would be risked. But it must be admitted that some project which may enable the poor to save, seems to be a natural addition to the instruction which teaches them the virtues of prudence and foresight: and arithmetical skill will never be so usefully employed, as in calculating the produce of their own earnings. The man who can afford to lay by 20s. per week, has no difficulty in making his advantage of it: the members of the learned professions, who are in the habit of delaying the acquisition of 'man's best delight, well-ordered home,' till they have secured some provisional support for a family, have their reward in the security of their future days, and every possible facility placed within their power. And why should not the same facilities be afforded to the labourer, who can only save his weekly shilling? Why should not the virtue be pointed out to him of providing for the probable exigencies of a family, before he incurs the expense of one? and why should it be out of his power to attain the comfort of feeling that, in cases of inevitable distress or times of unusual pressure, he has a resource in the accumulated produce of his own industry, more independent than parochial support, (which, however, is fairly due to him,) and more certain than the operation of private charity? That the occasion is worthy of the interference even of those who have so many weighty cares upon their minds, must be evident at the first sight of our labouring population; especially when it is considered, that in addition to the positive advantages arising to the poor, whom we profess to have principally in view, collateral benefits would be derived from the plan by no means immaterial. Every person who had vested his savings in the public fund would have a stake in the security of the country, proportioned not merely to the sum total of those savings, but to the value of that sum to himself; and would be deterred from

from compassing the disturbance of his native land, by a personal motive added to the influence of duty. He would feel the importance of public peace and public credit with that strong conviction which individual interest never fails to inspire. We foresee the objections of those who would be jealous of the support thus obtained to the ruling powers; but be it remembered, that he who possesses property in a country, is not interested in the stability of the administration for the time being, but in the perpetual stability of universal order and good government; and whoever has a mind that is not touched by this harmony and concord, this union among the members of one common country,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted.

ART. VIII.—*The Paradise of Coquettes, a Poem in Nine Parts.*
London. 1814. 8vo. pp. 256.

THE horizon which the anonymous author of this 'light and playful' epic has chosen is somewhat circumscribed. Instead of endeavouring, as he well might do, to gain a height commanding

Ὅσον δ' ηγεσίδες αὐτῆς ἰδὲν οφθαλμοῖσι
Ἡμῖνος ἐν σκοπῇ λαυσσών ἐπὶ οἰνοπαῶν ποταμῶν.

he contents himself with as much as may be seen from any given balcony in Grosvenor-square.

In the long, but by no means tedious preface which ushers in the poem, he has done his best to conciliate the suffrages of his readers by a well managed appeal to the foible which renders the hero and the saint as vulnerable as the school girl. But we are not disposed to quarrel with his blandishments, which, to say the least of them, are bestowed with more delicacy and discrimination than was practised in the age of folios, when the 'scavans en us,' even the most savage of them, did not scruple to address whoever chanced to look into their volumes, as an 'erudite and studious reader.' He has also made it the vehicle of an attack upon his fellow competitors for public favour, the severity of which is not diminished by his strict adherence to the parliamentary etiquette, by which a speaker is authorized to employ any imaginable appellation for the purpose of denoting an opponent, except his christian and surname, and to impute as much delinquency to him as may be found convenient, provided he is decorously termed 'the honourable member.'

Thus our author appears to criticise all his contemporaries, yet names no one except by innuendo. And with every demonstration

tion of respect for their 'eminent talents' and 'powerful verses,' he declares in plain terms, that these 'poets of genius' have 'corrupted and perverted the taste of their delighted and devoted readers,' and placed themselves on an unfair vantage ground, which leads the public to class their works 'above pieces of merit infinitely superior, but which charm only by the simple beauties of poetry itself:' whilst our 'serious and descriptive poetry' has been so injurious to 'grace and liveliness,' by seeming to have too important an office to allow it to 'stop and trifle with the airy and shadowy beings that may come across it in its way,' that 'the reader, assimilated gradually in sentiment to the prevailing feelings of the bard who has frequently delighted him, learns at last, or almost learns, to consider poetry as only the perfection of animated prose.'

These are serious charges; and in justice to those who may be affected by them, it is fitting that the reader should have an opportunity of examining some of the points taken by this writer, whose prose, betraying many symptoms of prejudication and haste, will perhaps acquire a greater air of authority, from the incontestable care bestowed upon the poem which it accompanies, than he himself intended it to possess. He has also connected his strictures on modern poetry with a short but comprehensive view of the national manners and literature, during a period, which it is important, on many accounts, should be placed in a true light.

'The fashion of our poetic taste,' it is our author's opinion, 'and the fashion of our general manners, exhibit at present a contrast, which the philosophic observer of the varieties of human judgment and caprice cannot fail to remark. If an estimate of our national character were to be formed in our drawing-rooms, and in those places of promiscuous resort, which are still even a little more public than the most crowded of private saloons, we should unquestionably be ranked as a people of the gay,—or at least, since our efforts to be gay are not always very happy, as a people of determined lovers of gaiety. But, if it were on the prevailing poetry of the time that the estimate were to be founded, there can be as little doubt, that we should be characterized as a far more serious generation than the gentlemen in buckram, and the ladies in hoops and stomachers, who preceded us at the distance of more than a century; when to listen, with a decorous modesty of every feature, was the great accomplishment of youthful beauty, as it is now to talk and laugh with grace, and when a smile of easy gaiety on a blooming cheek, in the presence of a stranger of a different sex, was a portent, at which mothers and grandmothers gathered their brows and looked grave.'—pp. i. ii. iii.

With the theory, by which the writer accounts for this supposed contrast, we shall have little direct concern; it is ingenious, but sometimes founded on insufficient premises, as may be instanced in the concluding sentences of the extract just made. *Indeed we can*

can scarcely account for this flattering display of the virtues of our female ancestors in the fourth degree, and which we fear is far too edifying to be applicable to any period since the happy days '*when Bertha span*,' save by supposing it to be penned in some old picture gallery. Surrounded by the effigies of his great-great grandfathers and grandmothers, an involuntary association of ideas deluded him into the belief, that the minds, as well as the bodies of the originals of the paintings, were fettered and protected by their unwieldy dresses. The fair one's heart, he fancied, must have been unassailable beneath a panoply of whalebone; and nothing less serious than a charge to the jury, or the clergy, could be matured beneath the venerable curls of a full-bottomed periwig. Had he walked into his library, and refreshed his memory by referring to the portraits of this hooped and buckramed generation, which speak in the pages of their contemporaries, he would have found that he had been canonizing the departed without listening to the devil's advocate: and that even the cross-stitch and tent-stitch which gave birth to so many

'Lapdogs and lambkins with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beaks,'

were as little able to banish the original sin of coquetry, as the 'oils and ochres, and the thousand stains' of the more tasteful employment which he assigns to our present race of tormenters.

He then continues,

'To state fully the circumstances by which the opposite character of the manners and literature of these different periods seems to have been produced, would require more room than the limits of a preface afford. Some of them are undoubtedly to be traced to peculiar events in our civil history, when opposition to the rigid austerities of puritanism forced out, from the courtly party, a more abundant licentiousness of gaiety than would have been otherwise evolved; and when, with little virtue and not much profound statesmanship round the most profligate of our sovereigns, there was always "a ring of witty courtiers round their witty king."

'Other courts brought more severity of manners. But the powerful direction, which had been given to genius, did not admit of so rapid a change. . . . The gravity of the court of William was a powerful check to the frivolous licentiousness that had flowed from the court of Charles: but it did not prevent the influence of "the wits of Charles" on the wit that was to render illustrious the succeeding reign. . . . But it is still more to circumstances, that must be the same in every country in which education is extensively diffused, and the various ranks of educated society mingle with each other, that I would ascribe the contrast at present so remarkable. When the advantage of refined instruction is limited to an aristocracy, elegance of manners will be confined, or nearly confined, within the same little

sphere. To possess the tone of that society is to be in some measure distinguished; to acquire it is an object of proud desire;—and the poet, who is perhaps the most ambitious of all men, will be the quickest to feel that peculiar ambition. He will wish to shew that he is a great master of his art, and to shew also that he is a gentleman; and while the influence of this wish prevails it is not wonderful, that there should appear some exquisite pieces of light and brilliant fancy, together probably with myriads of such verses, as were thrown off, without the trouble of thinking, by “the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.”—pp. iii—vii.

“Be the cause what it may, however, the fact is certain—that the light and playful fancy, which amused the gravity of our great-grandfathers, is now but little visible in the poetry of their gayer grandchildren. Even our satire, partaking of the selfishness of our serious passions, is only for the leaders or followers of a political party; and, beyond the compass of an epigram or an epilogue, a song or a parody, it seems to us scarcely conceivable, that there should be any relation of verse and smiles.”—pp. viii, ix.

Like other travellers, the rapidity of our author’s movements has led him to adopt many opinions respecting the nature of the country which he would have altered had he retraced his route. His ‘Pisgah sight’ of manners and poetry appears to commence about the reign of Charles the Second, and to close with that of the last of the Stuarts: a nearer examination of society under the former may lead us to form a more favourable opinion of its maturity.

The reign of the ‘Saints’ had little influence on the general character of the nation. The Puritans only formed the garrison; and after the drum had beat the rounds, and the gates were closed, the townsmen tried to forget the requisitions and contributions of the day, and passed their time within doors much in the same manner as if the ramparts were unoccupied. Even under the first James and his successors, so far from ‘refined instruction’ and elegance ‘of manners’ being confined to the lofty halls of *Alba Regia*, or at best within the limits of the ‘Board of Green Cloth,’ the brilliant atmosphere of the court forced its way into the gloomy recesses and narrow streets of the city, and pervaded, perhaps tainted, the pure air breathed by the lesser gentry, connected by the ties of blood with the titled branch of the aristocracy, and by habitual intercourse and friendship with the burgess and the yeoman.

The refinements, such as they were, which then distinguished the aristocracy of rank, or wealth, or letters, from the herd, were disseminated throughout the country by many powerful causes which have long ceased to act. The great provincial towns enjoyed a more decided influence than under the present state of things. London, although it has always been the head and heart of the kingdom,

kingdom; was not so exclusively the seat of the governing powers as in more recent times. Even the minor state and dignity of the president and council of Wales threw some degree of splendour on the adjoining district. The progresses of the monarch were more cordial and permanent than the royal visits of modern days; and the tenants of St. Stephen had hardly fixed themselves in their present domicile. Neither did the commercial preponderance of the metropolis throw the traffic of the out-ports, when singly considered, into comparative insignificance. Trade, as has been often observed, is slow in quitting her old haunts, and her good or evil attendants were brought nearer to the doors of the unmercantile classes.

The merchants of the Hanse and the Netherlands resorted as of old to the coasts of the North Sea, and the spirited youth found a ready conveyance from the moated mansion of his forefathers to the camp of the Austrian emperor; from which he returned with as many limbs as had escaped the culverine and the sabre, honoured with a black eagle in his escutcheon, and embued with the romantic bravery and fanciful gallantry, which characterised the soldiers of fortune formed in that school of chivalrous enterprise. Spain still made her consignments, almost exclusively, to the western ports. There is hardly a family in Wales, the Marches, or the west country, that cannot show a Spanish merchant in its pedigree. This intercourse kept alive the partiality for the luxurious habits and artificial literature of the south which had been fostered by former political connexions: and the same vessels that were heavily laden with more useful wares, found room for a bale or two of the newest collections of 'solidades' and sonnets, and 'famosas comedias,' together with a due assortment of pastillos and chocolate.

To London, and indeed to the kingdom at large, the Mediterranean trade in general was productive of advantages not to be found in the channels of commercial adventure which have supplanted it. Venice or Naples sent the merchant to his home, acquainted with their language and 'humanities,' and a little tinged with their licentiousness. But at all events, Donna Olimpia must have required somewhat better manners in an admirer than Quasheba. In short we must not undervalue the acquirements of the old English gentleman on account of his profound admiration of the political wisdom of the magnificent Signory and the Grand Turk. And if the 'refinement' of society is to be estimated by ball-room scenes, which stern morality may think it proper to censure, the antagonists of waltzing may strike the balance of iniquity between this German importation and the home-spun provocative of 'Joan Saunderson, or the cushion dance.'

If, on the one hand, there was more general 'refinement' and less of sober gravity amongst our ancestors in the foregoing periods; we think on the other, that the general cast of their poetry was not the 'levity' which the author has ascribed to it. The muse, it is true, would sometimes dwell on a luscious description, and smile at a double meaning, when it would have beseeemed her better to have blushed, and looked down: but these were only her unguarded moments. His quotations apply to times when the summits of Parnassus were yet gilded by the parting beams of the great luminaries. The extravagant wit and the refined trifling of the Italians had alloyed the racy versification of the preceding generation, but the features which attested the descent of the 'lighter poetry' from a purer stem were not yet wholly obliterated. Afterwards, indeed, Voiture and St. Evremond succeeded in tempting some of our English wits to throw off the obedience which was due to their natural liege lords, and to assume the uniform of the enemy. Yet sententious melancholy and devotional feeling, inclining either to Catholic mysticism or scriptural simplicity, according to the tenets and politics of the writers, obtained more than an equal share of attention. The hand that had just been employed in 'doing' a madrigal into English, or in penning verses which the world was to admire, as 'a Song to Dorinda by a Person of Quality,' found its next employment in the 'Veni, Creator,' or the Psalms of David. As we approach the epoch of the revolution and the factious, but glorious, reign with which our author's retrospect is closed, we shall find that satire had nearly effected the banishment of every milder vein, and that species of satire too, which partaking of the selfishness of our serious passions was only for the leaders or followers of a popular party. Garret-born satires weighed against the king and the cabinet in high sounding heroics, 'real old-English rumbling verses' as the *Moniteur* entitled a luckless effusion against the 'Corsican,' intercepted on board the *Admiral Aplin*. Political litanies, praying for delivery from Popish treasons and packed juries, were made to the tune of 'Cock Lorrel.' And while the 'famous new song' of 'Ho! brother Teague, dost hear de decree,' assisted the whigs in the establishment of liberty, the partizans of passive obedience made a fruitless effort to counteract the effect by another 'famous new song' upon Van Dunk and the Hogen Mogens.

Perhaps the annals of poetry do not furnish an instance of a more general enlistment of the muses under the banners of party—certainly none when satire became more coarse, personal, and malignant. Whether the gall flowed from a pen of lead or gold, it was equally undiluted. The denizens of Grub-street employed the scourge with the vulgar ferocity of a parish beadle: Dryden and Pope

Pope wielded the imperial knout of the Czar Peter, and the sufferers had only the consolation that they were flogged by no common hands. And whatever claims our 'great-great grandfathers' may have to light and playful 'fancy,' it may be very safely maintained that 'beyond the compass of an epigram or an epilogue, a song or a parody,' they had little anxiety to display it by evincing 'the relation of verses and smiles.'

The author next advances to his remarks upon our modern school of poetry, which was founded about the time of the French revolution. The synchronism is not unworthy of attention. The empire of Gallic criticism finally expired when the crown was torn from the brows of the race under whose auspices it had been raised. And cordially as we hail the restoration of the Bourbons, we deprecate the planting of the smallest slip of the trimmed evergreens of the academy, beyond the natural boundaries of their dominions.

'In this almost exclusive reign of the graver Muses, two styles, of a very different kind, have absorbed and divided the general admiration—the *ballad style* and the *serious descriptive*. Of these the most popular is, without all question, the *ballad style*.—I use the phrase, without meaning in the slightest degree to depreciate, by an humble name, compositions that must be allowed to be of the highest merit, whatever be the denomination employed to include them—and merely to express *that sort of manner*, which was formerly considered as peculiar to short romantic narratives in verse.

That this style has many excellences cannot be denied—and excellences which are perhaps of greater value in the long complicated story of modern poetic romance, than in the short and simple pieces to which it was formerly confined. By its abruptness, it enables the poet to present his pictures more vividly; since it frees him from all the forms of slow and ceremonious transition, which often, in the regular Epic, prepare the reader so fully for what is about to be presented to him, that the picture itself is in a great measure anticipated, and, however new, seems scarcely to have the charm of novelty.'

If the poet, in adopting the style of our ancient minstrels, profit by its licensed abruptness, he profits no less, in the additional force of seeming reality, which he is enabled to give to his descriptions, by a privilege of an opposite kind; the privilege of almost unbounded minuteness of detail. Whole armies may be made to parade before us, with all their caparisons, and weapons of death or defence: and, from the feather of the horse-hair, that dances on the crest, to the ponderous spur on the heel, every piece of every species of accoutrement may be described, with the technical fidelity of a didactic armourer or a controversial antiquarian.'

In a work constructed on a different model, so cumbrous a detail would indeed be rejected, with instant dislike, as implying too little of that selection, which we require in the pictures of an artist, who sets out with the assumption of a character of high finish:—and this constant

stant accompanying impression of want of taste in the poet would deprive his minuteness of the effect, which otherwise it might have succeeded in producing. In the ballad, however, no such counteracting impression exists, to check the spontaneous feelings. The minuteness is considered as in perfect congruity with the species of composition. It is what we expected; and therefore, since it does not bring the author himself before us as a delinquent, it allows us to receive quietly the images, which he presents to us with a distinct particularity, that makes them felt as real and almost familiar.'—p. ix—xiii.

Some degree of mental labour is necessary before the writer's generalizations can be condensed into a visible shape. In truth we must confess that under the descriptions of poets who 'whisk their readers from Great Britain to the Holy Land;' and who admit all sorts of 'harsh and feeble lines' and discordant descriptions in consequence of their reliance that the remembrance of the 'Norfolk Tragedy,' or 'Chevy Chase,' or any other 'fierce and doleful ditty,' will make their imperfections pass 'current' amongst their readers, we have not been able to recognize any of our acquaintance. And, as more or less of the same kind of vague reprehension is visible throughout, one might almost have doubted whether his critical cannons were intended to bear upon any real object, or whether they were not wholly directed against a kind of visionary giant conjured up by his own fancy. In the same manner his zeal to direct the public attention 'to a province that seems to him to have been unworthily neglected,' may perhaps have occasioned him to overlook the extent and chorography of the provinces which have been cultivated. According to his broad and general classification the one of the 'two styles which have absorbed and divided the general admiration' ought to have been considered as including all the compositions, partaking more or less of the character of the epopee, which may, without much impropriety, be denominated modern poetical romances, although their parents possess no other bond of unity, than the rejection of the conventional fetters which encumbered their predecessors. Yet as far as we are able to interpret the cautious obscurity of his criticisms, Mr. Scott, and perhaps the single imitator who has caught his strain, are the only 'poets of genius' to whom they seem to be applied, whatever may have been the reasons which induced him to spare or overlook their contemporaries.

We shall say a few words below on the 'licensed facilities' of this 'ballad style.' As to one of Mr. Scott's failings, we fully coincide in our author's animadversions, at the same time that we dissent from the imputed cause.

'The great and certain evil of the style is the facility of passing current imperfections, which, in any other species of composition, he would be under the necessity of correcting.'

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'The most useful of all lessons, which a poet, or a writer of any kind, can receive, are those which he derives from his own mind, during the process of steadily correcting what is imperfect. Every fault, which is thus removed, prevents many faults of future composition: and he who too readily allows a blemish to remain, in the confidence of its being overlooked, is not merely deprived of the benefit of this salutary self-correction, but will learn to become gradually more and more self-indulgent. It is not in the exorcism of vices of style, as in exorcism of a different kind, in which the banishment of a single devil might be the introduction of many worse. But, if one fault, of which an author is conscious, be suffered to retain its place, a whole legion will soon be there; and the end of that man will be worse than his beginning: his works will be less esteemed, because they will truly be less worthy of esteem.'—pp. xxi—xxii.

Of Mr. Scott's negligence enough and more than enough has been said on other occasions. And we consider it as peculiarly unfortunate, that, whilst he has so far listened to peevish and fastidious criticism, as to degrade his rich and florid architecture into a kind of Battey-Langley Gothic, he has refused to attend to that friendly counsel which might have enabled him to remove those defects which will ever remind posterity, that the last minstrel, as well as the first, occasionally nodded. With all our partiality for Mr. Scott we shall treat him, in one respect, with much less courtesy than our author, and avow without scruple that the 'great and certain evils' which, as he thinks, 'must render the popularity of that style an object of regret to the philosophical critic,' might, not unfairly, be laid to the charge of the 'poet of genius' himself, as long as that 'poet,' by abusing the facility and invention with which he is gifted, would have the public to consider his poems as periodical publications.

The assertion that Mr. Scott has adopted either 'the style of our ancient minstrels,' or the 'dull, and tame, and stiff, and quaint expressions' of the old ballad poetry, is about as correct as it would be to state, that he had adopted the Norman court hand of the manuscripts of the former, or that he had been seen in the streets of Edinburgh, equipped in the costume and bearing the insignia of the reciters of the latter—a tawny coat and a fiddle. But had his imitation of the ancient metrical romance been ever so servile, it is not there that he would have learnt to free himself from all 'the forms of slow and ceremonious transition.' The prevailing defect in those poems is the rigid unbending ceremony with which each succeeding event is ushered in. The 'ballad' is as guiltless in encouraging him in the minuteness of his graphic pictures, which our author states to be in perfect congruity with that species of composition. There was no room for this in a species of composition whose characteristic is action, and not description; and where

the imagery is brought out by bold and massy opposition of light and shade, and not by laboured accuracy of outline.

„ We are then told,

‘ that the ballad style derives much of its powerful impression from its association with the feelings of early years in the romantic literature and traditionary lore of the nursery. Of that little circle of erudition tales of wonders formed the principal part; and even the faintest and most shadowy reminiscences of these, may well be supposed to be attended with some portion of the pleasure with which we view a scene that recalls to us the distant time of our youth.’—p. xiv. ‘ But how many of its peculiar forms that, in themselves, have no beauty, and would be regarded as insufferably dull and tame or stiff and quaint, are consecrated to us only by the remembrance of similar phrases in the early legends of our youth: and where that elevating influence has never been felt, or has ceased to be felt, must appear in their genuine awkwardness or meanness. There can be little doubt, that in such a case, a foreigner who knows our language well, but has studied it only in our best works, will often ascribe to the imitator what was meagre poverty of phrase only in the sorry rhymings which he imitated. Nor is it quite certain, that even in our own country the early associations, which now confer dignity on the occasionally harsh or prosaic phraseology of the ballad, are likely to subsist as long, as that perpetuity of reverence which every poet must wish, for all the forms and phrases of his own works.’—p. xix.

Here we again think that our author is slightly affected by a kind of mental *Erriarism*; and that, as in the cases collected by the doctor, he has mistaken the confused and broken impressions which flit before his mind’s eye, for realities. As far as our nursery recollections extend, Mr. Scott must be honourably acquitted of having conferred any factitious dignity on his poems, by availing himself of the powerful associations alluded to in the text, and which would have been best excited by melodies of another class.

‘ Stay, stay, the nurse is waked, the childe doth crie,
No song so ancient is, as Lulla-bye.’

and Lulla-bye, with some slight variations in the reading, always maintained its ancient pre-eminence. Bye baby bumpkin also shared the task of ‘ lulling the infant to slumbers,’ and the romantic lay of Jack and Jill occasionally succeeded in ‘suspending the sport’ of a mischievous urchin. These were generally warbled by the older matrons; whilst the younger nymphs of the pap-boat sometimes deviated into fragments of Jemmy’s the Lad for me. We cannot keep pace with the gay confusion of our author’s ideas, who warns the poet to beware of the ‘ballad’ because the ghost and goblin may possibly be unknown to the ‘baby philosophers,’ who may hereafter be ‘taught to hup and prattle about experiments and propositions around the very fire where their predecessors laughed or trembled at the tale of the merry fay or cruel genie:’—
if,

if, as we believe, we have given a tolerably correct specimen of the 'rhymings consecrated' as the 'awakeners of emotions of early years,' it must be admitted that the 'associations' which once 'conferred dignity on the occasional harsh or prosaic phraseology of the ballad,' were already disjoined from 'its peculiar forms' when Mr. Scott's readers were yet in long-clothes. The 'fierce and doleful ditties' of Johnson and Deloney had even then become the exclusive inheritance of plodding antiquaries: and if a reprint of *Cat's Skin*, or *Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor*, still hung against an old wall, or lurked at the bottom of the basket of some itinerant Autolycus, it was not once in an age that these venerable relics found a chantress.

Our author has not clearly disclosed the standard by which he estimates poetic excellence, for, although he censures explicitly enough, he praises only by implication: we are therefore unqualified to meet him on the supposed injuries which both the poet and the readers sustain, in consequence of the 'licensed facilities' of the ballad style, assuming for the nonce that Mr. Scott has really profited by them. Some of his doctrines, however, whether right or wrong, and which he has clearly enounced, he has contradicted in practice with equal perspicuity. After shewing the impropriety of relying upon associations which are likely to interest as long, as that 'perpetuity of reverence which every poet must wish for all the terms and phrases of his own works,' he describes *his* work as addressed to a 'small circle,' and requiring in those whom it addresses, a qualification which we fear will be rather singular an hundred years hence, when we trust it will not be wholly forgotten; 'a knowledge of the tone of that society from which its heroes and heroines are drawn.' And he who inveighs *ex cathedrâ* against all 'local and temporary and accidental associations,' and especially those arising from any remembrance of the 'tale of the merry fay, or cruel genie,' has violated his most solemn precepts in the following exquisite passage, which we venture to assure him will not lose its interest with posterity, even though *Mother Bunch* and *Mother Goose* should both be banished from the nursery by Dr. Hutton and Sir Humphry Davy.

Tales of my nursery! shall that still lov'd spot,
That window corner, ever be forgot,
Where thro' the woodbine when with upward ray
Gleam'd the last shadow of departing day,
Still did I sit, and with unwearied eye,
Read while I wept, and scarcely paused to sigh!
In that gay drawer, with fairy fictions stored,
When some new tale was added to my hoard,
While o'er each page, my eager glance was flung,
'Twas but to learn what female fate was sung;

If

If no sad maid the castle shut from light,
 I heeded not the giant and the knight.
 ' Sweet Cinderella, even before the ball,
 How did I love thee,—ashes, rags, and all!
 What bliss I deem'd it to have stood beside,
 On every virgin when thy shoe was tried!
 How long'd to see thy shape the slipper suit!
 But, dearer than the slipper, lov'd the foot.'—pp. 11, 12.

As we have now fairly entered upon our author's verses, we shall not return to the less grateful task of analyzing the remainder of the preface; we shall merely observe, that the inefficacy of the antidote which he proposes against the prosaic tendency of 'the serious descriptive style' which 'accustoms us to look on man as man, on nature as nature, with more vividness but almost with the exact truth of prose,' p. xxxix. will be best evinced by adverting to its effects in the poem.

'The character in which the poet professes to speak, is that of the poet of woman—he is supposed to be addressing woman and woman only, and addressing her 'on adventures of which she is the heroine, and on charms and graces, which it is the whole history of her beauty to have exercised with failure or success.' We have already seen that the gaunt warriors of chivalry, have scared him from the portal; he saddens at the awful frown of the sister-muses, and takes refuge in the arms of a kinder power,

POET OF WOMAN,—for that proudest name
 I leave the contest of all meaner fame.
 Let man, the niggard of a chill renown,
 For fools who court it, save his laural crown;
 Unworthy he of rapture, who would pay
 One leaf of myrtle for whole wreaths of bay,—p. 6.

The difficulty of delineating the most universal of all passions, the love of woman-kind, will be best appreciated by reflecting how seldom the poetry of which it is the theme can be read with patience or pleasure. When the poet is, or wishes to appear in earnest, he will frequently fall into the opposite errors of ascending into unintelligible raptures, or sinking into gross and repulsive sensuality; when he trifles with his object, he will sparkle in bold conceits, or degenerate into mere whine and sing-song. And the professed laureats of Cytherea have seldom united the inspiration which entitles them to the name of poet, with sufficient discretion to restrain them from abusing it.

Our author has made good his claim to the title which he has assumed, with a singular degree of happiness and originality. Although unwilling to indulge in any of those platonic dreams, which teach that the frail frame in which beauty is embodied, is beneath the

the notice of a true lover; his passion is but a few degrees higher than voluptuousness in its nascent state, when the admirer begins to find that the contemplation of his lady's eyebrow is not quite substantial enough to satisfy his longing. Had the passion now been portrayed in relation to a single object, although the heart might have had little or no concern in the business, yet its accompaniments, hope and anxiety, would have given it a character bordering on the serious affections, and it would not be consonant to our author's plan to have placed it in this point of view. He has therefore transferred it to the sex itself, at the same time intermixing so much individuality, as to indicate that he is really embodying the sensations that have or may have been excited by some fair one. It is the gallantry of the 'ancien régime,' without its hollowness and profligacy, and yet glowing with more desire; for it is the conquest itself that he covets, and not the empty glory of being the conqueror.

The playful elegance which best accords with such a passion, extends its charm to his descriptions of the workings of the mind, or of the objects of nature; but whilst he purposely neglects the features on which the reflecting poet would dwell, he seizes those which, to the light-hearted bard of woman, retrace her universal empire: and every now and then a vein of irony discloses itself, which seems to shew that an inborn inclination to almost cynical severity, has been humanized only by her unseen influence. The rhythmical melody and easy flow of his versification deserve the highest praise that can be bestowed upon this portion of the art. The rhyme is uniformly full and correct. There is hardly a cadence that can grate on the most fastidious ear, or a pause that does not enhance the harmony of the line. His language is rich in idiom, an aroma too frequently lost in the poetical alembic. Nor has he taken any of those licences which in a poem of this length might be considered as venial transgressions; we find none of those harsh constructions and awkward inversions which even Campbell has tolerated.

The author has occasionally united his luxuriant and vigorous conceptions with considerable delicacy of thought and expression; and in the following his beauties derive an additional zest, from their union with the subdued, yet sportive humour which we have noticed. He is addressing Ovid.

Boonest of tell-tales, that to mortal eye
Giv'st the soft scandal of the laughing sky!
How dear that far-past day, when first, by chance,
Thy picture'd miracles detain'd my glance!
Thou'st in that room, scarce known to sun and air,
Still call'd the Study, tho' no student there;

Where,

Where, but one day in seven with books perplex;
 The chaplain sought his sermon *with* his text,
 And still the shortest, which his hand might trace,
 His weary hand, ere dinner called to grace;—
 There, hid in dust, beneath the cobweb'd store
 Of reverend tomes, as heavy as their lore,
 I found, and, while he slumber'd off the toil
 Of two long periods, bore away my spoil.
 With what insatiate hope my gaze I fed,
 And, wondering still, yet trusted all I read!
 And while undoubting from the verse I drew,
 Joys, loves, and fears, and wishes, all how new,
 Where'er I glanc'd Olympus seem'd to rise;
 Nurse Rachel's self a *goddess* in disguise.
 —Yet ah! tho' now a *Woman's* form she wore,
 My rose-cheek'd cousin might be mine no more.
 What terror, when, each tale of wonder done,
 The fate of thousand nymphs I fear'd for *one*!
 Some god might sue:—and though, in careless pride,
 With every god a rival by my side,
 Her love I safe had trusted, sure to see
 Immortal suppliants scorn'd, and scorn'd for *me*,
 Yet might their vengeance strike each frailer part,
 And change her *charms*,—that could not change her *heart*.
 'That very eve, when she, whom oft to greet
 A welcome guest I ran with ready feet,
 Too long a stranger, to a home of joy
 Return'd, and sought with early glance her boy;
 Clasp'd on her knee once more, and smil'd to own
 Her little fondling on his favourite throne;
 Even on that happy seat, while gay I press'd
 The bending lip, caressing and caress'd,
 How did I tremble, lest some jealous power
 To a chill leaf should turn that living flower!
 How oft I almost fancied from her charms
 A sudden foliage rustling in my arms,
 And starting, while a doubtful glance I rais'd,
 Felt even her kiss turn colder, as I gaz'd!
 'Dire was the terror:—yet, how wildly dear,
 What wishes more than paid that single fear;
 Hopes, at whose boyish faith my sager skill
 Laughs *without scorn*, and almost owns them still,—
 False as light visions that in slumber wave,
 Yet O! how real in the joy they gave.'—pp. 13—16.

The fable of the poem—we would willingly forget that it has any—may be briefly told, and almost in the words of the author. The first part is introductory,—the last is supplemental. In the second Zephyra bids farewell to the arts and pleasures of coquetry, finding the inadequacy of those pleasures to compensate the anxieties

ties and disappointments which attend them; and she takes a solemn vow of abjuration. The Genius of Coquetry descends in the third part, and that, and the fourth, and part of the fifth, are occupied by his lessons, and by a kind of battle-dore and shuttle-cock conversation, which ends by his investing her with the 'cestus of levity.' By the aid of this cestus, Zephyra is able to accompany her guide to the star of Paradise; she passes near the Purgatory where the guilty belles expiate their transgressions, and at length is admitted into the bowers of Paradise itself. Its 'joys' and graces are described in the eighth part, towards the close of which she becomes impatient at her own invisibility in the midst of adoration of which she cannot partake, and the wish to quit it places her on the ottoman from which she took her flight. She retires to sleep, visions steal upon her soul of the colonel sighing 'tamed in pride', a slave and penitent; till, with 'wrinkled cheek of gloom,' the envoy of the Emperor of Morocco enters, when the former is neglected in the transporting hope which she entertains of winning the 'green turban,' 'hoary beard,' and other charms of the 'lord of seventy wives.'

'Such Zephyra's mild vision, till at last
Sleep o'er her frame a dreamless quiet cast,
Gave the warm eye in softer dew to swim,
Sooth'd the quick pulse, that throbb'd thro' every limb,
And lenient nurs'd, for renovatèd sway,
The charms and triumphs of the coming day.'—p. 230.

Our readers are now enabled to form an estimate of the talents of this writer, and of the diligence with which he has cultivated them. These he has exercised in an anxious endeavour to avoid the real and imaginary transgressions of his poetical brethren; and his taste, refined, but not correct, has led him to seek for new sources of poetie pleasure—we must add with regret, that, considering his work as a whole, he has entirely and lamentably failed. He has marred the effect of his cabinet gems, by placing them by the side of transparencies, whose tawdry glare throws an unnatural paleness on their velvet softness and delicate finish; and he has connected them by contrivances, which keep the muscles in a most distressing state between a simper and a yawn, during the perusal of dozens of successive pages.

Whenever he speaks through the medium of his character, the graceful nature which he possessed in the first person disappears, and he becomes stiff, frosty, and affected. Take, for instance, the part in which the action of the poem begins. It opens with a dewy description of the morning hour, in which the freshness of the scene seems to have been transferred into the verse, rendered still more attractive

attractive by the contrast of the good-humoured satire into which it passes.

' Sweet hour of morn, whose half-creative ray
Calls the fresh world exulting into day,
When every bird is song, and every bloom,
That breathes along the valley, is perfume !
Let rustic maids, still faithful to thy power,
Gay as the bird, and rosy as the flower,
Attend the matin hymn !—Thy beam shall rise
Unhail'd, unworshipp'd, by politer eyes.
Her pallet tho' the village girl forsakes,
Whose simple day is that which Nature makes,
Hastes to her field, while larks are first in air,
And finds her cows, and earlier lover, there ;
Shall Beauty, whom light hours of angels suit,
Watch, eat, and slumber, with the clown and brute ?
No ! from the ceiling let the lustre fall,
And silver radiance stream along the wall !
Pure as the light of heaven's ethereal day,
Which sees no wretch, and shines but on the gay.'—pp. 29, 30.

And these pleasing lines prove the introduction to Zephyra's eternal threnody, delivered in a kind of snip-snap, at which the point is kindly 'made easy to the meanest capacity' by a change of type:—

' That easy mark, which asks but vulgar eyes,
While darker wit speaks only to the wise.'—p. 36.

And of her less ambitious lamentations which run on from break to break in resounding languor :

' O ! had I rather join'd the motley throng
Of crowns and cowls, the sermon and the song,
Seen every age assume the freakish fit,
And heard what folly fools can reckon wit :
Where, tho' the face be mask'd, the mind is spied,
—That glaring part which never mask could hide—
And mighty heirs of acres and renown
Appear what nature meant them, *fool or clown* ;
While Nymphs, who never read Minerva's fame,
Still know themselves a goddess *by the name*,
And, tho' unskill'd in action to express
The Power of Wisdom, shew her *by her dress*,
That easy mark, which, &c. &c.'—pp. 35, 36.

Which with some hundreds of others, in the same style, are terminated by her solemn vow, which, as in the former extracts, we give in all its original pungency of italics and capitals.

' —No ! if to *one* my freedom I must yield,
The patient Baronet must quit the field.
I sure

I ~~may~~ ^{may} wish, without coquetry's tricks,
 To win *one other lover*, ere I fix :—
 But let the Colonel at my feet adore;
 Past are my wanderings, and *I flirt no more*.
 ' Sooner shall maids, who loath a single bed,
 Elope to *Doctors Commons*, to be wed;
 And, some gay new gallant too fondly seen,
 Find proctors and divorce, at *Gretna Green*;—
 Sooner shall man, who, in the marriage rite,
 Boasts rule and lordship, be a husband *quite*,
 And brides, who vow to honour and *obey*,
 The oath remember, and renounce the sway;—
 Each Opera-box at midnight prayer be seen,
 And sermons be, what novels long have been;
 Even Fashion's fickle self to change forget,
 And turn a Quaker,—ERE I TURN COQUETTE.—p. 61.

This kind of monologue, which fills one entire part, is followed by the dialogues between the heroine and her agathodemon, which occupy a great many more; in which the sentiments and manners of the interlocutors have such a marvellous coincidence, and the questions and answers, expostulations and exculpations, fit on to each other with so much accuracy, that we can only compare it to the animation of Gerard Legh's 'familiar talk,' between Legh—and Gerard. It never approaches the life of the quarrel between the cups, as managed by Carlo Buffone, when he 'kindled his imagination,' and 'talked crackers and firework.' As to the greater part of this 'colloquy,' this 'celestial tête-à-tête,' as we are taught to call it, in which the heroine 'carries on, almost without intentionally willing it, a sort of gentle flirtation with the genius himself,' the author expresses himself concerning it in a manner which shews that he yet harbours some little proportion of the 'sin of all sins, which the devil loves most.'

'So fully am I aware of the probable influence of former habits of poetical reading of a different kind, in the far greater proportion of my readers, that I have little doubt that ninety-nine of the hundred, *if I may venture to calculate on so large a number*, will consider as censurable in the poem, what, I trust, that one in the hundred will regard with approbation; and what, for the sake of that one mind, with the prospect of such a disproportion in the number of censurers, I have not hesitated to retain.'

These alternations of flutter and torpidity never leave us until the concluding part, 'the Praise of Coquetry,' when the actors and the scenery disappear, and the poet resumes all his pristine animation.

It is rather amusing that a writer, who appears quite horror-struck at the slightest assimilation to the 'dull rudeness of discernment'

ment' of the 'barbarous ages,' or to the taste of 'our feudal ancestors,' should have wedded himself to the cloudy allegory, which, in the middle ages, succeeded to the symbolical and mythographical poetry of the ancients. Whatever 'delight' we may owe to 'Venus and the Graces, when introduced to us by bards, whom the divinities seem to have gladly admitted into their train,' he cannot surely fail to remember that the 'embodied shapes' which he has chosen to imitate are the lineal and lawful descendants of the 'allegorical beings' with which 'the universe was first peopled' by the fancy of prosing monks and devout chevaliers, flogged into their accidence at five-and-forty, thick, round-headed men, on whose foreheads Dr. Spurzheim would have felt in vain for a single organ; who had just book-learning enough to qualify them to rarify 'Venus and the Graces' into the airy nothing of a rhetorical flourish; and thus to compromise matters with their orthodoxy, which otherwise would have compressed these deities into succubæ.

We do not know whether the sage cabalist Zedechias, who is asserted to have been one of the earliest confidants of the sylphs, had the merit of inventing the mythology unfolded in the *Comte de Gabalis*. But whatever its source may have been, the hand of genius might cause its plastic nature to assume the most pleasing forms. A better groundwork for poetic invention cannot well be found than in these ærial beings; partaking so much of matter, as to sympathize with human nature, although without sharing its grossness; so spiritual as to give rise to some degree of awe, and at the same time invested neither with the malignity of the demon, nor the sanctity which deters us from making too free a use of the celestial hierarchy; too powerful to be subservient, like Ariel, to the will of a sorcerer, yet ever ready to obey the calls of friendship; more familiar than the glendoveer—more dignified than the fairy.

Far different is the machinery of this poem. The Genius has enough of the spirit about him to create alarm upon his first appearance in Zephyra's dressing-room, in a brainsick shape, as repugnant to poetical costume, as the Cardinal Virtues of burnished copper, with their names and attributes tattooed in 'letters fayre and blew' upon their breasts, which adorn the history of *Graunde Amoure* and *La Bell Pucel* of old Stephen Hawes, sometime groom to his Highness King Henry the Seventh.

'No backward pinion from his shoulder sprung,
But, where the heart its changeful current flings,
Flow'd round his breast a beamy zone of wings.'—p. 71.

And when this strange half-fledged Papageno is surveyed with attention, it is instantly observable that the real, warm heroine of flesh

flesh and blood, is walking arm in arm with the ghost of a defunct prosopopoeia.

The fable unites further imperfections which will injure it in the estimation of those whose applause our author considers with reason as the most valuable. Suggested, as it is, by one of the noblest monuments of the human intellect, it has the sickening effect which burlesque and travesty produce upon every mind capable of appreciating the beauties of the profaned original, without the poor merit of affording a transient laugh. The author requires his readers to come to the perusal of his 'light and playful epic,' acquainted with 'those beauties of graver poetry, which are often meant to be suggested to his mind, not with the coarseness of parody indeed, but in shadowy allusions which, without the coarseness, have all the light contrast of parody itself.' (p. xliii.) His slight imitations of similes and descriptions, in ancient or modern poets, from Homer down to Southey, have little to be said either for or against them. But what satisfaction can a reader, impressed with the gloomy majesty of Dante, derive from having one of the most solemn passages of the *Inferno* brought to his recollection by the flippant contrast of our author's verses? They form a part of the description of the purifying chambers of the dead, destined for the reception of those who are yet unmeet for *Paradise*.

'She heard; yet anxious trembled still, and cast
A shuddering look behind her, as she pass'd.

As thro' the cavern's glittering vault they wound,
Burst, startling, on the Maid a well-known sound.
Now, as from distant chambers, now more near
Wide-spreading laughter peal'd upon her ear,
Not the gay mirth of beaux and virgins blest,
Which, sure to follow, scarcely waits the jest,
But such as, rival beauty's shame to swell,
In scornful titters flies from belle to belle.

A wondering look the Genius saw her raise,
And knew the silent question of her gaze.
Nay, loveliest! think not, what thy ear alarms
Some earthly blemish scoffs of mortal charms.
Unmark'd thou tread'st;—and, tho' all eyes should see,
Can voice of ridicule have sounds for thee?
Yet once,—but not so fair—like thee on earth
They shone, whose anguish gave that laughter birth.
Within this arching rock—Even now we pass
The close-barr'd portals———pp. 144-5.

The imitation of Dante involves other defects. It may be questioned whether it be not an unwarrantable violation of poetical propriety to introduce, in a poem of this nature, any sportive allusions, however 'shadowy' those allusions may be, to the opinions which

the elder divines, both of this and other churches, have held respecting the enjoyments of the partakers of the beatific vision. It may be answered that the idle fancies of dreaming schoolmen are entitled to little respect: yet when we consider the train of ideas inevitably consequential upon such descriptions, we cannot fail to be convinced of their unfitness in poetry, 'whose very essence it is to give a gay importance to very little matters.' Nor can we approve of the introduction of departed souls, even of the souls of coquettes, under such views as seem intended to make the reader almost waver in his faith, and doubt whether the Mahometan creed be not the soundest. There is a striking instance of this impropriety in a passage in which Zephyra is made to recognize a lost companion, in which some simple and highly pathetic lines form so unpleasing a contrast with the tinsel frame in which they are placed, that they seem to mock at every better feeling.

“ Lo there, who, to thy merry childhood true,
In romp, and laugh, and frolic ever new,
Soon heard a solemn confidant more dear,
Thy heart's first sighs, so sweet to tell and hear;
In the same winter with thy beauty's glow,
Burst on the world, tho' rival scarce a foe:—
Both friends, both fair!—Even half a winter past,
Still seem'd that wondrous constancy to last.
Spring glisten'd on her tomb—Now see her shine!
Know'st thou that grace, long second but to thine?
On her thy glance be fix'd!”—“ On Laura!” said,
With half a sigh of faltering grief, the maid.

‘ *The sigh was fondly true.—O'er memory came,
In many a crowding thought, the childish game,
The busy eve, that decked them for the ball,
The plans, the hopes, the joys,—now mournful all:*
Yet, if less grace immortal beauty wore,
That sigh had haply mourn'd the mortal more.

‘ Fair was the form.—No smile so radiant there
Gleam'd the wide loveliness where all were fair,
And bright the gallant throng, that round her seat
Breath'd sweetest sounds, where every sound was sweet.
Loose o'er a harp her fingers stray'd:—her arm,
Like the soft melody's embodied charm,
Hung o'er the strings, light-floating, and around
One mingling music shed of sight and sound;
For bent tho' every brow, and fix'd to hear,
As fix'd, as busy, seem'd the eye as ear.

“ Now,” said the Genius, “ skill'd in looks of praise,
Now mark the charm when heavenly listeners gaze!
Oft, when thy voice divine would give to air
The sweetest sounds earth's heavy fog can bear,

How

How has it dull'd thee, mid the gathering throng,
 To scan the fops and fools that hail'd thy song,—
 No brow of beaming mind,—the listless whole
 Eyes without ears, or ears without a soul :—
 And when thou heard'st the constant praises swell,
 Which say,—the song is o'er and all is well,—
 Chill felt'st thou on thy heart those raptures strike,
 Which every happy squaller wins alike.
 Now see a judging band ! now learn to prize
 Such praise as glistens in celestial eyes."—pp. 210—212.

The same perversion of taste is equally obvious in another of his 'embodied shapes of the fairy world of fancy, which, powerful as they are in embellishment, it is too much the fashion of modern poetry to disregard,' (p. xli.) his whimsical, yet horrible caricature of death and her attendant train of diseases. The poet has declared 'his wish to excite, as much as his art allows him, such feelings as are awakened by the presence of beauty herself; and his verse and the images which his verse presents must conspire in the delightful effect with according influence.' This paragraph ill accords with the verses with which we shall conclude our extracts.

"Seest thou who, watchful of the path, askance
 Still on the entrance turns her lurid glance?
 That form is death."—As sickly tremors start
 The sound flow'd shivering thro' the maiden's heart.
 No spectre gaunt she saw, of bones entwin'd,
 With scythe half brandished, as to sweep mankind,
 But a plump dame, of pamper'd aspect sly,
 With fiendlike scowling merriment of eye.—p. 140.

'Couch'd at the dame's proud seat on either hand,
 Grim maladies reclin'd, a ghastly band,

Each o'er the frame with dews of venom'd gall
 Breathes different taints,—but dire to beauty all.
 One with foul blotches clouds the limpid face,
 And delyes a little grave for every grace;
 Another, where the rose's blush was seen,
 Bids sickly yellow fade in sicklier green.
 From the soft form that swam upon the sight,
 Full circling, yet like floating fairies light,
 One the sweet roundness steals;—nor lighter grown,
 More heavy seems the flat cold length of bone.
 Another foe to frolic charms that trance,
 With graceful airs, the circle or the dance,
 Bloats in huge amplitude the shoulder slim
 And gives the body's bulk to every limb.
 Belles sneer remembering:—gentler beaux sedate
 The present view, and leave the past to fate.'—p. 143.

We shall have some difficulty in persuading ourselves that such images 'harmonize with the light and sportive solemnities' of which the poem treats, or that the attempts at wit and levity, with which they are combined, can be otherwise than discordant to every ear. In 'the powerful and dignified species of poetry' in which our country has a higher claim to superiority than 'in any other which could be named,' disease, decay, and death, objects from which the human mind must always recoil at the first glance, acquire the most powerful of all charms from the 'trains of moral reflection and accordant images' which it exhibits. In the old grotesque Dances of Death, however ludicrous the contrast afforded by some of the figures may have been, the sensation ultimately excited was only a sorrowful smile for the vainglory and transitory bloom of dust and ashes: but the sportiveness of our author is akin to the merriment of a lazar-house muse, and must always appear painful to those who have sustained the most searching of all trials, the premature loss of youthful worth or beauty, and irrelevant even to those who have been exempted from them.

We have now noticed some of the merits and many of the faults of this unknown writer. His incontestible talents and the assiduous care which he has bestowed upon the poem deserve the warmest praise. In submitting our observations to the public we have endeavoured, as far as the frailty of our critical nature would allow us, to avoid that species of criticism which, in the noble language of one who had suffered from it,

' — makes a learned and a liberal soul
To rive his stained quill up to the back
And damn his long watch'd labours to the fire;
Things that were born when none but the still night
And the dumb candle saw his pinching throes.'

And in this instance, if we have ventured to enlarge upon the author's failings, we have been excited to do so merely because he has laboured hard to warp his genius, and to deprive himself of the meed which he might so fairly have claimed.

ART. IX.—*Oriental Memoirs: selected and abridged from a Series of Familiar Letters written during Seventeen Years' Residence in India: including Observations on Parts of Africa and South America, and a Narrative of Occurrences in four India Voyages. Illustrated by Engravings from Original Drawings.* By James Forbes, F.R.S. &c. Four vols. 4to. London. 1813.

'SEEING the Almighty,' says an old traveller, 'hath given me grace to return to my native country, after having for eighteen years coasted and travelled in the Indies, I thought it good, as briefly

briefly as I could, to write and set forth this voyage made by me, with the marvellous things I have seen in my travels; the mighty princes that govern those countries; their religion and faith that they have; the rites and customs which they use and live by; of the divers success that happened unto me, and how many of these countries are abounding in spices, drugs, and jewels. And that my countrymen may more commodiously rejoice at this my travel, I have caused it to be printed in this order; and I now present it to thee, gentle and loving reader, by whom, for the varieties of things herein contained, I hope that it shall be with great delight received. And thus God of his goodness keep thee? With this beautiful passage from Cæsar Fredericke, as a motto, Mr. Forbes introduces his magnificent work. He must be an ungrateful reader whom such a text does not predispose to be pleased. This disposition is increased by the preface. There the author tells us that he left England before he had attained his sixteenth year, with a little knowledge of drawing, and an ardent desire to see and note the manners of foreign countries. At that early age he began the materials from which these volumes are composed. His drawings and letters occupy fifty-two thousand pages, contained in a hundred and fifty folio volumes, the work of his own hands. They formed the principal recreation of his life. The pursuit beguiled the monotony of four India voyages, and cheered his solitary residence in the interior of that country; softened the long period of absence from his native land, and afterwards mitigated the rigour of captivity and the pressure of domestic sorrow. 'Drawing,' he says, 'to me had the same charm as music to the soul of harmony. In my secluded situation in Guzerat I seemed to be blest with another sense. My friends in India were happy to enlarge my collection; the sportsman suspended his career after royal game to procure me a curiosity; the Hindoo often brought a bird or insect for delineation, knowing it would then regain its liberty; and the Brahmin supplied specimens of fruit and flowers from his sacred inclosures.' From these pursuits, so delightful, so useful, and so honourable, it was Mr. Forbes's fortune to derive a great and unforeseen benefit. Being among the English travellers who were detained in France by the villainous treachery of Buonaparte, he obtained his deliverance as a man of letters: in his application to the National Institute, he stated that he had devoted some time to the task of preparing a selection from his voluminous papers for the press; and that on his return he hoped to complete the undertaking. This statement he felt as having in some degree pledged him to the publication, though diffidence had long prevented him from performing what he once (and properly) thought a duty to his friends and country. Still he says, that without the encouragement and assistance of Sir Charles Malet, to whom

whom the work is dedicated, he should have shrunk from thus appearing before the public as an author. The volumes were published at his own cost, and a work more splendid or more complete in its decorations we have seldom seen.

In these days the critic who finds no fault with the book before him is suspected of adulation. The fault here is that Mr. Forbes has filled too many pages with quotations from modern and contemporary writers; many of them very worthless in themselves, and all taking up room which might have been appropriated to better matter. Having noticed this, we shall adhere to the principle that in books of this nature it behoves the critic to read, learn, and be thankful.

Mr. Forbes embarked as a writer for Bombay in the year 1765: on the voyage he experienced more frightful circumstances than tempest; the ship took fire; when they had overcome this danger, the scurvy commenced its dreadful ravages on board; and calms and contrary winds delayed them on their way till they were reduced to their last cask of water, when they came in sight of the coast of Malabar. He arrived in Bombay in his seventeenth year, unknown, friendless, and forsaken, except by the captain of the ship, whose kindness had been unremitted, and whose friendship Mr. Forbes says he has continued to enjoy during forty-six years. The relation under whose care he went out, without other patronage, or recommendation of any kind, lost his health and spirits during the voyage, and seems to have lost his feeling also. He was left on board, after the captain and every other passenger had quitted the ship; and while the officers and men were busily employed in unlading the cargo, 'I found myself,' says the author, 'a solitary deserted being, without a letter to offer, or the knowledge of a single individual on the island.' Having heard his guardian mention the name of a gentleman with whom he intended to reside while the ship remained at Bombay, the youth, upon landing, inquired for this person's house, and was told that a noble colonnade, under which he then stood, formed part of the mansion. With an anxious heart he ventured up a broad flight of stairs leading to the colonnade, from which he saw the family sitting at their dessert in a large saloon.

'My guardian gave me a sort of reprimand for the intrusion, but introduced me as a young gentleman, with the appointment of a writer, who had left England under his protection, and whom he meant to have sent for from the ship when he had provided a lodging. His friend pitied my situation, and felt for the cool reception of a bashful youth from one who had promised to extend over him the wings of parental love. If the reception of one was cool, that of the other was truly warm: he then took me by the hand, and for forty years never let it go; he immediately introduced me to his wife and family, encouraged me by the kinde,

kindest attention, supplied me with money, and told me to consider his house as my own. So I ever found it in India, and for twenty years after my return to England, where I trod the walk of private life; while my friend, with an ample fortune, and abilities equal to his station, filled a seat in parliament, became a director and chairman of the East India company, and purchased one of the finest estates in Hertfordshire, where he lived many years a blessing to all around him. To him I was entirely indebted for my appointment to Baroche, and consequently for the independence I now enjoy. From the first hour I saw him until the day of his death, at the venerable age of fourscore, he was indeed my friend!—ii. 535.

It would have been unjust to Mr. Forbes to relate these circumstances in any other language than his own.

Bombay in 1766 was not what it is now,—the change, it may almost be called the revolution, in English manners, which fifty years have produced, has extended to our settlements in India. The English then inhabited the town,—now they reside entirely at their country villas, and only go to the fort in the morning to transact their business. Then early hours were kept,—every body dined at one o'clock; and comfort rather than splendour characterized the mode of life. The younger classes thought there was rather too much subordination and economy; on the latter score they had reason to complain; it was barely possible for a writer, with the utmost frugality, to subsist upon his pay: the income did not exceed £65 a year. Mr. Forbes says he often went supperless to bed when the day closed, because he could not afford either supper or candle. If governments are sometimes guilty of a prodigal expenditure, they are at other times not less censurable for a hard-hearted economy. The civil servants at Bombay repeatedly represented to the Court of Directors the inadequacy of their salary to their unavoidable expenses,—to the common and indispensable necessities of life;—they complained of the grievous and palpable injustice that the allowance of a civil servant continued the same through every rank, whether he had served the company one hour or one-and-twenty years; whether he were fresh arrived and without acquaintance, or whether his first wants were increased by a climate-worn constitution, a decent regard of appearances, and a degree of conformity to the manners of the place, requisite to preserve acquaintances and the good opinion of the world: they represented that they who signed the memorial, (Mr. Forbes, then a senior merchant, was one,) after having laboured in the service of the company from twelve to upwards of fourteen years, were worse than expelled from it; for they were left without adequate means of subsistence from their employers; and precluded from benefiting by the opportunities that offered to those who were not in their service. A statement was

annexed of the fate of the Company's civil servants from the year 1755 to 1777, when the last memorial was presented. Of seventy-five gentlemen who belonged to the establishment in the former year, three had gone to England with fortunes, and eight-and-forty had died in India, eight of whom had acquired, or had a prospect of acquiring, fortunes; but twenty-five had died bankrupts, and the other fifteen possessed of little more than was sufficient to pay for their funerals, though many of them had been from twelve to twenty years in the service.—This memorial produced its proper effect.

The author's first journey on the continent of India was to Dazagon in Concan, at that time belonging to the Mahrattas, whither he went for the use of the hot springs. This village is situated about thirty miles inland up the Bancoote, in a beautiful country. Delighted with the sight of a fine river winding through an extensive valley, and forming numerous islands,—a home view rich with agriculture and enlivened by fisheries, green hills bounding it, and high mountains closing in the scene,—he seated himself at sunrise, when he first beheld this lovely scene, under a mango tree, and began to sketch the landscape before him. Not having gone from Bombay before, where the temperature is mitigated by the sea breezes, and which the hot winds never reach, Mr. Forbes was yet a stranger to the inclemency of an Indian climate. In less than an hour, he says, the sky appeared like a glow of fire. He was now in a country where the thermometer standing in the house was usually at about 80° at sunrise, and often rose to 112° by noon! when the water at mid-day was more than tepid, and the black wood furniture became like heated metal. In consequence of the heat the author and his friends generally placed their beds under a mango grove; till one night the smell of a goat, which had been recently killed and hung upon a tree, attracted a tiger. The beast rushed close by Mr. Forbes's bed, who had just time to get into the house before he saw him return with his prey. It was well that their visitor, on this occasion, thought goat's flesh more savoury than man's. Mr. Forbes kept a chameleon here for several weeks; its general colour was 'a pleasant green,' spotted with pale blue, and its customary changes were to a bright yellow, a dark olive, and a dull green. When irritated, or when a dog approached, in which case fear perhaps produced the same effect as anger,* the body was considerably inflated, and the skin clouded like tortoiseshell, in shades of yellow, orange, green, and black: it was under these passions that it appeared to most advantage. But

* Hasselquist says that the chameleon seldom changes colour unless it is angry, and then from an iron grey to a yellow or greenish hue, evidently occasioned by gall.

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the animal was affected in the most extraordinary manner by anything black; the skirting-board of the room was painted of that colour, and the creature carefully avoided it; but if he came near it, or if a black hat were placed in his way, he shrank to a skeleton and became black as jet. This change was manifestly painful; by the care with which the chameleon sought to avoid the objects which produced it; and it may be remarked that they were objects which could not occur to him in his natural state: the colour seemed to operate like a poison. The fact is highly curious and deserves farther investigation. We know but little of the manner in which animals are affected by colours, and that little is only known popularly. The buffalo and the bull are enraged by scarlet, which, according to the blind man's notion, acts upon them like the sound of a trumpet. Is it because the viper has a like antipathy that the viper catchers present a red rag when they provoke it to bite to extract its fangs? Daffodils, or any bright yellow flowers, will decoy perch into a drum-net. He who wears a black hat in summer will have tenfold the number of flies upon it, that his companion will have upon a white one. When more observations of this kind have been made and classified, they may lead to some consequences of practical utility. We have observed that dark cloths attract and retain odours more sensibly than light ones;—is it not possible that they may more readily contract and communicate infection? Speculations of this kind when they occur to us, we scatter like seed by the way side. The old corpuscular philosophy has found an able advocate in Mr. Dalton, and in an age of careful and suspicious experimentalists may produce useful results.

The whip snake is common in the Concan; it conceals itself in the trees, and darts at the cattle grazing below, aiming generally at the eye. A bull, which was thus wounded at Dazagon, tore up the ground furiously, foamed at the mouth, and died in about half an hour. This habit in the reptile is not to be accounted for by any instinct of self-preservation. It is neither the effect of fear, nor of resentment, nor of appetite; but seems, more than any other known fact in natural history, to partake of that frightful and mysterious principle of evil, which tempts our species so often to tyrannize for the mere wantonness of power.

Mr. Forbes on his return embarked at Mandava, to which place was a four days' journey of 130 miles; the first halt is characteristic of the country. Unable to procure a house for their accommodation in the Malhatta village, or to find a shady tree, the travellers got under a corn rick—for in the Concan the corn ricks are generally raised upon strong poles supporting a platform of bamboos seven or eight feet from the ground. Here was shade from above, and an open circulation of air on all sides; but at noon the hot-winds set in; clouds

clouds of dust drove in, burning, he says, like the ashes of a furnace; and they were often surrounded by the little whirlwinds which, from their heat, activity, and mischief, are not unaptly called *bugulas*, or devils. The first night their quarters were under a Banián tree; on the second they were accommodated with the tomb-chamber of a Mahomedan grave. But though neither ghost, ghoul, nor vampire appeared to molest them, the enormous bats which take possession of these tenements, and are scarcely less frightful than either, drove them out by their intolerable stench. These harpies (for it can hardly be doubted that such they are) are called flying foxes, from their size, and frequently measure six feet from wing to wing when extended. A fakcer, who had the care of the mosque adjoining, allotted the travellers this place for their lodging, and suffered them, when driven out, to light their fires, and dress their curry, in the cemetery. On the following night, at a Hindoo village, they were not permitted to enter a house; such is the difference between the Moors and the Hindoos. When they proceeded under an escort from the Mahratta chieftain of the territory, they could obtain no better accommodation than a cow-house. Mr. Forbes notices upon this journey that in all the Hindoo towns and villages the handmills are at work at the earliest dawn of morning, when the meal for the day is ground. The work is always performed by women, especially the forlorn widows, divested of every ornament, with their heads shaved, and degraded to almost a state of servitude. From these labours it may be thought they might easily be delivered; but Mr. Forbes observed upon this occasion that the windmill at Bombay is the only one which he remembers to have seen in India: so slowly have European improvements found their way into that wide country!

The author's next excursion was to Surat; here he saw a ship which, having been built nearly fourscore years, was, from veneration to its age and long service, only employed in an annual voyage to convey pilgrims to Jedda. On its return it was oiled and covered up on shore till the following season: this is a striking instance in favour of the plan which Mr. Perring has suggested for laying up our ships in ordinary. A former nabob had formed some magnificent pleasure grounds between the outer and inner walls of the city; the gardens were filled with balsams, poppies, and various flowers, of equal height, closely set, and so disposed as to resemble a rich Turkey carpet; a formality, which, says Mr. Forbes, seems to be the acme of Mogul taste. This is a whimsical effect of the second commandment; the unmeaning patterns of the Turkey carpets were invented that the Mahomedan manufacturer might not make unto himself the image of any thing upon earth; and thus, because the works of nature may not be imitated by the loom, it becomes

becomes a fashion to make the garden imitate the works of art. Immense sums of money and the labour of many years had been expended upon these pleasure grounds; but it is one of the characteristics of Oriental barbarism that men of rank have no pleasure in improving and preserving any thing which their predecessors have formed; they are fond of erecting structures of their own, while they suffer the most magnificent monuments of their ancestors to fall to decay. The nabob totally neglected what was already made to his hands, and somewhat in the manner of William the Conqueror, levelled a populous part of the city to convert it into walks, groves, and fountains round a summer pavilion, which he called the Gift of God; while the suffering artizans, driven from their humble dwellings and their verdant looms, gave it the true name of the Garden of Oppression.

While Mr. Forbes was at Surat, a young Englishman had an opportunity of rendering essential service to a Mogul widow of distinction: in consequence of some deeds being mistranslated and misrepresented by the Mahommedan lawyers she was in danger of being defrauded of her fortune, when he interfered and detected the knavery. The lady requested an interview, that she might express her thanks to her benefactor, whom she had never yet seen. Accordingly the young Englishman was conducted to a pavilion; the attendants withdrew and the lady entered, and after some conversation offered him a valuable jewel. His refusal seemed to hurt her. 'Young and thoughtless,' says Mr. Forbes, 'he made a transition from the brilliant gem to her antelope eyes, sparkling through the veil,' and requested that he might behold the face in which they shone; and she, unwilling to deny the only favour which he would accept, withdrew her veil. The face was, indeed, as beautiful as he could have imagined; and he, who had not escaped the contamination of Eastern immorality, began to press her farther. She assumed a dignified air, and in an impressive manner assured him that the deep sense of her obligation had alone induced her to deviate from established custom in requesting this interview; but a sense of her own honour, veneration to her husband's memory, and maternal example to her children would ever regulate her conduct. However, that he might not think her ungrateful, she appointed another meeting the next evening, at the same place. Full of expectation he went to the appointment; and when the lady, who received him, threw back her veil, he discovered not the mistress of the house, but another young Mogul; beautiful, witty, graceful and—nothing coy, whom the widow, in her gratitude, had deputed to entertain him. Mr. Forbes judges of the Mahommedan; not by our own standard of female manners, nor by the purity of our religion, but properly says that she must not be
hastily

hasily condemned; her education and her morals had been oriental; and, on the présent occasion, gratitude predominated over every other consideration. But what must have been her estimate of the English and Christian character, when she thought this the most acceptable mode of displaying her gratitude!

Soon after leaving Surat Mr. Forbes was appointed a member of the Council at Anjengo, the most southern of the English settlements on the Malabar coast. The voyage was a very interesting one. He touched at Goa, whose beautiful harbour is surrounded by gentle hills and fruitful vales, and embellished by churches, convents and villas; their white fronts contrasting with dark mango groves and cocoas. The river was covered with barges and gondolas; its banks were enriched with villas, domes and spires; and the city, standing upon many hills, reminded him with its churches and palaces of imperial Rome. But upon entering, he beheld a mournful emblem of the mighty empire whereof it had been the head; magnificent structures were mouldering into ruin; the streets, he says, were 'faintly traced by the remains of their forsaken mansions;' the squares and market-places were the haunts of serpents and other reptiles; and the few human inhabitants were priests, monks, half-starved soldiers and low mechanics. The fall of the Portugueze empire in the east has been too hastily imputed to misgovernment, intolerance and cruelty: the Dutch, by whom they were dispossessed, were certainly not intolerant, but as certainly they were not less oppressive and not more humane. The Portugueze empire fell by external force; the Philips suffered it to be dismembered during their destructive usurpation; and when the Braganzas recovered their rightful throne, the greater part of what remained was happily, rather than designedly, sacrificed for the sake of preserving a more permanent dominion in Brazil. It will never revive in the east, but so well were its foundations laid, that its language has survived; and if, in the eventual triumph of Christianity, a Romish church should be formed in India, Portugueze will be the language of that church wherever it extends. Now that the Jesuits are restored, it cannot be doubted but that their missionaries will soon vie with our's in zeal, and it may be hoped that they will derive some benefit from an example of veracity.

Leaving Goa they passed Carvar, in the country adjoining to which the catechu, or Terra Japonica is made, the tree from which it is extracted growing in no other part of Hindostan. They anchored off Onore, where the gorgeous natural scenery is finely described. The silk-cotton (*bombax ceiba*) and the decannee bean (*butea superba*), the former with its buds and flowers of crimson, the latter with its scarlet blossoms, contrasted by the black stalks, gave a brilliant effect to the western woods, and make them appear,
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at sun-set, like immense forests in a glow of fire. Here also the acacia tree is indigenous, and would grow to a considerable size if the cupidity of trade would allow it time. That no insect can exist within its influence, is one of the facts which ought to have taught us that odours are the proper and only efficacious means of defence against the worst of the plagues of Egypt. Is it equally certain, as Mr. Forbes adds, that iron will not rust within its influence? They touched at Calicut, a name of such celebrity in former times! but the city which Gama discovered, after it had long been the great object of his enterprising countrymen, exists no longer; or exists only like the submarine city in 'the Curse of Kehama.' The sea has overwhelmed it, and Mr. Forbes says, that at very low water he has seen the waves breaking over the tops of the highest temples and minarets. Surely this cannot be accurately expressed: if the tops of these buildings were overwhelmed, the whole of the level country must have been inundated also to the same depth, and the waves would beat against the Gaut mountains. The water has more probably gained upon the shore by a gradual progress, than by any sudden irruption; in the course of nature, not by a convulsion—and what may be seen under water must be the ruins of overthrown edifices, not their spires and summits. Those make the roadstead unsafe, several vessels having been wrecked upon them. The present city, 'fallen from its high estate,' consists chiefly of low huts shaded by cocoa-trees, on a sandy shore, amid the offensive effluvia of fish and sharks' fins drying on the beach. The city, says old Dr. Fryer, 'which stood upon stilts, is tripped up; for down it is gone—nothing remaining of it but what is taken upon crinoid; and the temple, whose marble pillars durst compare with those of Agrippa's in the Roman Pantheon, is topsy-turvy.' The poultry here are, as Fryer calls them, perfect negroes; the bones as well as the skin being black as jet: but the flesh is whiter as well as more delicately flavoured than the other kind. To what is the colour of the bones owing?

Cochin, with its flourishing trade, presents a striking contrast to Goa. At Coulan, the effects of Dutch dominion were apparent: though the natives were chiefly Roman Catholic converts, the churches had been converted into warehouses. Anjengo, the place of Mr. Forbes's destination, was no very delightful residence. On a narrow bank of sand bounded on the west by the sea, and on the east by a river, were two rows of houses, forming a street about 500 yards in length; the north end terminated by the Portuguese church and the English burying-ground, the south by the fort, which reached nearly from the sea to the river. The church, the white tombs, the fortress and the cocoa-groves, made a pleasing picture; but it was the eye alone that was gratified.

* No

'No verdant turf,' says the writer, 'or mossy bank invited to repose; no purling streams; warbling bulbuls, or aromatic shrubs regaled the senses; our slumbers were lulled by the roar of a tremendous surf; the atmosphere was impregnated with the fetid odour of fish, to manure the rice fields; and the arid sands, in which the cocoa-trees were planted, offered no temptation for a walk.'

The Abbé Raynal has one of his characteristic rhapsodies upon Anjengo, as being the birth-place of Eliza Draper, a woman whose name will be preserved in his writings and in Sterne's; for with all the *falsetto* and the faults of both, they will be found floating upon the stream of time. Mr. Forbes knew this celebrated woman, and mentions her with admiration. Anjengo was also the birth-place of Orme the historian. Most of the inhabitants were of the Romish church, being either of Portuguese descent or converts from the lower casts. Such converts are found wherever the Portuguese were settled, and this single fact is conclusive against the impudent arguments of those who assert that it is not possible to convert the Hindoos. The purity of the faith of these converts, or of their morals, is of no importance to the question; they have changed one profession of faith for another; and if we, who are blessed with a purer faith and enjoy a reformed church, the best constituted that the world has ever yet seen, had served our God with half the zeal that the Portuguese have served theirs, the tree of life would long ere this have struck deep roots in Hindostan, and spread wide branches and brought forth fruit.

Mr. Forbes's abode was a cottage thatched with palmyra leaves, so small that a sofa, which he had carried from Bombay, could not enter the door, and therefore he remained in a *viranda* the whole time of his banishment, as he calls it. It was so near the beach, that, during the monsoon, the gauze curtains of his bed were constantly wet with a salt moisture; the glasses and pictures ran down with the same briny fluid, and the vegetables in the garden were incrustated with salt. During this season, the bar of Anjengo river presented an extraordinary sight: the floods pouring down from the mountains come with such force that they sweep the fish with them; and the larger shoals of the ocean, who know their appointed time, are ready at the mouth of the river to receive and devour them. Terrified by the breakers, and unable to turn back against the stream which has borne them down, they leap over the bar and become the prey of the expectant enemy. Alligators are sometimes whirled down in this manner and lost in the ocean. The manner in which Mr. Forbes has observed all natural appearances as a painter, has enabled him, not unfrequently, to describe them with the characteristic vividness of a poet.

'From May to October, upon this shore, the tempestuous ocean rolls

rolls from a black horizon, literally of darkness visible, and the noise of the billows equals that of the loudest cannon. 'They seem as if they would overwhelm the settlement.' 'Often,' says he, 'have I stood upon the trembling sand-bank to contemplate the solemn scene, and derive a comfort from that sublime and Omnipotent decree, "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther,—and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."'

The parrots upon this coast are as much dreaded at the time of harvest, as a Mahratta army or a flight of locusts; they darken the air by their numbers, and alighting in a rice-field, in a few hours carry off every grain. There is a curious small black serpent here, called, from the shape of its head, the crescent snake, though the author says he should rather class it with the polypus. This work would have been often benefited if some able naturalist had revised it as it passed through the press. It is described as having teeth on the outer line of the crescent, small enough to require a microscope to discern them. The bite is said to be mortal; and it is added that the slime, with which the creature is covered, and which, like the snail, it leaves along its track, is poisonous, but this Mr. Forbes seems to repeat with some doubts of its truth. He could not discover any eyes. On cutting off the head, 'the other end,' he says, 'immediately supplied the loss; it moves in a retrograde manner, and lives after the amputation.' The cause of this retrograde motion, after decapitation, is manifestly that the reptile must then be guided in its movement by the sense of touch, which it cannot exercise by the wounded surface. But it is possible that in many creatures of this class, feeling occasionally supplies the place of sight, as by cruel experiment it has been found to do in the bat. The amphishæna (a species of which is found at Anjengo) has been supposed to have two heads, merely because, like a worm, it moves with equal facility in either direction, and apparently with little choice.

Having been absent from this place for a few weeks, Mr. Forbes returned to it at evening, and found every thing, upon a cursory view, apparently as he had left it. But in a room which had been locked up, and where in consequence the furniture could not be dusted, he observed upon a nearer inspection, that the glasses over the pictures appeared remarkably dull, and the frames covered with dust. On attempting to wipe off the dust, he found the glasses no longer in frames, as he had left them, but fixed to the wall by an incrustation made by the termites, who had devoured the frames and back-boards, and the greater part of the paper, and left the glasses upheld by the covered ways which they had formed for their operations. Some of the low casts in Mysore and the Carnatic are in the useful habit of eating these destructive insects. The *taman-*
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dua of South America, which is a perfectly harmless creature, should be domesticated in all countries that are infested with them. The common bear, Mr. Forbes informs us, is also an ant-eater, demolishing the whole burrow wherever he finds one, and, like the tamandua, lying with his tongue out to entrap his prey.

While Mr. Forbes resided in this part of the country, the Rajah of Travencore thought it necessary to undergo the process of regeneration. According to Orme, the Brahmins persuaded him to this as an atonement for the blood which he had spilled in the course of the war; but as he had only killed men, and not cows, the account which Mr. Forbes received from his subjects seems the most probable. According to them, it was an expedient for advancing the rajah from an inferior cast of Brahmins in which he happened to be born, to a higher one, by means of a new birth. After many previous ceremonies he was to pass through a cow, like Tom Thumb, though not exactly in the same manner: a golden cow was made for the purpose, and after the calf had come forth, the Brahmins received this huge mass of gold as the fee for their ingenious prescription. Ragonath Row, the Mahratta Peshwa, after long ill fortune, tried the same receipt, as card-players change seats after a losing rubber, to mend his luck; and two Brahmins, whom he had sent as ambassadors to England, underwent, in order to cast off the impurities which they had contracted, an allegorical second birth, which Mr. Forbes could not decently describe without borrowing a word from the abominations of the Hindoo superstition, of all false religions the most impure, and in every way the most mischievous.

The author had a narrow escape in this country. Strolling out one evening near Coilan, he came in sight of a dewal (or pagoda, as the Hindoo temples are improperly called,) which was almost hidden amid banian trees. Pleased with the scenery, he was preparing to sketch it, from a rising ground within the grove, when he perceived near him a Nair-girl bathing in a tank near him. She snatched up her garments, ran towards a man of her cast who was employed upon his devotions in the grove, and he, having looked steadfastly at the Englishman, that he might know him again, went with her to the temple. But Mr. Forbes had nearly paid as heavily as Acteon for his intrusion. Having finished his drawing, he returned leisurely toward Coilan; presently he was alarmed by a noise behind, and looking back, saw the whole posse of the temple in full cry after him, with sticks and stones, to put him to death for his intrusion; a fate which the Moors, whom he reached in time to obtain protection, assured him would have been his fate had he been overtaken. He had trespassed upon sacred ground, and seen a woman of high birth in a consecrated tank—both crimes of great atrocity,

atrocities, however unintentional. The next day the Brahmins sent orders to the English party at Coilan to keep at a distance from this district, lest the atmosphere should be polluted by their breath.

The best accounts of the monstrous state of society in Malabar are given by Dellon of the old travellers, and by Dr. Francis Buchanan of those of later date. Mr. Forbes adds many circumstances to fill up the mournful picture. It has been argued in the British legislature, (and never has that legislature been more disgraced than by such arguments,) that the people of Hindostan need not the benefits of Christianity—that sufficient for them is the faith to which they are born—that they are happy under its ceremonies, and virtuous under its moral law. Now if there be any country under heaven where man is found in the uttermost state of degradation and depravity, Hindostan is that country. In early ages, the natives say that their peninsula was called *Punyabhumi*, the land of virtues; it must have been before they were divided into, eighty-four casts, the most pernicious institution that ever was produced by pride and folly, prolific of evils as they have been. That institution, beyond all doubt, originated either in the policy of some successful invaders, or in the vengeance of an injured people who, having shaken off the yoke, retaliated with unrelenting hatred upon their oppressors the evils which they themselves had endured.—The Cagots, a cast produced by the latter cause, have existed, in one of the most civilized countries in Europe, almost to the present time, in a state of disgrace and degradation little less shocking than that of the Pariars of Hindostan. But Colonel Wilks relates a tradition which strongly supports the opinion that the degraded casts in that country were the aborigines, and that the existing system is the result of successive expedients for retaining them in subjection. The Pooleahs of Malabar, a country where monkeys are worshipped and pampered with sacrifices, are so completely banished from human society, that they have neither houses nor lands, but, retiring into solitary places, hide themselves in ditches, and climb into trees for shelter. ‘They are not permitted,’ says Mr. Forbes, ‘to breathe the same air with the other casts, nor travel on the public road;’ if by accident they should be there, and perceive a Brahmin or Nair at a distance, they must howl aloud to warn him from approaching till they have retired or climbed the nearest tree. If a Nair meets a Pooleah upon the highway, he cuts him down like a noxious animal. When hunger compels them to approach the villages to exchange what they may have collected for grain, they call out to the peasants, tell what they want, leave their articles of barter on the ground, and then return to take what the villagers may please to deposit in exchange for them! Constant fear and misery have given them a squalid

squalid and savage appearance, and entirely, says Mr. Forbes, debased the human form!

Yet the Pariars are said to be still more abject, so that a Poo-leah is defiled by their touch! and the Brahmins of Malabar have been pleased to place Christians in the same rank with Pariars! So be it; it is one reason the more why we should feel and act towards them as our brethren. Of all the silly and hard-hearted arguments which have been used against any attempts for the conversion of these idolaters, one of the silliest is that which says converts are only made from these despicable casts: as if in the eye of religion all casts were not alike! As if Christianity has not a double boon for these poor wretches, offering them tangible, temporal, direct benefits, or relieving them from the burthen of that superstition by which they are so intolerably oppressed.

But even the Pariars are not the most wretched cast in India. In the lowest depth of misery and oppression there is a lower still. The Molungres, or salt-boilers, in the Sunderbunds, exist under the government of Bengal, and that government derives nearly a million annually from the most shocking system of slavery that ever has been described. This miserable generation are, like all other casts, born to their employment, but, unlike other casts, they would fly from it, if guards were not posted at every avenue by which they could escape. They inhabit a sandy shore, surrounded with an immense wilderness full of tigers and snakes, and intersected by a labyrinth of water. The innumerable islands which the various rivers form along the coast are inhabited only by wild beasts—the tiger indeed is lord of the region. These poor wretches, while working at the salt-pans on the long spots of sand which project into the sea from the jungle, keep always a look out for tigers on the opposite bank, and when one is seen coming, they have no alternative but to hide themselves in holes which they have dug for the purpose, having no arms wherewith to defend themselves. Holes dug in the sand are but a feeble protection; long experience has taught the tiger that these men are his prey, and he often digs them out with his claws.

The wretchedness of the lower casts is however a less mournful subject for contemplation than the cruelty of the higher orders, and the general depravity which pervades all classes. When the day came in which Damiens was to suffer that devilish sentence which reflects so much shame upon the French character, the poor madman observed, *La journée sera dure, mais elle finira*: Job never uttered a sentence more pregnant with consolation, whether it be remembered in our own sufferings, or when we contemplate the sufferings of others. For the longest life is but as a day, and to the innocent and the injured death will make large amends for all. But when

when we regard the crimes of man something more painful is excited than the instinct of indignation, and that vindictive sense of justice which made the ancients place Nemesis among their deities:—the whole awful question concerning evil occurs, its origin, and its end, if that may be called an end which is for ever! Bruce has marked out a certain part of Africa as the dominion of the Devil, believing that the people there are actually under a species of *diabolocracy*, as much as the Jews were under a divine government. The hideous customs of those savages are not so fatal as the rooted vices of the east: the Devil may be more familiar with the African priests, but he has a deeper hold upon the hearts of the Asiatic people; in truer language, where men are savages, they are ferocious and brutal; where they are civilised and corrupted, the springs of moral action are poisoned. We know by the opinions of the most competent persons, that the courts of justice in India furnish the most incontestable proofs of general depravity; insomuch, that it has become a fixed and necessary rule of evidence to suspect as false the testimony of every witness, till cause be shewn for believing it: the presumption being infinitely stronger against his veracity, than in favour of it. But the most striking instance that occurs to us is related by Captain Williamson. A labouring man near Caunpore, in the year 1795, while buying provisions at a hut by the road side, happened to shew some money which he had about him, and which was somewhat less than a shilling in value. An old woman, and a boy of about fourteen, who were present, followed him in the hope of robbing him: but not thinking themselves strong enough, they communicated their purpose to six men whom they met on the road; and all eight joining, they murdered the man. There was an encampment near, they quarrelled on dividing the spoil, were seized, and, by a sentence of a general court-martial, hung in chains, two at each quarter of the cantonment. It appeared, upon investigation, that all parties were perfect strangers, never having seen one another till the day of the murder; and Captain Williamson justly says, that if the fullest proof had not been adduced before the court-martial, and there were not many gentlemen in England who remember the fact, he should fear to relate an instance of wickedness so incredible, as that eight persons, under such circumstances, should combine to commit a murder.

Let it not be supposed, that in thus speaking of the general depravity of the Hindoos, we believe them to be universally depraved. Rather would we be thought to hold, that there is in human nature an original principle of good as well as evil, and in itself the stronger as well as the better principle, were not 'the world and the world's law' so frequently opposed to it. In Hindostan, as in every other country, individuals will be found in whom the elements are so

happily mixed, that even the accursed institutions by which they are surrounded, fail to corrupt their hearts and their understandings. But it is the tendency of those institutions to corrupt both, and in proof that the effect has been produced, a more competent or more candid witness cannot be appealed to than Mr. Forbes. His prepossessions were in favour of the Hindoos; his conduct such as to deserve and obtain their respect and love; but after a long residence in the country, he left it with a thorough abhorrence of the Hindoo character, or rather of those civil and religious institutions which degrade and deprave it, making one part of the community wicked, and the other miserable. It is characteristic of the wretched state of society, that in the Hindostanee tongue, the same word should signify *a lie* and *a jest*; and that in the Tamul there is no word for *hope*! The extremes both of power and of misery harden the heart; from the former cause there arises a sort of libidinous delight in cruelty, from the latter an insensibility and deadness of natural affections. The Malabars, who were often driven by hunger, during those dearths which the government more frequently than the season occasions, to sell their children for sustenance, carry on the same trade when not compelled to it by necessity. Mr. Forbes bought a boy and girl at Anjengo of about eight or nine years of age, for less than two pigs would have cost in England,—and truly says, that it was a happy purchase for the children. He refused another child, which the mother, a young fishwoman, offered for sale with a basket of mullets. He hinted at her want of affection; and her reply was, that she expected another child in a few weeks, and as she could not manage two, she would part with this for a rupee. The Portuguese linguist of the place beat her down to half price, and the young woman, without remorse, disposed of an only child for fifteen pence.

The Hindoos have been called a gentle race, because they submit to oppression; and a humane race, because most of the casts abstain from animal food. But if animals are not eaten in that country, no where are they treated with greater barbarity; and among the casts who allow themselves animal food, instances of more extravagant barbarity are to be found than among the cannibals of Brazil or Angola. There is a sect called Paramahausa, esteemed a high cast, who eat the bodies which they find in the Ganges: individuals of this execrable sect have been seen near Benares, floating down the river upon a corpse, and feeding upon it; they are said to hold the brain to be the most delicious morsel. Colonel Moor, in his 'Hindu Pantheon,' relates this upon the most authentic information. And Mr. Forbes asserts, as a well known fact, that in some of the districts near Bengal, there is a tribe of people called sheep-eaters, who seize the animal, and actually de-
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vour it alive, wool, skin, flesh, and entrails! Lady Anstruther has a set of drawings by a native, which contain the whole process, from the first seizure of the miserable animal, till it is completely devoured.

Mr. Forbes had soon an opportunity of seeing the miseries to which human nature is subject in Hindostan, upon a large scale. He obtained a civil appointment with the detachment sent from Bombay to the assistance of Ragonath Row, the Mahratta sovereign. Ragonath, before his accession to the throne, had been kept in confinement by his predecessor and nephew, Narrain Row, a weak and insolent debauchee. The Japanese and the Hindoos have each a peculiar way of revenging themselves by committing suicide; and Ragonath, being rigorously treated in his confinement, made a vow to starve himself, in order that Narrain might suffer the ignominy of having driven him to this desperate resolution. Accordingly, for eighteen days he took only two ounces of deer's milk every day: Narrain then was moved either by fear or compassion, and promised better treatment if his uncle would procure absolution from the vow. Accordingly, Ragonath was absolved, took food, and recovered;—after which, he was used as rigorously as before. Soon afterwards, Narrain was murdered in his palace, and Ragonath Row reigned in his stead. This family were Brahmins, and the Brahmins have very wisely inculcated, that the murder of one of their order is of all crimes the most atrocious. For this reason, Ragonath himself had been suffered to live: it was now suspected that he had revenged himself upon his nephew, by a more summary and effectual manner than starving himself; he solemnly declared over the dead body that he was innocent, and imprecated divine vengeance on the head of the murderer; but this did not remove the suspicion: for why should he who had committed murder scruple at perjury? His own change of character strengthened the opinion of his guilt: formerly he had been brave, active and generous; he became timid, indolent, and jealous; his understanding seemed clouded by superstition, and his mind either weakened by his past sufferings, or harassed by remorse. A conspiracy was formed against him: a posthumous child of Narrain, real or supposititious, was produced; and during his absence from Poonah, the capital was seized by the rebels, Sindia and Holkar (names which have since become familiar to us) being at their head. Ragonath applied to the Bombay government for assistance; and troops accordingly sailed for Surat in March, 1775, in hopes of joining him in Guzerat, where his army was said to be encamped on the banks of the Mighi near Cambaya; that of the confederate chieftains being on the opposite side.

Before they arrived at Surat, Ragonath had received a severe defeat; his army was entirely dispersed; great part of his artillery,

elephants, and camp equipage, taken; and he himself, with his jewels, his adopted son, his women, and a few friends, fled to Cambaya, where the Nabob refused to receive him. Sir Charles Malet, the British resident there, dispatched guides to conduct him to Bownagur, and sent vessels thither which conveyed him safely to Surat. Ragonath left with Sir Charles at parting all his remaining treasures, to the amount of half a million sterling—a proof of his confidence in the British character. When it was known that his generals had collected their scattered forces, he embarked with the British detachment for Cambaya. The nabob now endeavoured, by obsequious politeness, to efface from Ragonath the resentment which he felt for having been refused admittance in his flight. But the Mahratta had not forgotten this; and when he addressed Sir Charles Malet, he said to him aloud in full *darbar*, ‘You are indeed my friend! you did more for me than my father Badjeroo! he gave me life, you saved that life, and with it preserved my honour.’ Here it was learnt that his army was in the Bisnagur province, about eighty miles distant, and that the confederates were encamped twenty miles nearer, in hope of preventing a junction with the English. The enemy amounted to 40,000 cavalry, and 12,000 foot: bazarmen, foragers, women, and various camp-followers, swelled the number to 100,000. Ragonath’s army was said to consist of 30,000 horse and foot, with about twice as many camp-followers: but in reality, there were not more than 12,000 men in the motley multitude. Eluding the enemy, they marched ninety English miles without halting, and thus effected their junction at Darah, where the British had advanced to meet them. The united forces then amounted to 25,000 effective men. The British detachment under Colonel Keating consisted of 80 European artillery, and 160 artillery lascars; 500 European infantry, and 1400 sepoy. The encampment at Darah was on an arid plain, without trees, and exposed to the hot sands. In the soldier’s tents, during these winds, the thermometer often rose to 116; and it sometimes exceeded 114 in the officers’ marquees, which were protected with a separate awning rising some feet above the tent. The men suffered dreadfully. There was a large tank there; but after the Mahratta force arrived, elephants, camels, horses, bullocks, men, women, and children, rushed in by thousands, and converted the water into a mass of mud, from which it was difficult to strain a nauseous beverage.

Mr. Forbes, who acted in the double capacity of chaplain to the British troops and secretary to the commander in chief, was now in the midst of a Mahratta army. The men wore no regular uniform, were under little discipline, and, provided each had a sword, were left to arm themselves according to their own humour; some with matchlocks or muskets, some with bows and arrows, and some with spears.

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Chain-armour was worn by some, the hood of the helmet falling on the shoulders. This mode of defence is found efficacious against the sword, the weapon which is most used among them: they prefer the straight two-edged blade to the scimitar of the Turks and Persians; and give large prices for those which they call *Alleman* or German, though formerly brought from Damascus. Mr. Forbes does not mention the length of the blade; the short straight two-edged sword was the Roman weapon, which they borrowed from the Spaniards. The feudal system existed in the army in all its force, and all its insubordination. Every chieftain had his own banner, red was the prevailing colour, but they were seldom decorated with any thing like armorial bearings. Mr. Forbes should have mentioned how they were distinguished. That of Ragonath himself was small and swallow-tailed, of crimson and gold tissue, with gold fringes and tassels. Some of the flags were larger than a ship's ensign, and mounted on very high poles. The most powerful chiefs had separate encampments, with their own bazars, where they collected duties and made such regulations as they thought proper, without controul. The sort of discipline resembled the political system,—every man's life was at the mercy of his superior, and every man did as he pleased. When it was his humour, every man beat his drum, blew his trumpet, and fired his matchlock. The British officer had great difficulty to stop this dangerous practice, and it could only be prevented by cutting off the fingers of a delinquent. There is a barbarous splendour, as well as a barbarous power, about these armies. The horsemen of rank ornament their saddles and their horses heads with the bushy tails of the Thibet cows. On one side, an attendant carries a rich umbrella, which is generally of velvet embroidered with gold; on the other, a man bears a large fly-flapper of the Thibet-tail, the hairs of which are long, white, and soft as silk, and the handle gold or silver, sometimes studded with jewels. The cruppers, martingales, and bridles of the horses, are adorned according to the wealth of the owner, with gold and silver, and other decorations; the tails of the grey horses are frequently dyed red or orange, and the manes plaited with silk and ribbands, interspersed with silver roses. The horse-milliner is a personage still to be found in Hindostan. The great men have servants with gold and silver staves running before them, who sing their praises and proclaim their titles in oriental hyperbole.

The Mahrattas are at home when in the camp, and seem to prefer their tents to houses. The camp was at once court and city. In the *Darbar-tent* business was conducted, and levees held, with the same regularity as at Poonah; and the army was followed by all descriptions of people to provide for the necessities and luxuries of life—and to increase the horrors of war. The encampment covered

a space of many square miles; and the bazar belonging to Ragonath's own division, and to the principal generals, contained many thousand tents, in which every trade, and profession was carried on with as much regularity as in a flourishing town. 'Goldsmiths, jewellers, bankers, drapers, druggists, confectioners, carpenters, tailors, tent-makers, corn-grinders, and farriers, found full employment; as did whole rows of silver, iron, and copper-smiths; but those in the greatest and most constant requisition, seemed to be cooks, confectioners, and farriers.' One tent in every division was set apart as a dewal or temple, where Brahmins regularly officiated, and offered up prayers and sacrifices with the usual ceremonies. The Mahrattas are ranked as a very low cast; which, as they are numerous and warlike, may be considered as an advantage, since they have few pollutions to fear, and suffer fewer privations. Beef is the only meat from which they are prohibited,—it was unluckily that of which they could obtain the easiest supply. The Brahmins who serve in their army, however inferior their station, retain all the pride of their cast. A Brahmin would send part of his dinner ready dressed as a mark of distinction to an officer of higher rank and much greater command, but of a lower cast, who accepted it respectfully and ate it with pleasure.

Many of the principal officers had their hunting and hawking equipage; and the soldiers and followers of the camp, as well as the chiefs, had with them their wives and children. Mr. Forbes gives a lively picture of a Mahratta wife. Upon the march she frequently rides astride, with one or two children, upon a bullock, an ass, or a little *tattoo* horse, while the husband walks by the side. When they reach the encampment, he lies down on his mat to rest, and her employment begins. First she *champoes* him and fans him to sleep; then she *champoes* the horse, bends his joints, rubs him down, and gives him his provender; takes care of the bullock which has carried their stores, and turns off the poor ass to provide for himself. The next business is to light a fire, prepare rice and curry, and knead cakes: when the husband awakes, his meal is ready, and having also provided food for herself and her children, she takes possession of the mat, and sleeps till day-break. The horses are said to be so much refreshed by champoeing, as to bear fatigue with a smaller quantity of food than would otherwise be necessary; this is of great importance in armies that consist almost wholly of cavalry. In the dry season, when there is no pasture, the roots of grass are dug up as being more nutritious than the dried reedy stems: but what a devastation is this!

The bazar alone required 20,000 bullocks for the use of the shopkeepers, besides a number of small horses and asses. Some thousand camels were employed in carrying the tents and baggage.

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The elephant was appropriated to more honourable services. Their common price is from 5 to 6000 rupees; Mr. Forbes has seen one valued at 20,000; the Hindoos are fond of them when they have been long in their service, and no compensation will induce a wealthy owner to part with one of extraordinary good qualities. An elephant bred to war and well disciplined, will stand firm against a volley of musketry. 'I have seen one,' says the author, 'with upwards of thirty bullets in the fleshy parts of his body, and perfectly recovered from his wounds.' Indeed, how difficult it is to destroy an elephant by fire-arms, may be seen by a shocking story in Captain Beaver's 'African Memoranda,'—that brave officer describes the scene with horror, and almost with remorse. Mr. Forbes, during this campaign, performed many long journeys upon one of these noble animals, whom he praises for sagacity, docility, and affection. It stopped while his master was sketching, and remained immovable; if mangos were wanted which grew out of common reach, he selected the best branch, broke it off, delivered it to the driver, and received a portion for himself with a respectful *salam*, raising his trunk three times above his head in the manner of mental obeisance, and murmuring thrice. If a branch obstructed the houdah, or sedan, which he carried, he broke it off; and often carried a leafy bough in his trunk, as a fly-flap or a fan. During breakfast, he generally made his appearance at the door of the tent, to solicit sugar-candy and fruit, and caresses and encomiums, in which he delighted as much as a favourite cat.

The daily camp allowance of an elephant, besides such greens as could be procured, was about thirty pounds of grain. They were likewise allowed as an indulgence, certain balls called *mossaulla*, composed of flour, spices, sugar, and butter: expensive ingredients in a camp, but the expense is well bestowed, for it kept these valuable beasts in good condition. Ragonath's elephants became emaciate, and it was discovered that their keepers stole these balls for their own use; the rascals were punished, and inspectors appointed by the master of the elephants to see them fed. After some months the animals began to lose flesh again, though the inspectors examined the quality and quantity of their food, and saw it given them. Upon inquiry it was found that they had been taught to receive the balls, and retain them in their mouths till the inspectors withdrew, when they took them out and presented them to these knavish keepers.

The field of battle presents but a small part of the evils of war in any country; and no where is war attended with such devastation as in the East. There were not less than 200,000 cattle of various kinds belonging to Ragonath's army, leaving of course behind them a desert like the locusts, and not so easily repaired,—
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for they destroyed root as well as blade. Swarms of marauders follow the camp, who are more destructive than the soldiers, barbarous as the soldiers are. These wretches, who are called Beyds, Looties, and Pindarees, receive no pay; but they prefer a life of rapine to any other trade, and glean after the troops. The privilege of doing this they purchase, by giving a moiety of the spoil to the commander of the corps to which they attach themselves. Armed with spears, sabres, hatchets and iron crow's, they enter the villages which the inhabitants have deserted, and the soldiers have already laid waste; dig up the floors in search of concealed grain or treasures, demolishing the walls to discover if any thing has been secreted in them; strip every morsel of iron from the house, carry off the wood-work if it can turn to any account, and set fire to all which they do not think worth carriage. It is not surprising then that at the approach of an hostile army, the country is abandoned as they advance. Men, women, and children, loading themselves with as much grain as they can carry, fly to a friendly country if there be one within reach, or to a strong fortress, but more frequently to the wildest hills and woods—the serpents and wild beasts being less dreadful than an Indian army! Here, if their food be consumed before the enemy have departed, they necessarily die of hunger. The people of a district thus deserting their homes, are called the *wulsa*: 'a state,' says Colonel Wilkes, 'of habitual misery, of so peculiar a description, as to require in any European language a long circumlocution to explain, is expressed in all the languages of the Deccan and the south of India, by a single word!' He justly adds, 'it is a proud distinction that the *wulsa* never departs on the approach of a British army, when unaccompanied by Indian allies.'

This huge army moved through a delightful and populous country, laying it bare as they went, and exhausting the wells and tanks by their multitudes. The commencement of a morning's march was pleasant, but as the sun ascended, the fiery atmosphere, and the clouds of burning sand became intolerable, and many European soldiers were struck dead by a *coup de soleil*. Heat, dust, the stench of the multitudes, and the plague of flies, rendered the camp inconceivably offensive; these pestilent insects filled the dishes and drinking vessels, and covered the person so completely as to make it difficult to distinguish the colour of a coat. They enjoyed a short-lived delight upon reaching the Sabermatty, the first river which they had seen on their march; the natives say the waters are so nourishing and salutary, that cattle require less grass than when they drink of any other stream. Imaginary virtues, however, were not needed to make this thirsty host rejoice when they arrived upon its banks: they had anticipated the pleasure of having water in abundance,

dance, and their joy was extravagant when it came to be realised; but the enemy was encamped on the same river within a few miles. A slight action took place the next day, and the enemy retreated, having cut down all the trees, destroyed the villages, and burned whatever they could not carry away. The pursuers encamped upon the ground which the foe had lately occupied. It was covered with putrid carcasses and burning ashes, filling the camp with tainted odours and with dust. During the night hyænas and jackalls came to prey upon the dead, and when they retired at morning, the fowls of heaven came for their portion of the banquet, prepared for them by the folly and the wickedness of man. Mr. Forbes was now a spectator of the horrors and cruelties of war, and had some narrow escapes from its dangers. During one action, being under a banian tree, he desired a palanquin-bearer to get up in the tree and tell him how the day went;—while he was making his report a ball took off his head, and the body fell at Mr. Forbes's feet. At the commencement of another he happened to be within a few yards of the Peshwah; and, finding himself in the immediate line of fire, he took shelter under a large mango tree, with a number of Ragonath's troops who ought to have been better employed. The crowd effectually secured his body, and he endeavoured to shelter his head by standing under a large arm of the tree: presently a canon ball shivered it over him; the whole crowd took panic, and, moving away like a flood, bore him with them a considerable distance without touching the ground, among wounded horses, elephants, camels, and oxen, all running off in an undescribable confusion of dreadful yells, hot blasts, and clouds of burning sand. While he was under the tree, the horns of an ox were torn off near him, and a young woman, who was suckling her child within a few yards of him, had the infant carried from her breast by a cannon ball.

But he had soon to witness what is even more horrible than war,—the cruelty of Indian despotism, and the fierceness of Indian superstition. The city of Nervad was the capital of one of the Peshwah's enemies; it is a flourishing place, containing about 12,000 families. Ragonath was thought very modest in demanding no more than 60,000 rupees from the inhabitants; but as they had been twice assessed and plundered in the three preceding months this fresh exaction reduced them to the greatest distress. Houses were stripped of every moveable, and families delivered up their last mite to answer their assessment of the tax; they who were left in nakedness and poverty were not the most unfortunate of these unhappy citizens; for many who were suspected of secreting valuables which they never possessed, were tortured with the most merciless inhumanity. The English vainly expressed their indignation: they were

were not powerful enough to interfere with effect; and to the Peshwah and his officers these were things of course,—the common occurrences of war. The Hindoo will shudder at killing an insect, but he will inflict the most devilish tortures upon his fellow-creatures! To raise the contribution every cast was assessed according to its wealth and number, but some sects of Brahmins, and a peculiar tribe who are called Bhauts, claim an established privilege of being exempted from every kind of tax ordinary or extraordinary. The Bhauts are a very remarkable class, who reside chiefly in the province of Guzerat. In some respects they resemble the Scalds and Troubadours of Europe in old times, and one of them is generally attached to the family of every chieftain to sing his praise and proclaim his titles in figurative and hyperbolical strains. But they have another and more useful mode of living, which is by offering themselves as security to the different governments for payment of the revenues, and becoming guarantees for treaties between princes, and contracts between individuals, for which they receive an annual stipend from the district or person for whom they become surety. When the agreement is drawn up they sign their name and place of abode as usual, but, instead of affixing their seal as is customary among the other tribes, they draw the figure of a dagger,—significant of the dreadful security which they have given. For if the agreement be broken, the Bhaut proceeds to the house of the offending party, and in his presence destroys either himself or one of his family, imprecating the most dreadful vengeance of the gods upon him, who had compelled them thus to shed their blood. This curse is deemed so efficacious, that bonds are seldom broken which have been thus guaranteed, and no security is thought so sacred as that of a Bhaut. Their mode of preserving their own privilege is the same; if an attempt be made to levy any assessment upon them, their mode of resisting is by the *tarakaw*, the act of murdering one another, and to this they are compelled by imperious custom; for were they to submit to any assessment without having made this bloody protest, they would be excommunicated by their own tribe, and suffer all the miseries attendant upon loss of cast. Many families of this tribe were resident in the unhappy town of Nervad: they said they were ready to pay more than was demanded in any other mode, but if a compulsory assessment were persisted in they would die rather than submit. It was in vain that this was represented to the Peshwah, and that the British commander attempted to intercede; the Mahratta chief was devoted to the most abject superstitions, but superstition never stood in the way of his rapacity or his crimes; he was inexorable, and all the Bhauts of Nervad, men, women, and children, repaired to an open space in the city with their daggers in their hands; once more they prayed

prayed that their privilege might be regarded, protested aloud that they must otherwise be driven to make a dreadful sacrifice; and this last appeal being refused they rushed upon each other, and a considerable number perished before the astonished European troops could disarm the rest. One man brought his family to the area before Ragonath's durbar; it consisted of two brothers and a sister, all under eighteen years of age: first he stabbed the sister, a beautiful girl, who made no resistance, then plunged the dagger into the breast of one brother, and desperately wounded the other before the weapon could be wrested from him. The man boasted of having sacrificed his father a few months before in a like glorious cause!—Horrible as this is, it is rendered awful by the strength of the passions and principles which are thus perverted. The conduct of the privileged Brahmins of Nervad upon the same occasion excites a very different feeling; it was perfectly consistent with the cool calculating craft of that vile priesthood. They also prepared to call down vengeance upon Ragonath by human sacrifices; but instead of sacrificing themselves or those whom they loved, they brought two old women of their cast, who, having had their share of life, were willing to die with the merit and reputation which the victims at such a time would acquire: accordingly, their daughters sold them for forty rupees each, to be expended upon their funeral; they were led to the market-place, and the Brahmins, loudly invoking the vengeance of Heaven, put them to death. After these bloody scenes, neither Brahmin nor Bhaut refused any longer to pay their share of the contribution.

Having collected the assessment from this ill fated city, Ragonath proceeded in quest of the enemy, who were waiting for him upon the scene of his former defeat, thinking the ground fortunate. A message which they sent to the English displays somewhat of a chivalrous spirit with which the general character of the Mahrattas but ill accords; they said that grape shot and shells were unfair and cruel, that it would be a more generous courage if the English would quit their guns and meet them at equal weapons, and that if we would select a champion they would do the same, and decide the event of the war by single combat. An action took place in which the advanced division of the British was betrayed by a traitor in Ragonath's army; eighty Europeans were killed, and two hundred seapoys, besides a great many native officers: of fifteen British officers seven were killed and four wounded; for the soldiers, finding themselves betrayed, took fright, and the officers vainly attempting to rally them fell a sacrifice. 'I had been conversing with most of them,' says Mr. Forbes, 'during the morning march, and in the evening was called to bury them in a large pit with their unfortunate comrades!'—After a four hours' action Ragonath, or rather his
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British allies, obtained a dear bought victory. The enemy lost upwards of a thousand men, many of whom fell in attempting to carry off the killed and wounded, which, like the Greeks and some of the American Indians, they consider an important duty and point of honour. Elephants, camels, horses, and oxen, lay expiring by hundreds upon the field, and their groans mingled with the screams of the ravenous birds hovering above them or alighting upon their prey, and not waiting for the victim's death before they began the banquet!

After the action the allies marched to Baroche, meaning to halt there a few days, to obtain supplies of money, ammunition, and stores, and dispose of the sick and wounded. Here it was determined to remain in Guzerat during the rainy months, and proceed to Poonah at the commencement of the fair season, and Dhuboy, a place about fifty miles from Baroche, was the place destined for winter quarters. This was in possession of the enemy, whom they hoped to surprize by making a forced march; in this they were disappointed; the enemy fled before them, and they encamped for the night at a village six miles from the town, meaning to march in on the following morning. Evening was approaching when they reached the ground, and just as the encampment was completed the atmosphere suddenly grew dark, the heat became oppressive, and an unusual stillness presaged the immediate setting in of the monsoon. In a few minutes the clouds burst—of seventeen monsoons which Mr. Forbes witnessed in India this was the most awful in its appearance and the most tremendous in its effect. They were encamped in low ground on the borders of a large lake or reservoir, enclosed with a wall of hewn stones, and surrounded by a noble flight of steps. This reservoir was insufficient to contain the water now pouring down; and the plain was soon inundated. The tent pins giving way in a loose soil, the tents fell, and the whole army was exposed to the elements,—an hundred thousand human beings with more than two hundred thousand elephants, camels, horses, and oxen, overtaken by this storm, in a strange country, the floods rising under their feet, without any knowledge of high or low ground, or any light except from the momentary flashes! By midnight the water had risen above their feet. The shrieks of women and children, and the moaning of cattle, especially of the dying camels, were heard on all sides. Mr. Forbes, after having endeavoured in vain to reach the village, floundering to the knees in water, and often plunging into deep holes, had returned to his tent, and there stood on a chair; the tent fell, but clung to the central pole: had it been the usual marquee of English canvass, exhausted as he was he must have been smothered. At length, making one effort more to escape, he found his way, with great difficulty,

difficulty, by the glare of the lightning, to the hut where the commander, who was ill with a violent fever, had been conveyed: many of his countrymen were assembled round a large fire in the centre, and there they passed the remainder of this miserable night, among serpents, scorpions, and centipedes, whom the storm without and the fire within had driven from their hiding-place; several men were stung and bitten by those strange companions whom the common distress had brought together. At morning the camp exhibited a deplorable scene; the artillery had sunk several feet into the earth and was covered by the water; more than two hundred persons and three thousand cattle had perished; the journey of six miles to Dhuboy could not be performed in less than seven days; the plain was covered with the carcasses of horses, camels, and oxen, some at their last gasp, suffocated with mud—others in a state of putrefaction; and the spectacle of human misery was far more shocking—infirm men struggling for life, women expiring on their way, parents unable farther to support their children, or bearing them dead in their arms!

While the English were quartered at Dhuboy, Ragonath encamped at Bellapoor, a pass on the river Dahder, ten miles distant. Mr. Forbes's attendance was frequently required there, and the journey was oftentimes the labour of ten hours upon a strong elephant, through a continued sheet of water. On one of these occasions when he reached the ford, he found the river, which was seldom more than three feet deep, suddenly risen to forty. Separated by this impassable flood from a comfortable encampment on the opposite side, he had no alternative but to wait on the elephant's back, without food, fire, or other shelter than the *houdah* or covered seat, in hopes that the river would fall, or some means of crossing be afforded. A heavy rain came on; the *houdah* was soon filled with water and broken by the storm, and having sheltered himself under the lee of the elephant till daybreak, he was fain in the morning to return to Dhuboy, through a continual inundation which would have been impassable by any other animal than that on which he rode. Ragonath had with him seven concubines, who accompanied him during the campaign, and generally rode on horseback; the Hindoos wear no veils, and thus it happened that they were frequently more exposed upon a march than is usual for the eastern ladies. Only one of these attracted much admiration, and she unfortunately inflamed the passions of Esswaut Row, a young Mahratta of distinction. In spite of all the jealous precautions with which the women were guarded in the encampment, he found means to secure the aid of a female slave and carry on an intrigue. This continued for some time, till at length the eunuch began to suspect what was going on, and informed Ragonath. Esswaut Row, upon the rumour
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of a discovery, absconded: it might have been supposed that a man under such circumstances, who could not by any possible means save his mistress, would not be very solicitous about saving any thing else,—but he returned the following night in hopes of carrying off a favourite Arabian horse. In this attempt he was taken, and the Peshwah ordered him instantly to be beheaded by torch light. The unhappy concubine was sewn up alive in a sack and thrown into the river; and the slave had her nose cut off, after which mutilation she was suffered to remain in the harem as an example to her companions.

The events of the campaign ended here, a peace being shortly concluded, but not before Mr. Forbes, in consequence of the hardships which he had endured, was compelled to leave the army, and embark for England. On the voyage home Mr. Forbes says he did not meet with a mermaid; and as he was evidently in hopes of seeing one we can conceive his disappointment; for that they exist upon the coast of East Africa, he believes, and upon good authority. Mr. Matcham, who was at that time superintendent of the Company's marine at Bombay, and whose respectability there must be many persons living to testify, assured him that when he commanded a trading vessel at Mozambique, Mombaza, and Melinda, he frequently saw these animals, from six to twelve feet long; the head and face resembling the human, except that the nose and mouth rather more resembled the hog; the skin fine, and smooth: the neck, breast, and body of the female, as low as the hips, appeared, he said, like a well-formed woman; from thence to the extremity of the tail they were perfect fish. The shoulders and arms were in good proportion, but from the elbow tapered to a fin, like the turtle or penguin. These creatures, Mr. Matcham added, were regularly cut up and sold by weight in the fish markets at Mombaza. This description is sufficiently like the *Peixe Donna* of *Cavazza*, of which Labat has a print; and the representation given in the *Viage de las Goletas Sutil Mexicana*, 1792. Mr. Forbes notices several old accounts of this creature, and repeats, without any apparent incredulity, the story of one that in the fifteenth century was carried to Haarlem clothed in female apparel and taught to spin! Setting aside such tales as this, which carries with it an obvious impossibility, this species of *phoca* has been seen and described so often, that few persons would now be disposed to deny its existence. A more interesting fact in natural history was observed by Mr. Forbes during this voyage; the long blue filaments of the Medusa, or Portuguese man of war, blister whatever they touch, and the whole creature is so poisonous that nothing dares prey upon it: a species of little fish about six or seven inches long being aware of this constantly sail under its
convoy:

convoy: whole trains are seen following the Medusa; when an enemy approaches they dive under their protector, keeping as close as possible; and thus they secure themselves,—for the pursuer cannot reach the food without touching the poison.

Mr. Forbes recovered his health after a short stay in England, and returned to India, with an appointment to the first vacancy at Baroche, which took place soon after his arrival. About a mile from the city he purchased a small house, and formed a garden about six acres in extent, as much as possible after the English taste, sparing no pains to procure plants from different parts of India and China. A bower, upon an elevated mount overlooking the Nerbudah, commanded an extensive view of the plains of Occlaseer, and a rich country bounded by the Raje-Pipley hills. His favourite seat was under a tamarind tree near the well; the pillars which supported the beam over this well to which the bucket was suspended, he covered with creepers of various kinds: the snakes, which are very numerous in Guzerat, seemed to be attracted by these creepers; but the gardeners would never suffer them to be molested, calling them father, brother, and other endearing names, and looking upon them as something divine. Harrabhy, the head gardener, paid them religious veneration. Mr. Forbes, however, made war upon them after a young lady of his family had been compelled to make a precipitate retreat, in the state of Eve before the fall, from a cold bath, by the appearance of a cobra de capello.

Harrabhy, the gardener, figures in a remarkable story. An iron plate chest was stolen, and other means of discovering the robber having failed, Mr. Forbes, at the earnest solicitation of all his servants, Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Parsees, consented to try the mode of divination by balls in water. The name of each individual was inclosed in a ball of some substance, which seems not to have been buoyant; the whole family stood round a vessel of water, the balls were immersed in it, and only one rose to the surface,—it contained the name of Harrabhy. He had changed colour at the commencement of the ordeal, and betrayed evident agitation while the ball was opening; nevertheless he denied the robbery, and though the proof was satisfactory to all the Indians, it was not to Mr. Forbes. The servants then requested that neither Harrabhy nor any other person might leave the spot till they had all gone through the rice ordeal: no one but Harrabhy discovered any reluctance, and he, like all the rest, put a few grains of raw rice into his mouth; after it was masticated, it was believed that from the mouth of the innocent it would come mixed naturally with the saliva, in a white and liquid form; but from the guilty a dry powder: and a dry powder accordingly it remained in the mouth of Harrabhy, notwithstanding all his attempts to moisten it. The

next morning the chest was found buried near the garden, and he confessed his guilt.

The issue of the latter ordeal may satisfactorily be accounted for; fear and conscience, and a full belief in the efficacy of the means employed to obtain a discovery, would produce this physical effect. In the first trial it is very possible that the person who prepares the balls may read the intelligible marks of guilt in the guilty person, and act accordingly. Mr. Forbes had suspected this on a former occasion; on the present he had no such suspicion, and an impression of something supernatural evidently remained upon his mind. We have all of us a tendency to believe in such things, and even men in whom this tendency is counteracted by the religion, and philosophy, and prevalent opinions of the age in which they live, easily relapse into it when they are in countries where the belief of supernatural agency prevails. Bruce is an instance in point; Carver is another; and, like Carver, Mr. Forbes brings forward stories as consisting with his own knowledge, of which it is equally impossible to deny the facts or admit the direct inference. The most remarkable of these we shall relate, because of the sequel of the story it happens that we are more accurately informed than Mr. Forbes.

The lady who sat at the head of that table at which Mr. Forbes first found a welcome in India, was a widow, when she married that gentleman who so kindly and steadily befriended the young and forlorn adventurer. Her first husband dying when she was very young, left two children, a son and a daughter: the latter remained with the mother, the boy was sent to England for education, and at the age of sixteen embarked to return to Bombay, with the appointment of a writer. All the ships of the season arrived in due time, except that in which he sailed, and that was at length despaired of; but the mother still walked at evening upon the beach, looking toward that quarter where ships from Europe would first be seen. A brahmin, well known among the English for some extraordinary instances of second sight, noting her resort to this place, and her anxious looks, asked her the cause of her anxiety, and she in reply, believing in his power, inquired why a man so gifted should ask what he must needs know. The Brahmin was affected, and said, 'I do know the cause of your sorrow; your son lives; the ship will soon arrive in safety; but you will never more behold him.' The conversation was immediately reported to her friends; the ship soon reached Bombay; and it was then learnt that the youth had changed his religion on the way at Rio de Janeiro, and entered as a novice among the Jesuits; in that order he professed, and wrote occasionally to his mother, till the Jesuits were suppressed, and banished from South America; after that, he was heard of no more.

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dungeon; his nature had adapted itself to the situation. There was no consumption of life, it existed like the fabled lamps in a sepulchre, in its own atmosphere. But air and light became poison to one who had lived so long in darkness, and the change, in the course of a very few weeks, proved fatal.

Mr. Forbes states his belief in demoniacal interference; reasoning that what we are assured by Scripture has been permitted to exist, may with equal probability exist still, and supporting his opinion by the authority of Dr. Townson and others. With some remarks upon this subject, he introduces an adventure which he met with himself, which he recorded in writing a few hours after it happened, but which leaves the question exactly where it was. On a journey from Baroche to Dhuboy, with a small escort, he stopt at Nurrah, a large ruined town, which had been plundered and burnt not long before, by the Mahrattas. The principal house, which was much better than the general style of houses in Hindostan, had belonged to an opulent man, who emigrated during the war, and died in a distant country. It was now desolate, and the garden had run to waste. Mr. Forbes was privately informed that under one of the towers there was a secret cell, formed to contain his treasure; the information could not be doubted, because it came from the very mason who had been employed in constructing the cell. Accordingly the man accompanied him through several spacious courts and extensive apartments, to a dark closet in a tower; the room was about eight feet square, being the whole size of the interior of the tower; and it was some stories above the place where the treasure was said to be deposited. In the floor there was a hole large enough for a slender person to pass through; they enlarged it and sent down two men by a ladder. After descending several feet they came to another floor, composed in like manner of bricks and chunam, and here also was a similar aperture. This also was enlarged, torches were procured, and by their light Mr. Forbes perceived from the upper apartment a dungeon of great depth below, as the mason had described. He desired the men to descend and search for the treasure; but they refused, declaring that wherever money was concealed in Hindostan, there was always a demon, in the shape of a serpent, to guard it. He laughed at their superstition, and repeated his orders in such a manner as to enforce obedience, though his attendants sympathized with the men, and seemed to expect the event with more of fear and awe than of curiosity. The ladder was too short to reach the dungeon, strong ropes therefore were sent for, and more torches. The men reluctantly obeyed, and as they were lowered, the dark sides and the moist floor of the dungeon were distinguished by the light which they carried in their hands. But they had not been

been many seconds on the ground before they screamed out that they were enclosed with a large snake. In spite of their screams Mr. Forbes was incredulous, and declared that the ropes should not be let down to them till he had seen the creature; their cries were dreadful; he however was inflexible; and the upper lights were held steadily, to give him as distinct a view as possible into the dungeon. There he perceived something like billets of wood, or rather, he says, like a ship's cable seen from the deck, coiled up in a dark hold; but no language can express his sensation of astonishment and terror, when he saw a serpent actually rear his head, over an immense length of body, coiled in volumes on the ground, and working itself into exertion by a sort of sluggish motion. 'What I felt,' he continues, 'on seeing two fellow-creatures exposed by my orders to this fiend, I must leave to the reader's imagination.' To his inexpressible joy they were drawn up unhurt, but almost lifeless with fear. Hay was then thrown down upon the lighted torches which they had dropped. When the flames had expired, a large snake was found scorched and dead, but no money. Mr. Forbes supposes that the owner had carried away the treasure with him, but forgotten to liberate the snake which he had placed there as its keeper. Whether the snake were venomous or not he has omitted to mention, or perhaps to observe; if it were not, it would be no defence for the treasure; and if it were, it seems to have become too torpid with inanition, and confinement and darkness, to exercise its powers of destruction. Where the popular belief prevails that snakes are the guardians of hidden treasure, and where the art of charming serpents is commonly practised, there is no difficulty in supposing that they who conceal a treasure (as is frequently done under the oppressive government of the East) would sometimes place it under such protection.

Dhuboy having been surrendered to General Goddard, in 1780, Mr. Forbes was entrusted with the government: it is the capital of a district, containing eighty-four villages, and yielding, at that time, a revenue of about 50,000*l*. The city, though its ruins bore testimony to a former state of greater prosperity and population, contained about 40,000 persons, and as many monkeys, who, being perfectly unmolested, seemed to have full possession of the roofs and upper parts of the houses. On his first arrival, while the durbar was repairing, he resided in a house, the back part of which was separated by a narrow court from that of a principal Hindoo; this being a shady side, he usually retired to a viranda there, during the heat of the afternoon; and reposed on a sofa with his book. Here small pieces of mortar and tiles frequently fell about him, to which he paid no attention; till one day the annoyance became considerable, and a blow from a larger piece of

tile than usual, made him turn to discover the cause:—the opposite roof was covered with monkeys; they had taken a dislike to his complexion, and had commenced a system of hostilities which left the governor no alternative but that of changing his lodging,—for, he says, he could neither make reprisals nor expect quarter.

If there had been truth in the Hindoo mythology, and gratitude in the breast of a monkey, Hanuman himself ought to have appeared upon this occasion, and informed his subjects of their obligation to Mr. Forbes;—for at the request of the Brahmins he had forbidden the Europeans under his command to shoot any of the race, leaving them in full enjoyment of all their established rights and privileges at Dhuboy. Mr. Forbes did this in proper condescension to a harmless superstition; at least as harmless as any superstition can be; but a circumstance which occurred within his own knowledge would make him on this occasion lend a willing ear. On a shooting party, under a banian tree, one of his friends killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; the sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions: they who were witnesses of the extraordinary scene, resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race.

One very singular use is made of this active tribe at Dhuboy. Duelling and boxing are equally unknown among the Hindoos; the tongue, however, in their quarrels makes amends for the inactivity of the hands, and vituperation, as in our own vulgar tongue, seeks to stigmatise the object of abuse, by disparaging his nearest relation; but it does not, as with us, confine its reproaches to the mother of the offending party; wife, sister and daughter, all come in for their share of the slander. Here it is that the Hindoo's sense of honour is vulnerable, such an affront can only be wiped out by the retort discourteous; and he who fails in this, or who disdains to employ it, has recourse to the monkeys instead of the lawyers. The tiles in Hindostan are not fastened on the roof with mortar, but laid regularly one over the other; just before the wet season commences they are all turned and adjusted; being placed
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in order then, they keep the house dry while the rains last—during the other eight months it matters not if they are misplaced. It is when they have just been turned, and the first heavy rain is hourly expected, that the monkeys are called in. The injured person goes by night to the house of his adversary and contrives to strew a quantity of rice or other grain over the roof. The monkeys speedily discover it, and crowd to pick it up; they find that much has fallen between the tiles, and make no scruple of nearly unroofing the house—when no workmen can be procured to repair the mischief. Down comes the rain, soaks through the floor, and ruins the furniture and depositaries of grain, which are generally made of unbaked clay, dried and rubbed over with cow-dung.

Mr. Forbes had not been many weeks in Dhuboy before he was attacked by something more formidable than the monkeys; an army of 100,000 Mahrattas encamped within sight of the vale; and in the hollow of a quill, so small as to be concealed in the messenger's ear, he received a note from an Englishman, who was kept as a hostage in their camp, telling him that they were determined to recapture the city at all events; and advising him, as he could expect no relief, and all resistance must be in vain, to make the best terms he could. The British force was very small, yet as they discovered that the Mahrattas entertained a most high opinion of its strength, Mr. Forbes and the commanding officer hoped to hold out till reinforcement could arrive from Baroche. The *Annual Register* and the *Encyclopædia* were called into use; in the former they looked for precedents of capitulation, that they might demand terms in the most honourable manner; in the latter, having no artillery officer nor engineer, they studied gunnery and fortification, and began to strengthen the ramparts, repair the tower, and place the old guns in order. Fortunately General Goddard came to their relief with his conquering army, and the Mahrattas instantly broke up and retreated. The *Encyclopædia* was of great use at Dhuboy, and in high estimation among the Hindoos;—it is in such situations that the utility of such a compilation is felt: they could understand the universal language of its prints, and were constantly consulting it; and in a few months Mr. Forbes, by help of this book, had furnished the durbar after the fashion of England.

One day in the week, and more if necessary, was dedicated to the administration of justice, in which Mr. Forbes was assisted by four principal Brahmins, four Mahomedans, versed in the laws of the Koran, together with some respectable merchants of the heads of other casts, who advised him on all points relating to religious customs and in doubtful cases. The carpet of justice was spread in the large open hall of the durbar, and the decision, in conformity to ancient custom, was referred to a *panchaut*, or jury of five persons,

sons, two chosen by the plaintiff, two by the defendant, and the fifth by Mr. Forbes, from the elders who assisted him. Justice was then summarily administered, and so satisfactorily, that during the whole of his residence only one appeal was made to a superior court. Some of the causes which came before him serve as valuable illustrations of the state of manners and morals in Hindostan. A blind man had obtained great reputation for discovering hidden treasures, whether concealed in the ground or under water, and had the power of diving and continuing under water a long time in his searches. He always stipulated for a third of the value restored, and by these means supported himself, an aged father, a wife, and several children. This man died, and his father came before the court with complaints that several persons for whom his son had found money, refused to pay the rewards for which they had agreed. A goldsmith was summoned upon this complaint. He had reprimanded his wife for misconduct, and she, in a fit of despatchfulness, took all her own jewels and ornaments, and as much of his money and valuables as she could collect, and threw herself into a well. The goldsmith, who thought himself happily released from a bad wife, was not quite so easy at the loss of his property; he therefore made diligent search for the body, and it was found; but none of the property with it. A confidential friend of the deceased now informed him that the woman had tied up all these valuables in a bag, and thrown them into another well, for the avowed purpose of depriving her husband of his property, and preventing him from procuring another wife, which he would find it difficult to do without the jewels; but where this well was the informer did not know. The blind man was sent for; he found the bag after a long search, and the goldsmith then refused the stipulated remuneration, upon the plea that a third part was too much. The court compelled him to pay it.

A Banian merchant, having been taken out of a well before he could succeed in drowning himself, was brought before the court, and questioned concerning his motives for committing this rash action. He replied, that several persons owed him considerable sums of money, and would not pay him; he owed money to only one person, which person threatened to imprison him if he did not pay it; he could not do this unless he received what was due to him; and not liking to act rigorously toward his debtors, he thought it better to lose his life than his good name, and therefore resolved to remove himself, and enter upon another stage of existence. This affair was easily settled, to the satisfaction of all parties. Suicide is very common in Hindostan, being considered as meritorious in many cases, and criminal in none. It is particularly frequent among the higher class of widows, who, having been married and
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widowed in infancy, are prevented by the abominable institutions of their religion from taking a second husband: they form attachments, become pregnant, and then destroy themselves. Suicide of this description became so common, that Mr. Forbes at length, after an example in ancient history, issued an order that the body of any female found in a well or tank within his district, should be exposed naked for four and twenty hours before it was taken to the funeral pile. This had so far the effect, that either no more suicides were committed, or they were concealed from his knowledge, for he never had occasion to make the exposure. It was not in his power to do any thing toward removing the cause of the evil. The establishment of foundling hospitals seems to be particularly required in India. They would palliate the evil, and the children being made English in language and religion, would increase that population upon which the good conferred by the British dominion upon India must ultimately depend for its continuance.

Mr. Forbes, however repugnant it was to his own feelings, was sometimes obliged to admit of the trial by ordeal, at the request of his Hindoo counsellors, and as the only means of satisfying both parties. The usual ordeal was that of boiling oil; he affirms that every possible care was taken to prevent deception; that in some instances the prisoner has been dreadfully scalded, and in others has received no injury. Many extraordinary customs, he says, prevailed in the district under his charge, which he does not particularize, because he is conscious that they would be suspected in England. Mr. Forbes ought not to have been influenced by this apprehension; conscious of relating only what he knew, or believed to be true, he might have related fearlessly whatever remarkable things he had learned or observed in India. Those who disbelieved the fact as he stated it, would only suppose that he had been deceived, or would endeavour to explain it in a manner satisfactory to themselves. But the age of that incredulity which arises from ignorance and self-conceit, is happily passing away, and writers no longer venture to ridicule the relations of travellers as impossible, merely because they happen themselves to be ill-read. Any thing may be believed of human folly and human wickedness; let us add also, that nothing is incredible of human virtue—for without this, we should appear to blaspheme human nature.

These volumes abound in instances both of the atrocity and the heroism of fanaticism. A short time before Mr. Forbes was appointed to fix his situation at Baroche, some Mussulmen walking through a village where a family of Raghpoos resided, accidentally looked into a room where an elderly woman was eating; no insult was intended, they merely saw her at her meal, and immediately retired; but this was a disgrace for which there could be no expiation.

piation. She lived with her grandson, a high-minded young man; he happened to be absent: on his return she told him what had passed, declared that she could not survive the circumstance, and entreated him to put her to death. He reasoned with her calmly, his affection making him see the matter in its proper light: none but her own family, he said, knew the disgrace, and the very men who occasioned it were unconscious of what they had done. She waited till he went out again, and then fractured her skull by beating it against the wall! The young man found her in this state, but alive and in her senses: she implored him to finish the sacrifice which she had not strength to accomplish, and release her from her sufferings;—and he then stabbed her to the heart. Shocking as this is, the most painful part of the story is to come.—The parties were English subjects; by the English laws the young man's act was murder; he was arrested, sent to Bombay for trial, and confined with common prisoners till the ensuing sessions; a true bill was found against him; the jury, consisting half of Europeans and half of natives, brought him in guilty, and the judge condemned him to death.

‘The Raghpoos in general have a noble mien and dignified character; their high cast is stamped in their countenances: the young man possessed them all. I saw him,’ says Mr. Forbes, ‘receive his sentence, not only with composure, but with a mingled look of disdain and delight, not easy to describe. Unconscious of the *crime* laid to his charge, he said he had nothing to accuse himself of but disobedience to his parent in the first instance, by permitting humanity and filial affection to supersede his duty and the honour of his cast:—that life was no longer desirable to him, nor, if acquitted by the English laws, could he survive the ignominy of having been confined with European culprits and criminals of the lowest casts, with whom he had been compelled to eat and associate in a common prison;—a pollution after which the sooner he was transferred to another state of existence the better. However inclined the government might be to clemency, it would evidently have been fruitless: the noble Raghpoos would not survive the disgrace, and the sentence of the law was executed, in the hope that it might prevent others from following his example.’

Useless as clemency would have been, it may be doubted whether the government was justifiable in inflicting death in this case,—it cannot be doubted that it was most unjustifiable in inflicting the previous disgrace.

A Hindoo devotee, a man of amiable character, in the prime of life, married, and the father of four young children, who lived near Bombay, desired his wife one afternoon to prepare herself and her children for a walk on the beach, from whence, he said, he intended to accompany them on a longer journey; she inquired whither, and he informed her that his God had invited him to heaven,

heaven, and to take his family with him; that they were to go by water, and set out from Back-bay. Perfectly satisfied with this explanation, the wife proceeded with her children to the sacrifice. The parents drove the two elder children into the sea, and they were carried off by the waves; they then drowned the two younger, who were infants; the wife walked in and perished, and the husband was deliberately following her, when he suddenly recollected that the disappearance of a whole family would occasion inquiry from the English government, and might involve his neighbours in some trouble; so he determined to step back and inform them of the circumstance before he completed the sacrifice. His Hindoo neighbours heard the story with their characteristic insensibility, and perhaps admired the act: but a Mussulman was present, and he observed that the story was so extraordinary, that it might be difficult to convince the government of the truth, and therefore the husband must accompany him to a magistrate and relate the facts himself. In consequence, the enthusiast was tried, condemned, and executed for murder; a sentence with which he was perfectly satisfied, and only regretted that it occasioned an unpleasant delay in his passing to that heaven, which he promised himself as his reward. In this case, also, the wisdom of the sentence may be questioned. The man, according to his belief, his laws and his religion, had committed nothing wrong: he neither considered that act as a crime, nor death as a punishment. It is assuredly the duty of the British government to deter its idolatrous subjects, as far as lies in its power, from such abominable acts. Imprisonment or transportation might be efficacious where death would not; and might also afford opportunity for conversion.—About half a century ago, a most mischievous religious madness broke out in Denmark, which, like all other religious madnesses, was highly infectious. The persons who were influenced by it believed that they should ensure their own salvation by committing murder and suffering death; and that they might avoid the danger of sending any soul out of the world in an unprepared state, they selected children for their victims. Such madmen were not to be deterred by capital punishment, death being what they sought,—they were therefore sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, and this put a stop to the frenzy.

In no country has superstition grown out into such distortions and deformities as in Hindostan; the monstrous forms of its idols are proper types of the extravagant and senseless ceremonies with which they are worshipped. A Brahmin will sometimes devote himself to death by eating till he expires with repletion! Another will make a vow of swallowing a certain quantity of clarified butter, and rolls upon the ground in agony till nature relieves him of the load. Some never eat any thing but grain which has passed through a cow, and

and been picked out from its excrement, holding this to be the purest of all food! Others live wholly upon milk, and, that their exalted natures may not be defiled by the ordinary process, affect to bring up all that is not convertible into chyle, by means of a small string of cotton, somewhat in the manner that Spallanzani made experiments upon himself and his unfortunate buzzard. The torments which devotees, in this benighted country, inflict upon themselves, are well known;—they differ more in fashion than in principle, from the practices which have entitled so many European fanatics to a place in the Romish Kalendar. It is known, also, how the Brahminical system produces the utmost excesses of false humanity and of hideous cruelty. They who use force to keep the widow upon the pile which she would fain escape,—they who teach the mother to expose her infant to the ants and vultures, and the children to accelerate the death of their aged parents by forcing them into the river, or stopping their mouths and nostrils with mud;—they who grind in oil-mills the priests of a rival idolatry, and who pour boiling oil in the ears of the Sudra, who has been unlucky enough to hear their scriptures,—hold it a crime to destroy the insect that bites them! Some carry a light broom to sweep the ground before them, lest they should unwittingly crush any thing that has life, and others wear a cloth before their mouths lest they should draw in an insect with their breath. That part of the Banian hospital at Surat, where animals, when worn out in the service of man, or disabled by any accidental hurt, are provided with food and suffered to die in peace, may make an Englishman feel shame for his country, when he recollects the facts which were stated by Lord Erskine before the British parliament;—but those wards which are appropriated to the most loathsome vermin, and where beggars are hired by the night to serve as food for them, make us blush for human nature.

This superstitious reverence for life in the lowest stages of existence, is instanced in one of the most interesting anecdotes in the work before us. A Brahmin, far beyond his brethren both in powers of mind and extent of knowledge, lived in habits of great intimacy with an Englishman who was fond of natural and experimental philosophy; the Brahmin, who had learned English, read the books of his friend, searched into the Cyclopædia, and profited by his philosophical instruments. It happened that the Englishman received a good solar microscope from Europe; he displayed its wonders with delight to the astonishment of the Brahmin; and convinced him by the undeniable evidence of his senses, that he and his countrymen who abstained so scrupulously from any thing which had life, devoured innumerable animalculæ upon every vegetable which they ate. The Brahmin, instead of being delighted as his new friend had expected, became unusually thoughtful, and

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at length retired in silence. On his next visit he requested the gentleman would sell him the microscope: to this it was replied, that the thing was a present from a friend in Europe, and not to be replaced; the Brahmin, however, was not discouraged by the refusal; he offered a very large sum of money, or an Indian commodity of equal value, and at length the gentleman, weary of resisting his importunities, or unwilling longer to resist them, gave him the microscope. The eyes of the Hindoo flashed with joy, he seized the instrument, hastened from the viranda, caught up a large stone, laid the microscope upon one of the steps, and in an instant smashed it to pieces. Having done this he said in reply to the angry reproaches of his friend, that when he was cool he would pay him a visit and explain his reasons. Upon that visit he thus addressed his friend:—

‘Oh that I had remained in that happy state of ignorance in which you found me! Yet I confess, that as my knowledge increased so did my pleasure, till I beheld the wonders of the microscope: from that moment I have been tormented by doubts,—I am miserable, and must continue to be so till I enter upon another stage of existence. I am a solitary individual among fifty millions of people, all brought up in the same belief as myself, and all happy in their ignorance. I will keep the secret within my own bosom, it will destroy my peace, but I shall have some satisfaction in knowing that I alone feel those doubts which, had I not destroyed the instrument, might have been communicated to others, and rendered thousands wretched. Forgive me, my friend—and bring here no more implements of knowledge!’—

This is a fine story; but how much finer might it have been if the European had been a Christian philosopher, as well as an experimentalist!

‘I have been asked,’ says Mr. Forbes, ‘by one of the most amiable men I know, and one of the most valuable friends I ever possessed, why I trouble myself so much about the Hindoos: why not allow mothers to destroy their infants, widows to immolate themselves with their husbands, and Brahmins to pour boiling oil into the ears of the lower castes who hear the Shastah? This gentleman lived upwards of twenty years in India, and, like many others, saw no impropriety in such conduct; or he would have been among the first to reprobate it, and attempt a change. But as I know he speaks the sentiments of numerous philanthropists, I shall answer the question in the language of the excellent Cowper.

“I was born of woman, and drew milk,
As sweet as charity, from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I, and any man that lives,
Be strangers to each other?”

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While Mr. Forbes felt thus, like a wise and good man, from the abominable institutions of Hindostan, he could sympathize with whatever was good in the character of the people, and treat their prejudices with tenderness and respect. The inhabitants of Dhuboy requested that their fellow-citizens, the monkeys, and the water-fowl who frequent their lake, might not be fired at by the Europeans of the garrison; alleging as a reason for this request not merely their own belief, but that those creatures were useful in keeping the city and the tank free from dirt, nuisance and reptiles. The monkeys, indeed, as well as the peacocks, and many other birds, destroy great numbers of the deadly serpents with which India is infested; the monkey knows where the danger lies from these deadly reptiles, seizes the snake by the neck, and grinds down the head upon the gravel or upon a stone, then tosses the writhing body to its young for a plaything. Mr. Forbes readily granted the request; and the protection which was asked for these creatures, who had the public claim to it, he extended to all, and prevailed upon his countrymen never to fire a shot within the fortress. Every bird therefore which flew over the walls found an asylum; every house was crowded with squirrels as well as monkeys, trees were filled with peacocks, doves, and parrots, the lake covered with aquatic fowl, and the surrounding groves enlivened with bulbuls and warblers of every kind. The Brahmins, encouraged by this compliance, asked another favour of more importance, the greatest indeed which could be conferred upon them; it was, that he would give an order forbidding beef to be killed in the city, or publicly exposed to sale. They knew, they said, the English soldiers would have beef if it were procurable, but they hoped that if Mr. Forbes could not prevent the slaughter he would keep it as private as possible. 'It would have been cruel as well as impolitic,' he observes, 'to have refused them so innocent and reasonable a request. I only wished the rest of my countrymen there had been as indifferent to this food as myself, and their feelings should not have been wounded.'

Sometimes, Mr. Forbes says, he almost envied these Hindoos the pleasures which they enjoyed in the performance of their religious duties, and the delight of social worship, for during four years he was deprived of all the sacred ordinances of Christianity. They often asked him this important question, Master, when an Englishman dies, does he think he shall go to his God? and the remark upon his answer was usually to this effect,—Your countrymen, Master, seem to take very little trouble about that business—the Hindoos, the Mahomedans, the Parsees, the Roman Catholic Christians all duly perform the respective ceremonies of their religion: the English alone appear unconcerned about such things. Mr. Forbes himself, to his great astonishment, fell under

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an imputation of a very different kind. When he had been about two years at Dhuboy a rumour prevailed that he worshipped the devil, or at least that he performed ceremonies and paid some kind of adoration, to the evil principle,—and the rumour was traced to his own servants. The mystery was soon explained: he had frequently pea-fowl at his table; the gizzard was, in English fashion, sent from the table to be broiled and seasoned, and when it was returned thus *bedevilled*, and the guest took a glass of wine after it, the servant who was a stranger to the manners, customs, and language of the master, and understood nothing but the name; actually and not very unreasonably believed that this was a sacrifice performed to the devil himself.

The district over which Mr. Forbes presided was infested by the Bheels and Gracias, a savage race of men, the descendants probably of the early inhabitants of Hindostan, who in that unremembered conquest which reduced the natives to the state of degradation in which the lower casts at present exist, preferred with a better spirit but not with happier consequences a barbarous independence. Woe to the human species wherever it begins to be retrograde! when once the characteristic virtues of civilization are lost, its ferocious passions prevail, and man becomes more fierce than the fiercest beast. Under the Mahratta government, these Bheels and Gracias were hunted down like wild beasts. Soon after Mr. Forbes arrived at Dhuboy, while he was sitting at dinner with a young friend lately arrived from England, some peasants were introduced who bore a dish covered with a napkin. Supposing it to contain a present of game he desired it might be put upon the table: and his horror may be imagined when, upon taking off the cloth, he beheld a human head just decollated! It was the head of a Gracia who had met with his proper fate in a plundering incursion. Mr. Forbes immediately issued the most positive orders to prohibit such executions in future: but to his sorrow he found that this humanity was no mercy to the villagers; for it only made these banditti more insolent, more audacious and more cruel. Year after year of remonstrances and mistaken clemency on his part served but to embolden them. They ravaged the country, burnt the villages, murdered men, women and children, and exercised upon those who fell into their hands cruelties at the thought of which human nature shudders. They fastened letters filled with abusive menace to the very gates of Dhuboy. A few Hindoos were one morning assembled before the Gate of Diamonds, when two armed Gracias on horseback came up, and asked if the governor were in the Durbar? being answered in the affirmative, one of them threw a letter to

to a Brahmin, saying, deliver this to him—and that you may not forget it, he added, take this for a remembrance,—at the same instant thrusting a spear into his side. His companion in like manner accompanied the message with a stroke of the scimitar across the breast of a Banian. Their letters to the governor were in the most arrogant and inflated style. They boasted of their impregnable holds, like those of the eagle in the cliffs of the rocks; they laughed at his power, and reminded him that a gnat could torment an elephant. Many villages were entirely depopulated by these wretches, and the inhabitants emigrated into other countries, declaring that great as were the blessings which they enjoyed under the justice and clemency of the British laws, these blessings were of little avail if they were not protected against the Gracias, and they would rather submit themselves to an Asiatic despot, than be exposed to this perpetual danger. Mr. Forbes was therefore compelled at length to urge the government of Baroche and Bombay to send a military force against these banditti. The object of the expedition was to seize the chieftain and his principal officers if possible. It failed in this, but it was conducted with such skill and secrecy, that his capital was surprised and the women of his zenana were taken and sent to Dhuboy as hostages. The Gracia princesses were at first very obstreperous, they declared that they would kill themselves, if they were brought into Mr. Forbes's presence, or any way exposed to public view; they were however treated with such respect to all their customs and feelings that they had no temptation to execute this threat; and this act of vigour made the Gracias as humble as they had before been insolent; Mr. Forbes, however, would grant them peace on no other security than that of the Bhauts, and under the guarantee of that extraordinary race, it was concluded.

After this treaty these districts enjoyed uninterrupted peace, and flourished under the blessings of the British government, till in the year 1783 they were ceded to the Mahrattas, of all Oriental tyrants the most cruel and the most oppressive. Such a transfer was the heaviest of all calamities to the inhabitants, and while there remained a hope that it might be averted, no prayers, no ceremonies, no sacrifices were left unperformed by the different castes and religions. When the cession was actually made, and Mr. Forbes and his countrymen departed from Baroche, they were followed to the water-side by the principal inhabitants of the city. As they were embarking to cross the Nerbudda, a dark cloud passed over them and a shower of rain fell; the natives then were no longer able to keep silence, and exclaimed with prophetic grief, 'these drops are the tears of Heaven for the fate of Baroche.' 'I oppose
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this fact,' says Mr. Forbes, 'to a thousand unfounded prejudices and unsupported calumnies against the English, which were once so easily credited in Europe.'

Before Mr. Forbes left Dhuboy a deputation from the Brahmins and principal inhabitants came to condole with him on the change of affairs, and offer him presents. Perceiving that they were hurt by his refusal, he was at length induced to mention a gift which he could receive without conscientious scruples, if they could bestow it,—a few specimens of their idols from some of the ruined dewals in the city, that he might take them to England and erect a temple for them in his own garden. The request produced a solemn silence; they expressed no apprehension of his ridiculing their religion, but seemed anxious to know why a christian should wish to possess any objects of Hindoo worship. He explained to them the general curiosity of Europeans and the gratification it would be to show to his countrymen these specimens of oriental sculpture: there was some difficulty in explaining the first of these reasons. But when he spoke of the feelings with which he himself should behold relics brought from a place which was endeared to him by so many recollections—that feeling they instantly understood; and their tears flowed when they requested that they might return and consult the recluse Brahmins, concerning the first request of the kind which they had ever heard of. The result was that he was desired to take what he pleased: and the monuments, thus honourably obtained, are now placed in a temple of Friendship, erected for that purpose on the margin of a piece of water, adorned with the *nymphæa lotus*, which, with its white flowers and broad recumbent leaves reminds the author of the sacred tanks in Guzerat.

On the morning of his departure the principal inhabitants, Hindoos and Mahomedans, with an unusual gloom and solemnity in their manner, entreated him to postpone his journey, because the day was peculiarly unfortunate; they urged him to stay till the garrison and the train of artillery could proceed with him, and informed him of a report, that the Gracias had raised a large body of horse and foot for the express purpose of seizing him on the way. Having apprised him of the danger, they presented him with an address which they had just composed in the Hindoo language, translated into Persian, and written on paper spotted with silver and flowered with gold. At this time they could have no interested motive for flattering Mr. Forbes, whom they were never to see again, and from whom they could never expect to receive another benefit. It may therefore be considered as their sincere feeling and as his merited eulogium, and in justice to both parties we transcribe it here.

' *Translation of the Persian Address from the Inhabitants of Dhuboy to the English Collector, on the morning of his final departure.*

ALLA!

' Thou conferrest power and greatness on the sons of men, according to thy pleasure: by Thee the nations of the earth are created; their kings and rulers are ordained by Thee!

' Dhuboy, famed among the cities of the east, was happy when this English sirdar presided in her durbar; his disposition towards the inhabitants was with the best consideration. He afforded shelter to all, whether they were rich or poor; he delivered them from trouble and restored them to comfort. All castes who looked up to him obtained redress, without distinction and without price. When he took the poor by the hand he made him rich: under his protection the people were happy, and reposed on the bed of ease. When he superintended the garden, each gardener performed his duty; rills of water flowed to every flower, and all the trees in the garden flourished. So equal was his justice, that the tiger and the kid might drink at the same fountain; and often did he redeem the kid from the tiger's mouth. Under his administration the rich dared not to oppress the poor; for his eyes were open on the great and small!

' In this country we have not known any government so upright as that of the English:—Alas! if our protector forsakes us we shall be disconsolate as a widow: we shall mourn the loss of a father, and weep as for the death of a mother!—ALLA! in thy mercy continue him to us!'—vol. iii. p. 366.

The superior Brahmin then took him and his linguist into a private room, and renewed his entreaties that he would wait for the march of the garrison. The Gracias, he said, had convened the diviners, and by the *Mantra*, which is their most solemn form of imprecation, devoted him to destruction. They meant to waylay him, and of this there were not only oral reports but written proofs. Mr. Forbes, despising the auguries and the *Mantra*, attended too little to the proofs that mischief was designed; and, though the alarm had now reached his servants, and they entreated him to delay his journey, he would not be persuaded. To show his friends, however, that he did not entirely despise their counsel, he called for a Bhaut who was one of the principal securities for the treaty with the Gracias, and desired him to get on horseback and accompany him as far as the place which had been pointed out as the intended scene of the treachery; and resolving to pass the place before the close of day, he set out at two o'clock instead of four as he intended. To these precautions he owed his providential escape from captivity, torments, and death!—the Gracias had kept the treaty as long as the British retained their dominion over the country: the moment they heard of the cession, considering them as a falling power, they hoped to take vengeance for the shame which they had suffered,

suffered, and the restraint imposed upon them. Even the Bhaut security was disregarded: 400 foot and 300 horse attacked Mr. Forbes's servants, and cutting some of them down vehemently demanded where their master was; these faithful people protested that he was far beyond their reach, though at that time he was not three miles distant. They plundered the baggage, vented their fury upon the servants, and happily did not pursue the object of their hatred, whom they might so easily have overtaken. It was known afterwards that they meant to have carried him alive to one of their hill forts, and to have deliberated at leisure by what tortures to destroy him.

We must hasten to the end of these volumes, leaving untouched much interesting matter, among which are a journey to Ahmedabad, some valuable communications by Sir Charles Malet, an abridged account of Sir Charles's journey across the peninsula from Surat to Calcutta; and a narrative of the defence of Onore by Captain Torriano in 1784, which for resolute and patient endurance may vie with any thing in history. Mr. Forbes had promised his parents that should it please the Almighty to bless him with a moderate competency, no flattering situation of wealth or power should induce him to remain abroad after he had attained his thirty-fifth year; that promise he kept, and spent the thirty-fifth anniversary of his birth at St. Helena, on his final return to Europe, with a fair fortune, a sound constitution and a clear conscience. Nineteen passengers, youths like himself, went out with him to India in the same ship; seventeen of them died in that country many years before he left it!—Such are the tremendous chances against human life in India: at that time indeed it appeared by official documents that, including soldiers, the proportion of those who died in India to those who returned was 83 to 1!

Should Mr. Forbes reprint these interesting volumes we advise him to omit the numerous quotations which detract from the value of the work as much as they add to its bulk. As they are mostly from books which are easily accessible, mere reference to the passage, where it is worth referring to, would suffice, and room would thus be gained for newer and better matter from his own stores.

ART. X. *Precursor to an Exposé on Forest Trees and Timber; connected with the Maritime Strength and Prosperity of the United Kingdom, and the Provinces.* By Captain Layman, R. N. London. 1812.

IT has of late years become a practice, which, in our opinion, cannot be too severely reprobated, for disappointed projectors of every description to fly to parliament, with the view of obtaining that

that reward for their projects, which the proper departments of the government, or the public at large, had already refused to them. It is curious to the mere by-stander to observe the avidity with which some good-natured senator kindly takes by the hand those parents of abortions; and still more curious to mark with what imposing gravity a committee will sit down to discuss the merits of a mouse-trap, or a cork-jacket. If the two houses of Parliament are thus to be made on all occasions the *pis aller* of disappointed projectors, there is no saying where the evil will end; and we may soon expect to see as numerous a host besieging the walls of St. Stephen's as tenanted the five hundred apartments of the grand academy of Laputa; few of them so patient as the 'man with the meagre aspect,' who had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers; and all of them far less reasonable in their demands than this poor projector, who only asked to get 'something as an encouragement to ingenuity,' and 'to help to pay for his cucumbers.'

To encourage and reward ingenuity is the duty of all governments; but when an incompetent tribunal is called upon to decide the claims of genius, there is far more danger of encouraging quackery than any certainty of rewarding merit. Inventions and discoveries that are really useful may be said, like virtue, to be their own reward; the benefit of them can always, in this country, be secured by law to their proprietors. The invention of a piece of machinery for abridging manual labour, or improving any species of manufacture, soon finds its way in the world, without being bolstered up by Lords or Commons. Had Mr. Arkwright presented his first model of a spinning-machine to the House of Commons, they would perhaps have voted him one hundred pounds—perhaps nothing—from the public he obtained in a very few years one hundred thousand pounds. The editor of the *Times* looks not to Parliament to remunerate him for the expense he has incurred in applying the powers of the steam-engine to the printing of a newspaper. M. Brunel obtained from the Board of Admiralty about twenty thousand pounds for the extraordinary machinery in Portsmouth dock-yard, by which the whole navy is supplied with blocks, and would probably not have been overpaid if he had received twice that sum; but we doubt if a committee of the House of Commons would have awarded him a thousand pounds for the invention;—and, to descend to smaller matters, Farmer Broad received a subscription of one thousand pounds for his secret of catching rats, not by exhibiting his invention at St. Stephen's, where he well knew no such vermin frequented, but by making his experiment in the farm-yards and barns of Herefordshire, the tallowchandlers', the cheesemongers', and seedsmen's shops in the metropolis, and in the great victualling dépôt at Deptford, in all of which the utility of his discovery was made

made apparent. All we desire is, that those who know something of the matter in question, may be constituted the judges of its merits.

We have been led into these observations by accidentally glancing over a speech, purporting to be that of a noble lord in the upper house, on a pamphlet by Captain Layman of the Royal Navy, professing to contain hints for the improvement of ship-building, and the better management of naval timber. The speech was not quite intelligible, which is too often the case with the blundering reporters for the newspapers: we had heard the name, however, and recollected to have seen some *disjecta membra* among the 'Omniana' of Sylvanus Urban; but whether these were some of the 'limbs' which the Captain subsequently collected, and put together in his 'Precursor,' we have not been able to discover. We suspect however that Mr. Urban has let out the secret, and that the 'Precursor' comes hobbling behind, like Mr. Plowden's 'postliminious preface.'

From the diversity of tongues contained in the title, we presume that Captain Layman is a scholar; that he is deeply read we can have no doubt; for he talks of many interesting works on naval timber by Sir William Petty, Dr. Hook, and Silva Evelyn, of which we are compelled to confess our total ignorance, though he has been pleased to give us a commendatory niche in one of his notes, as knowing *something* of the subject; he will therefore perhaps excuse us for recommending him to consult the works of Mr. Secretary Pepys for information on timber, instead of Sir William Petty, and to give up those of Mr. Silva Evelyn (some Portuguese we presume) for a book called the *Silva*, written by an English gentleman of the name of Evelyn, in both of which we can promise him that he will find much to his purpose.

Of what may be the hidden scope and tendency of the 'Precursor,' we pretend not to divine; all we can gather from it is, that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and the Honourable Commissioners of the Navy are a set of blockheads; the strongest proof of which is, that they turned a deaf ear to Captain Layman when he wished to impress them with certain serious and important truths about the use and management of naval timber.

The first proposition, it seems, which he had to communicate was, to appoint the Duke of Clarence Lord High Admiral of England; the next, to create an inspector or superintendant of timber and ship-building, the surveyors of the navy knowing nothing of the matter: we are then told, that in England oak trees grow on private estates and on the crown lands;—where else indeed could they grow!—that there are not so many oak trees now as there were in former times; that, however, there is teak in India, which is the most important

important discovery in the book ; and finally, it is concluded, logically enough, that as we have but little timber, we ought therefore to take care not to expend much. This is the substance of what we can make out with any degree of certainty in the ' Precursor ;' there is a good deal however concerning Lord Nelson's condolence with the author for the loss of his ship ; and something about kidnapping the poor Chinese from their friends and families, and conveying them to the island of Trinidad to plant sugar-canes, a thing they never saw nor heard of in the islands they came from, and where they subsisted by *fishing* ; and these *free* labourers, as they were called, were to be substituted for the African negroes ! We are at a loss, however, to discover how this happy thought, which was partially carried into execution, to the disgrace of all concerned in it, is brought to bear on the project for seasoning naval timber. That secret may probably be revealed in the ' Exposé.' But as it appears to us that the noble lord in question has some notion of naval matters, and may perhaps be laudably looking forward, in the course of events, to succeed to the administration of the naval concerns of the empire, he may not be displeased with a slight sketch of what *has* already been done on the subject of his speech, which may convince him that it had not escaped attention before the appearance of Captain Layman's ' Precursor ;' from which, indeed, we suspect that the noble lord will be able to extract just as much information regarding the seasoning of timber, and the dry-rot, as the ingenious artist already mentioned did sunshine from his cucumbers. Captain Layman is, in truth, come into the field at the ' eleventh hour.'

It is an undoubted fact, that the duration of ships of war, and particularly those of the line, has of late years been very much shortened. They have died prematurely of a new disease,—new, at least, with regard to them,—known by the name of the *dry-rot*, which we have supposed to originate in green timber, but which, having once planted itself, spreads its seeds and roots equally over green and dry, rotting and decomposing the fibre of the wood wherever it fixes itself.

The origin of this destructive disease is not, if our conjecture be right, difficult to be traced. We know not as yet precisely what is the supposed fluid matter called the *sap* of trees, nor by what laws it is propelled from the roots to the highest extremities ; but that a circulation of something does take place has long been known and confirmed by direct experiment. It is this circulation, moreover, as it would seem, that communicates new life to the vegetable principle ; that creates in its ascent buds and leaves, flowers and fruit, all of which die away and disappear when it again descends. Whether it be the acids or the oils, the resins or the

the gums, or all or none of them, that are thus put in motion, or whether it be some gaseous or other subtle and volatile fluid, which at the proper season resuscitates the vegetable life, remains yet to be discovered. It is pretty clear however that whatever that power may be, which thus stirs up and calls into new life the active principle of vegetation, it does not cease altogether from the moment that the tree has been cut down and separated from the parent root. Every one knows that the trunks of elm trees, for instance, cut down in the spring of the year, if the bark be suffered to remain on them, will push out leaves and small shoots the following spring along the whole length of the trunk; the sap that was in the wood at the time of felling, impelled by the genial influence of the season, begins to circulate, puts the living principle in action, opens the pores of the wood, and makes a last and feeble effort at vegetation.

This simple fact, which could not escape common observation, must have led to the conclusion that winter felled timber, when the sap was supposed to have descended into the root or the ground, would not possess the same tendency to vegetate; and that if the bark was stripped off in the spring while the tree was standing, so that the sap could not rise, or rise but imperfectly, and left in that upright posture till the winter, the tendency to vegetation would be still further repressed; the fluid parts would subside; the fibres of the wood collapse; and the timber become more compact, solid, and strong; or, in other words, would at once be *seasoned*, and not liable to throw out those abortions of vegetation, those excrescences which form the lowest class of vegetables, and which, by some extraordinary process communicated to the wood, infect it with the disease above-mentioned; a disease which seems to act by depriving the wood of all moisture, and so completely decomposing the fibres, that, though in appearance sound, it crumbles between the fingers into a mass of impalpable powder.

We are fully aware that different opinions are entertained as to the origin of the dry-rot, many contending that this disease will as readily attack timber however long it may have been seasoned, when exposed to damp and confined air, as it will seize upon green timber. We are not of this opinion; and we are borne out, as we think, in our theory of the dry-rot being produced originally by the natural juices of the wood being brought into action, from the circumstance of the different genera of *fungi*, which are found to infest different kinds of timber. Mr. Sowerby, who was employed by the Navy Board to examine the Queen Charlotte, a new ship in a complete state of dry-rot, found the most prevalent of the parasitical vegetable which occasions the disease, to be the *xylostroma giganteum*, a gigantic leather-like fungus peculiar to oak, and known there-

fore, in common language, by the name of *oak-leather*; but he found also the *boletus hybridus*, being the young state of the *boletus medulla-panis*; or white, ragged, soft fungus; the *auricularia pulverulenta*, and some others, among which the *boletus lachrymans* was the most scarce, although this last fungus is that which mostly infests dwelling houses and other buildings. Now, as the Queen Charlotte was injudiciously built of a mixture of English oak and American oak, of English fir and American pitch-pine, this assemblage of different sorts of timber will, we think, account for the different kinds of fungi found in that ship. In general, however, the *xylostroma giganteum* may be considered as the cause of dry-rot in ships, and the *boletus lachrymans* in houses, the former being the parasite that feeds on oak, the latter on fir.

It may fairly be inferred then that as different timber produces different kinds of fungus, there must reside in each kind of timber its peculiar moisture, and that mere wetness or damp could not produce a different vegetable on dry well-seasoned oak and other kinds of timber when exposed to such damps. It has been hinted to us, that fungi may be the *effect*, and not the *cause*, of rotten timber; as the fungi which form the mould of cheese are the *consequence* of previous rottenness, and not the *occasion* of it. We *doubt* the correctness of the fact with regard to cheese, and are rather inclined to believe that, if a cheese in a perfect state of soundness, be placed in a close damp cellar, it will very soon be covered with fungi, and long before the least tendency to internal rottenness has taken place; and with regard to timber, we *know*, for we have *seen*, that in the *Mulgrave*, the *Barham*, the *Paictiers*, the *Dublin*, the *Stirling Castle*, *cum multis aliis*, whole planks, timbers and beams were covered with a sheet of fungus, while the wood was still perfectly sound; though it is well known, that if not speedily removed, and a free circulation of air admitted, the *consequence* would be, a total decomposition of the fibres, either from some power possessed by the fungus of extracting the juices of the wood, or of occasioning some fermentative process within; and while the surface of the timber would still retain a smooth and sound appearance, the internal part would be reduced to a mass of dust and rottenness.

We have already had occasion to distinguish the *dry* from the *wet* rot; the latter has nothing to do with fungus, but is occasioned by alternate exposure to wet and dry; it is slow and gradual in its progress, and rather separates than decomposes the fibres of the wood.

Another circumstance may be mentioned in corroboration of our theory. The more *sappy* timber is, the more it is subject

to be infected with fungi and the dry-rot; thus all the timber brought from the *forests* of Germany, of which the Antwerp fleet has been built, is remarkably subject to the dry-rot; so is all the timber that is brought from the *forests* of America; whereas the timber of trees that grow in exposed situations, as on the sides of hills and commons, and hedge-rows, being more compact, and less sappy, is less subject to this fatal disease. Soil and climate have also, no doubt, considerable influence on the nature of growing timber; the farther south oak grows, the better the timber would seem to be; the oak on the bold shores of the Adriatic is the best oak known in Europe; and the oak timber which is produced in the southern counties of England is preferred to the timber of the northern counties; that of Sussex being considered as the best. In a contract for tree-nails, drawn up more than a hundred years ago, it is stipulated that they should be made of 'good Sussex oak, free from knots and shakes.'

All these points are of great importance to be ascertained, and we know of no one so well qualified for the purpose as Mr. Sowerby, who has had more experience of the nature and habits of fungi, and of their ravages wherever they fix themselves on timber, than any other person we have heard of; and his ideas, we understand, with regard to the seasoning of timber, accord very much with those of the officers of his Majesty's dock-yards, who have attended to this most important subject.

There can be little doubt that the custom of felling timber trees, except the oak, in winter, arose from a conviction that, when the sap has subsided, the timber is more compact. The exception of the oak from this general practice must have arisen entirely from the value of its bark and the facility of stripping it off for the purposes of tanning, while the sap is in the act of rising; and to this circumstance alone can be attributed the statute of the 2d James I. which prohibited the felling of oak trees when bark was at a given price, unless between the first day of April and the last day of June; with the exception, however, of such oak timber as was meant to be employed in the building or repairing of houses, ships or mills—an exception which points out very clearly what the opinions were of our ancestors with regard to the superior quality of winter-felled timber. This opinion has, in fact, been confirmed by the ingenious experiments of Mr. Knight, who ascertained that the alburnum or sapwood of trees felled in the winter is more firm and tenacious in its texture, and consequently more durable, than that of the same kind of wood which had been felled in the spring.

Doctor Plott, who wrote about 130 years ago, mentions a practice in Staffordshire of stripping the bark of their oak trees about May,

May, while standing, and when the sap was beginning to flow, and of felling them about Michaelmas. In Mr. Evelyn's book are some papers on this subject: and on the recommendation of Mr. Pepys, secretary of the Admiralty, to James the Second, that monarch issued his royal warrant to the Commissioners of the Navy, directing them to cause to be stripped in the spring, and felled in the ensuing winter, one hundred and fifty oak trees in Bushy park, fit for naval purposes. The result of the experiment is not known; though there is little doubt that, able and active, exact and laborious as Mr. Pepys was, the record would be found in his numerous manuscript volumes, now shut up in the Pepysian library at Cambridge, but which ought unquestionably to be lodged at the Admiralty among the records of that department.

The papers of Pepys, of Plott and Evelyn, induced the French naturalists Buffon and Du Hamel to undertake a set of experiments on the barking of trees in the spring, and leaving them to stand during the summer to season; by which process Buffon pronounces the timber to acquire additional compactness, weight and strength, and consequently greater durability. And it is laid down (in the *Histoire Générale de la Marine*, published in 1758) as a criterion to determine the quality of oak timber—that, to be good, it should be felled when the moon is at the full, and the wind north; and that it is sure to be bad, if cut at new moon, and when the wind blows from the south.*

In England the subject has not met with that attention which it so evidently deserves. Dr. Plott says the Royal Sovereign was built of winter-felled timber, and speaks of its uncommon hardness; but there is no evidence of this fact. The first experiment we know of was that of building the Montagu of winter-felled timber, as we mentioned in a former Number, by order of Lord Sandwich; this ship was launched in 1779, and we do not find that she required any repair for ten years afterwards, and, indeed, she is yet a good ship.

It is the less surprizing that the durable quality of this ship should not have attracted the attention which might be expected, when it is considered that the experiment was made when the ordinary duration of ships was calculated at eleven or twelve years, before they required much repair; but we own it does appear rather unaccountable that none of our builders, either public or private, should have felt the advantage of deviating from the ordinary routine, or that a mere spirit of curiosity should not have induced them to put to the test of experiment the comparative quality of oak timber felled in the winter when the sap was down,

* Hist. Gen. de la Mar. tom. iii. planche I. p. 282. de l'Archit. Nav.

with that of the same age and from the same forest felled in the spring when the sap was rising. In France, where 'they order these things better,' they not only felled their oak trees when the 'wind was at north' and 'in the wane of the moon,' but by a royal ordinance of the year 1669, the time of felling was fixed from the first of October to the fifteenth of April. But Buonaparte, satisfied by the reports of the Sçavans that 'ships built of timber felled at the moment of vegetation must be liable to rapid decay, and require immediate repairs from the effect of the fermentation of the sap in those pieces which had not been felled at the proper season,' issued a circular order 'à MM. les Agens Forestiers,' that the time for felling naval timber should be abridged, and that it should take place 'in the decrease of the moon, from the first of November to the fifteenth of March.*'

The late miserable failures in all the ships of the line launched from merchants' yards, to which recourse was had from the low state of the navy, and the inadequate means afforded by his Majesty's dock-yards to raise it to its proper pitch, have revived the subject; and it is satisfactory to learn that the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests of the crown are instituting inquiries into this interesting question, and conducting experiments on an extended scale. It is high time, indeed, that a question so intimately connected with the vital interests of the country should be finally decided.

To destroy this vegetable principle in timber, which, as we have observed, is called into action long after the tree is cut down, a variety of experiments have been made on a small scale; but they have either not been applicable to large naval timber, or if applicable, have for the most part failed of success. They have consisted generally in the impregnation of the timber with oils, salts, acids, or in coating its surface with paint or lime, or bringing it to a state of seasoned timber by the application of heat, either by stoving it in close kilns, or by steaming or boiling it.

The application of oil was probably suggested from the known quality which this fluid possesses of killing living plants, as it does insects, by filling up the pores and excluding the circulation of air, or other fluids; or rather perhaps from an observation that ships employed on the whale fishery were never infected with the dry rot. The application of oil in a large way would, we conceive, be both expensive and inconvenient, and not improbably ineffectual; for as the question applies only to *green* timber, of which the vessels are already occupied by its natural juices, the absorption of oil could only take place in a partial degree.

* Instructions de l'Administration adressées à MM. les Conservateurs, 6 Août, 1803. Circulaire du premier Février, 1811.

The same objection would seem to apply to the steeping of timber in saline solutions, or the various kinds of acids, as we cannot see in what manner they could be made to impregnate the whole mass, unless the natural juices were previously driven off. Acids would, besides, very speedily corrode the whole of the metallic fastenings. But there is another and more weighty objection to such impregnation. The attraction for moisture which salts and acids possess, would keep the whole interior part of the ship dripping wet, like the bannister rail of a staircase on a moist day succeeding a frost, and not only destroy the ship with the *wet-rot*, but the ship's company also, whose health experience has proved to be best preserved by keeping the ship as dry as possible—the remedy in this case would be infinitely worse than the original disease.

As to coating over the surface of unseasoned timber with paint, washing it with a solution of lime, &c. little benefit, we apprehend, would be obtained from such a process. By excluding the free circulation of air, the vegetable process carrying on within the timber would be more likely to be encouraged than suppressed; and if it be true, as we have heard it asserted, that vessels carrying coals and lime are not subject to dry-rot, this exemption, we apprehend, ought to be ascribed rather to the frequent exposure to the air of the interior surface of the ship, and the absorption of moisture by the articles brought in contact with it, than from any particular virtue inherent in either coals or lime, by which the ship's timbers are supposed, erroneously we think, to be impregnated. It is the smallness of the timbers of which coasting vessels are constructed, and which renders a long seasoning unnecessary, aided by the thinness of the planking and the large open spaces between the timbers, through which the air can freely circulate, that preserves them from the dry-rot; from which they will be found equally free, whether they are employed to carry coals or lime, or cargoes composed of sundry articles.

Few persons, we believe, have given more attention to this important subject, or made more experiments on the rapid seasoning of green oak timber, than Mr. Lukin, though, as far as we can learn, they have all ended in disappointment. He conceived that if the gallic acid and the watery particles were driven out of a piece of oak timber, by a process which should prevent the surface from splitting, the timber would contract its dimensions by the fibres being brought closer into contact, lose much of its original weight, and gain additional strength. With this view he buried a log of green oak in pulverized charcoal, placed in a stove or oven. When the process was completed the log had a very promising appearance; the surface was close and compact, the log had

had considerably contracted its dimensions, and lost a great part of its weight; but when the saw was applied to divide it, the fibres within were found to have started from each other; and a plank cut from it exhibited a fine piece of net work, ramified and reticulated precisely like the inner bark of a tree;—in fact it was completely shaken in pieces, and of course utterly worthless.

Mr. Lukin, however, learned something from the failure of this experiment. He now conceived that if he could by any means contrive, in dissipating the aqueous or other fluid matter of the wood by heat, to supply its place with an oleaginous fluid, he should not only destroy the vital principle of vegetation, but keep the fibres together and accomplish the desired purpose. With this view he got permission to erect a huge oven or stove in Woolwich yard, capable of containing two or three hundred loads of timber; on the outside, at the two ends of the building, were erected two large stills or retorts, in which the dust of the pitch pine was submitted to distillation. From the heads of these stills ran iron pipes, perforated with holes like a cullender, which, passing through the walls into the building, were continued along the upper part for the whole length. The stove or kiln was kept up to a certain degree of heat sufficient to cause the fluids of the timber to pass off by evaporation, but not so high as to rend the logs. The oily matter distilled from the saw dust, and resembling weak oil, or rather spirit, of turpentine, in passing along the iron pipes, dropped through the holes upon the wood beneath, and was immediately absorbed by it; and thus, it was conceived, filled up the vacant pores from which the aqueous matter had been expelled;—when the transfusion was supposed to be complete, it was intended to stop the process.

The idea was ingenious enough, though we doubt the efficacy of the experiment; before however the process was completed, an unfortunate explosion took place, which killed six men, and wounded fourteen others, two of whom died afterwards of their wounds; three of the former and most of the others were struck at the distance of sixty feet from the seasoning house. The explosion was like the shock of an earthquake; it threw down seventy-two feet in length of the dock-yard wall of three bricks thick, a part of which was driven to the distance of 250 feet into an adjoining field; in the same field it threw down a house. An iron door, weighing 280 pounds, was thrown to the distance of 230 feet; another of the same weight, in its passage through the air, knocked down a chimney and fell at 190 feet distance; the bricks and sticks of the building were hurled in every direction to the distance of 300 feet. This melancholy accident was supposed to be owing to the flame making its way at the part where the flue entered the building, and

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set fire to the mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gases contained in it. It is hardly necessary to add that this fatal experiment has not been repeated.

Of all the methods which have been tried for the artificial seasoning of timber, none, we believe, will be found so effectual and in every way so little objectionable, as that of boiling in water or steam—the latter, perhaps, may be considered as too penetrating and injurious to the fibre; but the former has long been practised, though with other views than that of preventing dry-rot; namely, to bend the piece more easily to the required curve: all the thick planking, for instance, near the bows of a ship, are first boiled in a stove before they are applied to the timbers. It has recently, however, been discovered, as we understand, that fungus will not grow on a piece of timber that has been so boiled. The experiment is easily made: take a green piece of wood, saw it into two pieces, and after boiling one of them for twenty-four hours, place both in a close warm cellar. The unboiled piece will, in a very short space of time, be covered over with a coat of fungus, and if the other remain untouched, the effect of boiling is decisive; and the rationale of the experiment is too obvious for us to dwell upon.

We are, however, decidedly of opinion, that nothing but *time* and a judicious arrangement of the timber stacks, such as will keep them as much as possible from wet, and suffer the air freely to circulate through them, will give an effectual seasoning to oak timber on a grand scale, so as to answer all the demands for that article which the British navy requires. Had all our ships of war been built of timber with a seasoning of three or four years, we should not have heard so much of the ravages committed by the dry-rot, nor of so many ships being unfit to keep the sea after two or three years, and sometimes as many months, from the time of their launching. Ships of this kind are not likely, however, to be brought hereafter into the national navy. We have paid somewhat dear, it is true, for experience; but as 'bought wit' is said to be the 'best wit,' it is to be hoped that we shall profit from it; and, in that case, we may safely predict that a ship of the line will never hence-forwards be launched in this kingdom from a merchant-builder's yard.

ART. XI. 1. *Campagne de Paris en 1814, précédée d'un Coup-d'œil sur celle de 1813.* Par P. F. F. J. Giraud. 8vo. pp. 124. Paris. 1814.

2. *Histoire de la Régence à Blois.* 8vo. pp. 48. Blois. 1814.

3. *Itinéraire de Buonaparte, pour servir de suite à la Régence de Blois.* 8vo. pp. 36. Paris. 1814.

4. *Oraison*

4. *Oraison Funèbre de Buonaparte.* Par une Société de Gens de Lettres. pp. 32. Paris. 1814.
5. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France sous le Gouvernement de Napoléon Buonaparte.* Par J. B. Salgues. 8vo. Première Livraison. pp. 80. Paris. 1814.
6. *Buonaparte peint par lui-même.* 8vo. pp. 534. Paris. 1814.
7. *Voyage à l'Ile d'Elbe.* Par A. F. de Berneaud. 8vo. pp. 183. Paris. 1808.
8. *Mémoires Secrets sur Napoléon Buonaparte; écrits par un Homme qui ne l'a pas quitté depuis quinze ans.* 2 tom. 12mo. pp. 440. Paris. Mathiot. 1814.
9. *Lettera di un Italiano al Signore di Chateaubriand, autore dell'Opera intitolata Buonaparte e i Borboni.* 8vo. pp. 8. Milano. 1814.

NEVER did metaphor approach so nearly to description as the comparison of Buonaparte to a meteor—generated in obscurity; kindling to almost instantaneous splendour; shooting to an astonishing height; dazzling the world by its brilliancy; ‘shaking from its horrid hair pestilence and war’—then, as suddenly declining, and with a rapidity not equalled even by its ‘upward flight,’ losing itself again in the obscurity from which it sprung. The career of such a man is an object, even with those who abhorred him, of natural curiosity, and of no unphilosophical wonder. Hence it is that through his whole course he has attracted, in an extraordinary degree, the attention of all classes of mankind. The particulars of his origin* and the details of his elevation have been sought after with

* It is worth recording as characteristic of Buonaparte, and consistent with his whole course of life, that he falsified the date of his birth, his own christian and family names, and the names of his wife and of all his family.

He chose to call himself *Napoléon Bonaparte*, and to fix his birth-day on the 15th August, 1769. His real names are *Napolione Buonaparté*, and he was born on the 5th Feb. 1768.

The change of name was evidently for the purpose of making it somewhat French; and it was not till his appointment to the army of Italy, that he made this alteration. Barras, in his official account of the affair of the 13 Vendémiaire, 5th Oct. 1796, calls him ‘le général Bouaparté,’ probably a misprint for Buonaparte; and in the contract of marriage between him and his first wife, still existing in the Registry of the second Arrondissement of Paris, dated also in 1796, he is called by the notary, Napolione Bouaparte; but his own signature at the foot of the contract is written Napolione Buouaparte; and the preamble to this deed states that his baptismal register then produced, attests that he was born on the 5th February, 1768.

For the change of date three reasons may be assigned, 1st, that he piqued himself on being the youngest of heroes, and was not sorry to strike a year and a half from his real age.—2d, Corsica was not annexed to France till June, 1769, and therefore to make himself a Frenchman, he was obliged to choose a date subsequent to this period.—3d, The 15th August was, in the French calendar, the day on which a vow of Louis XIII. putting his kingdom under the protection of the Virgin, was celebrated, and it therefore appeared

with general avidity, and his fall, as miraculous as his rise, is an object of a still more general and acute interest.

We are aware of, because we have shared, the public anxiety on this subject, and though the details which we may have collected from the works that form the title of this article, or from other sources, are far from being complete and satisfactory to the mind of the statesman or philosopher; yet at least they may gratify the innocent curiosity of some, and afford materials for the moral reflections of others of our readers. We know how important seeming trifles sometimes are, in forming an estimate of the human mind; we know too how soon these minute traces of character are lost; and it is therefore that we are induced to call our readers' attention to the fugitive tracts now under consideration; and that we shall endeavour to give 'a local habitation' to some anecdotes relative to this extraordinary person, which, though now in the mouths of many, would probably be in ten years absolutely forgotten.

The name of one work, indeed, we have prefixed to this article, for the mere purpose of disclaiming the having made any use of it:—we mean the *Mémoires Secrets*, which is certainly the most audacious, yet the clumsiest attempt at imposition we ever have witnessed.

It professes to be written by a personal attendant of Buonaparte's, AT THE LEAST *his private secretary*; and to give, as it were, an internal view of this extraordinary man. We hesitate not for a moment to pronounce the work a forgery, 'a gross, palpable' forgery; written by some wretched scribbler, of the lowest rank in literature and in life, for the basest of purposes, a *pecuniary* fraud. We hear that there are no less than six translations of this trash at present in the London-press, and we hasten to warn our readers against being induced to purchase the most contemptible and impudent catchpenny that ever appeared. If the moral defects of

appeared a fit birth-day for the saviour of France, as Buonaparte called himself, and a convenient niche for the new patron-saint Napoleon.

From the same contract of marriage it seems that Josephine's real names were Marie-Joseph-Rose.

The names of the rest of the family, as they appear in the act of guardianship made on their father's death, and now remaining in the archives of the *Chambre des Comptes*, are as follow, Joseph, Napoleone, Lucciano, Luiggi, Girolamo, Mariana, Carletta, Annonciada; in the last three persons, our readers would have some difficulty in recognizing their Imperial Highnesses the Princesses Elise and Pauline, and her Majesty Queen Caroline of Naples: but even this change did not satisfy him, for latterly, his court calendar announced these ladies as Marie-Elise, Marie-Pauline, and Marie-Caroline; and even his old mother Letizia was new christened Marie-Letitia.

The story of Napoleon's having been baptized *Nicholas* is therefore not true; though at the college of Brienne he may have substituted this familiar name for his foreign one of Napoleone.

the

the writer were redeemed in any degree by his talents or information, if his story, though false, were entertaining, it would still have some recommendation; but we assure our readers that it is as dull as *it is false*; and if we had a stronger expression we should make use of it. For ourselves, we beg to say, that in the following summary we have taken pains to ascertain the accuracy of the facts which we relate; and we have not ventured to state any circumstance which does not appear to us to be established by the most satisfactory and conclusive testimonies.

It is well known to our readers, that after the tremendous campaign of Moscow—a reverse that ought to have tamed the heart, if it did not shake the throne of the proudest sovereign that ever wore an hereditary crown—Buonaparte appeared alike undiscouraged by the past, and undismayed at the future. Peace was within his reach—peace that would have legitimated him on the throne of France, and assured to his empire bounds as extensive as nature seemed to afford or policy to require—but peace was not for him. Defeated in a second campaign, more bloody, and almost as mortal as the former, he finds himself driven—not merely to the boundaries of his new empire—not merely to those of ancient France,—but into the very heart of his country:—there again peace is offered to him, and there again the Usurper—like him of England—professes to ‘set his life upon the cast,’ and resolved ‘to stand the hazard of the die.’* With Richard, we know this was no empty menace;—he was found dead in the field of battle, with his sword in his hand, and his crown on his head; we shall see by-and-by how differently Buonaparte terminated *his* career.

In his audacity Buonaparte stood alone; ‘*La paix, pour l’amour de Dieu, la paix!*’ was, as we stated in an article† written at the time of the negotiations at Châtillon, the universal cry of France. It is now known that even the council of ministers, presided by the empress, unanimously advised him to accept the terms that were offered,—his obsequious senate ventured to repeat frequently in its addresses the word *peace*; and the Commission of the Legislative Body, even before the invasion of France, went so far as to urge its necessity upon him. It was on this latter occasion that Buonaparte, on the first of January 1814, assembled this body in his apartment at the Tuileries, and dismissed them with a furious invective, of which, as an unique specimen of a speech from the

* ‘Dans quatre mois j’aurai la paix, et les ennemis seront chassés, OU JE SERAI MORT!’ Réponse faite le 1^{er} Janvier, 1814, par NAPOLEON, au Rapport de la Commission extraordinaire du Corps Législatif.

† Vol. X. No. XX. Art. X. p. 493.

throne, we shall extract a part. This strange oration was evidently extemporaneous, but each of those, says M. Giraud, before whom it was spoken, recollected some passages; these were immediately put together, and of the whole thus collected we have seen several copies, differing in expression as was natural, but agreeing in substance. The following summary has been made from the most authentic copies.

'I have suppressed your address,' he began *ex abrupto*, 'it was incendiary—I called you round me to do good, you have done ill. Eleven-twelfths of you are well-intentioned, the others, and above all M. Lainé, are factious intriguers, devoted to England, to all my enemies, and corresponding through the channel of the advocate Deseze with the Prince Regent.

'Return to your departments, and feel that my eye will follow you; you have endeavoured to humble me, you may kill me, but you shall not dishonour me—you make remonstrances—is this a time, when the stranger invades our provinces, and 200,000 Cossacks are ready to overflow our country? There may have been petty abuses; I never connived at them. You, M. Renouard, you said that Prince Massena robbed a man at Marseilles of his house—you lie!—the general took possession of a vacant house, and my minister shall indemnify the proprietor.—Is it thus that you dare affront a marshal of France who has bled for his country, and grown grey in victory? Why did you not make your complaints in secret to me? I should have done you justice.—We should wash our dirty linen in private, and not drag it out before the world.

'You call yourselves representatives of the nation—it is not true; you are only deputies of the departments; a small portion of the state, inferior to the senate, inferior to even the council of state. The representatives of the people! I am alone the representative of the people—Twice have twenty-four millions of French called me to the throne—which of you durst undertake such a burden? It had already overwhelmed (*écrasé*) your Assemblies and your Conventions, your Vergniaux and your Gaudets, your Jacobins and your Girondins—They are all dead!

'What, who are *you*? nothing—all authority is in the throne; and what is the throne? this wooden frame covered with velvet? no, I am the throne. You have added irony to reproaches. You have talked of concessions—concessions that even my enemies dared not ask. I suppose if they asked Champaigne, you would have had me give them La Brie besides.—But in four months I will conquer peace, or I shall be dead. You advise! how dare you debate of such high matters (*de si graves intérêts*)! You have put me in the front of the battle as the cause of war—it is infamous (*c'est une atrocité*.) In all your committees you have excluded the friends of government—extraordinary commission—committee of finance—committee of the address, all, all my enemies.

'M. Lainé, I repeat it, is a traitor; he is a wicked man, the others are mere intriguers. I do justice to the eleven-twelfths; but the factious,

tious I know, and will pursue. Is it, I ask again, is it while the enemy is in France that you should have done this? But nature has gifted me with a determined courage—nothing can overcome me. It cost my pride much to—I made that sacrifice; I—, but I am above your miserable declamations. I was in need of consolation, and you would mortify me—but, no, my victories shall crush your clamours: in three months we shall have peace, and you shall repent your folly. *I am one of those who triumph or die.*

'Go back to your departments. If any one of you dare to print your address, I shall publish it in the *Moniteur* with notes of my own. Go, France stands in more need of me than I do of France. I bear the eleven-twelfths of you in my heart—I shall nominate the deputies to the two series which are vacant, and I shall reduce the legislative body to the discharge of its proper duties. The inhabitants of Alsace and Franche Comté have a better spirit than you; they ask me for arms, I send them, and one of my aides-de-camp will lead them against the enemy.'

Having delivered this speech with a rapidity and violence approaching to fury, he dismissed the insulted representatives of France, and hastened to his own destruction in the continuance of the war.

To what are we to attribute this astonishing obstinacy? *He* has given one solution, and we have heard from some of his friends another. When he was asked, after his abdication, by a person whom he admitted to a very free intercourse, how he could refuse to conclude a peace on terms which would still have left him the monarch of the greatest country upon earth? he is said to have answered, with apparent frankness, '*Ce n'était pas dans mon caractère; d'ailleurs peut-être, avais-je de l'humeur.*' When the same question was put to those who knew him and France best, they answered, 'that a peace *dictated* in France would have undone him;—'that his throne was founded on public opinion,' and 'that if the *prestige*,' for so they called it, 'of his glory were to be destroyed, the state of his affairs, and the character of the French people forbade him to expect that his power would long survive it.' In this latter opinion we can easily believe that his opponents in the negotiations may have coincided, and that when they offered him terms of fair and even honourable peace, they may have felt, that though they offered as much as they could grant, they offered what he could not accept, or, accepting, would not long be permitted to enjoy. Nor indeed is his own account irreconcilable with this opinion: he thought probably that his audacious '*caractère*' was the '*prestige*' which surrounded him, and that by indulging in its hitherto successful sallies, he should continue to derive and enjoy the same attachment from France, and the same success over his enemies.

A third reason has been also frequently assigned, and especially by M. Giraud.

'It may be, that unmeasured presumption, the *habit* of victory, and the desire of vengeance, blinded him—but it may also be, that the epilepsy, which sometimes attacked him, may have touched his intellectual faculties; and military men who have had constant access to his person, state, that since Moscow he has given frequent instances of mental alienation.'

Figuratively speaking, we should not hesitate to pronounce him *mad*; but we do not believe that there is the slightest reason for supposing Buonaparte to have been, in a medical sense, more deranged after the retreat of Moscow than before. But that which was genius and glory while success attended him, became folly and madness as soon as fortune frowned. In no time had he shewn greater abilities as a captain than after the battle of Leipsic; and even to the last, his military movements, though the event was not always or finally answerable to his expectations, were very able; and the days of Montmirail, Champ Aubert, and Vauchamp, were as brilliant, though fortunately not so decisive, as the greater transactions of Marengo or Jena.

The whole of the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 are extremely well given in M. Giraud's book, which is chiefly, if not solely valuable as a military detail; but we must commence *our* history nearly where M. Giraud concludes his.

Napoleon's bold and characteristic resolution of throwing himself behind the allies, in the expectation that this daring movement would alarm them so much for their own safety, as not only to draw them away from Paris, but actually entangle them in the very difficulties with the prospect of which he endeavoured to terrify them;—this movement, we say, was fortunately defeated by the resolution of marching upon Paris, a resolution which was—considering the time and circumstances in which it was taken—one of the grandest that ever entered into the mind of man, and does the highest honour to the names of the Emperor Alexander and Prince Schwartzburg:—to which of those great men the idea suggested itself, perhaps they themselves are not conscious;* but it is certain they both eagerly adopted it, and must equally share in the glory of that great enterprise in which they risked themselves and their armies for the deliverance of mankind.

For two days after this determination and change of march, Buonaparte was employed, as he hoped, in anticipating the allies, and in preparing the springs in which his victims were to be caught—but no enemy came—no intelligence arrived—from Paris he

* It is said, that the interception of three successive couriers with dispatches from Napoleon to Marie-Louise, conducted to this resolution.

heard

heard nothing—from the rest of France little, and a hostile army of 200,000 men must be, he knew, at no great distance from him, but he could not guess where. Over Winzingerode, who was in his vicinity, near St. Dizier, with a small force, he obtained some and claimed greater advantages; but these successes left him as much in the dark as ever.

He was convinced that this corps was but the advanced guard of the Russians, and when one of his generals reported it was not so, and that the main body of the allies had suspended their retreat, he himself has since owned that he thought the news almost too good to be believed, and calculated that the time thus lost would enable him to perfect his plans for their destruction.

‘In these circumstances, it was Napoleon who thought his enemies undone; and far from considering them as having resumed the offensive, he saw in their movement of concentration only a measure of retreat.—He announced it triumphantly to the Empress in letters written with his own hand; these letters were intercepted by the allies. They were then certain of having deceived him, and they urged with great precipitation their movement against the capital.’

Of the march upon Paris either he never thought, or his arrogance hastily rejected the idea; but at last, after, as he has since confessed, a loss of three days, he felt that it became absolutely necessary to ascertain the enemy's position, and he accordingly hastened by forced marches through Bar sur Aube towards Troyes. In this movement the Baron of Weissenberg, returning to Vienna from his mission to London, was made prisoner. When introduced, the Baron found him with a map of France before him, and Napoleon immediately began a conversation, or rather a speech, in that rapid style so peculiarly his own.

‘You know France, M. le Baron, and can judge how critical my situation is become. I have heard of the affair of Fère Champenoise; it was lost—it ought to have been gained; but the corps did not obey their orders and time their marches. Well, we must have peace; let us have it; but I know you make war against me personally, but why so? Why against me? but there is the Empress, make peace with her; she would make an excellent sovereign. She has no experience, but she has excellent dispositions.—Ah, the real mistake was the marrying her! I should have married a Russian archduchess, as I wished myself, and then Russia and I would have managed to have kept you others quiet.’

This tirade is in the best style of Buonaparte, for with all its appearance of vehement candour, it was a tissue of falsehood. The battle of Fère Champenoise was not lost by the disobedience or delay of the troops—the fact is, the French were surprised; and Buonaparte, equally surprised and perfectly ignorant of the

details of his situation, wished to make M. de Weissenberg believe that his own combinations and dispositions extended even to Fère Champenoise.—His self-accusation of having committed a *mistake* in marrying an Austrian princess, is one of the most extraordinary instances of impudence we ever heard of, for we cannot believe that it was self-deception. What! the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, the invasion of Spain, the march to Moscow, the delay at Dresden, are all, we suppose, master strokes; but the Austrian alliance, which for two years maintained his throne, and finally saved his life, he affects to consider as a great mistake.

After this confidence he dismissed M. de Weissenberg, and finding the march of the army, though astonishingly rapid, too slow for the exigency of the time, and of his feelings; he hastened off, almost unaccompanied, making the detour of Sens, to endeavour to regain the capital, or at least to obtain some intelligence of his armies or of his enemies.

Bewildered, rather than guided by the dark rumours which meet him, he reaches on the 30th of March his imperial residence of Fontainebleau*—all there is quiet and still respectful. As yet no doubt crosses his mind that *the dynasty of Buonaparte has ceased to reign*. But who can venture to describe the emotions of this man's heart, when passing through Fontainebleau and approaching Paris, he sees, 'as through a glass darkly,' the first symptoms of his altered fortunes? Let him speak for himself.

'I met a column of soldiers, in whose march there were evident marks of confusion—my carriage was obliged to stop—I stared at them, and they stared at me—we did not know what to think or what to say—at last I exclaimed, "Qu'est ce que tout cela veut dire?" and some voices, instead of answering, cried out with a tone of astonishment, "Quoi!—C'est lui, c'est l'Empereur!"'

From these fugitives he obtained no distinct information, and was endeavouring to proceed, when he was met near midnight at a village about six miles from Paris called Villejuif, by an officer in a staff-uniform, riding at full speed, who stopped his carriage: though it was dark, the emperor was seen to alight in the deep and wet road—he conversed with the officer with much gesticulation and apparent agitation. He appeared now willing to return, and now resolved to advance;—at last the officer prevails, the carriage is turned round, Napoleon reluctantly ascends the vehicle, and turning his back on Paris for ever, retires slowly towards Fontainebleau,

* It is a singular coincidence that in one of the last bulletins from Moscow, Buonaparte exemplifies the comfort and security of his situation by saying, 'C'est le soleil et les belles journées du voyage de Fontainebleau.' This was on the eve of the destruction of his army in 1812—and lo, on the very eve of the destruction of his power in 1814, he makes 'le voyage de Fontainebleau!'—but we doubt whether he found it quite so agreeable as it appeared in perspective from Moscow.

where

where scattered bodies of troops, arriving by different routes, exhibit the utmost surprise, consternation, and disorder.

In the mean while the Allied Sovereigns are under the walls of Paris; on the 29th, the inhabitants of that city, who had been kept in profound ignorance of their danger, saw with terror the departure of the Empress and the King of Rome—Waggons laden with the public treasure and archives, and all the papers of the ministerial offices, crowded the southern roads. Joseph Buonaparte, indeed, had, on the 27th, held a grand review; on the 29th, he published a bold proclamation, and, to encourage the Parisians to resistance, promised to stay by them to the last; a promise which he kept as Napoleon has since kept his promise of dying.

Though we shall not enter into the details of the battle and capture of Paris, one or two less public facts may be properly mentioned.

Early on the morning of the 29th, the Emperor Alexander sent an officer to offer to Paris the same capitulation which he granted after the battle of the next day. This officer was stopped at the French advanced posts, and, up to midnight, no answer had been received by the Emperor: about that time, a captain of the Sapeurs-Pompriers (fire-engine corps) of Paris, having missed his way, was taken by some Russian vedettes. This captain, on being questioned, readily answered, that he had been ordered by the governor of Paris to come to the advanced posts to find the Russian officer who had been stopped in the morning. This looked like a continuance of the negociation, and the Sapeur-Pompier was sent back by the Emperor with renewed offers of a capitulation. A good deal astonished at the dignity and importance of the mission into which he had fallen, this person hastened into Paris to find Napoleon's lieutenant, King Joseph; but in vain; no one knew any thing about his Most Catholic Majesty; at last, about eleven o'clock the next day, he and King Jerome were found on Montmartre, taking a very distant view of the battle. Joseph heard his story three times over, demanded to have it in writing—obtained it—gave no answer, but, with his worthy brother, made all haste to disappear, which he did with such celerity and success, that he was not recognised till he had got to Sèvres, six miles on the opposite side of Paris, where, however,

'the assembled population appeared to the king to be in a very alarming agitation. They talked of arresting him, but he escaped by assuring them roundly, that Paris was delivered, the allies beaten, Napoleon at the Tuileries, and that he was going to bring back the empress!'

In the mean while the battle round Paris continued, and the creatures of the despot were still active within its walls. They actually published bulletins during the action to endeavour to raise the people 'en masse' against the allies. An hundred eye-witnesses

reported, in different parts of the town, that the enemy had been repulsed two leagues;—that the King of Prussia and ten thousand men were taken, and were already passing the barriers as prisoners—and that Napoleon had arrived with 80,000, and was proceeding to complete the annihilation of the enemy.

During the whole of that day it was somewhat unsafe to appear to doubt these reports, for the police, the ‘*ames damnées*’ of Buonaparte, were the propagators and abettors of these lies; ‘but the melancholy countenances of their Majesties, Highnesses, and Excellencies, sad examples of the fragility of human greatness, gave the lie to these agreeable reports, and damped the public confidence in these boasted victories.’

Even after the capitulation, money is said to have been distributed to the refuse of the mob in order to excite resistance; and at the moment the allies were entering, a few desperadoes rode through the neighbourhood of the Louvre and ordered the shops to be shut, the streets to be barricaded, and the enemy to be attacked.

In the Place de Grève the Cossacks were assailed by a wretched mob, with cries of *Vive l'Empereur*; but the excellent discipline of the Allies, the weakness of the Buonapartists, and above all the good sense and firmness of the National Guard of Paris, prevented any mischief; and though the Senate did not decree the *déchéance* of Napoleon till the 2d of April, nor the restoration of the Bourbons till the 6th, the people had, by universal consent, hoisted the white flag and cockade on the morning of the 31st, and recognized with spontaneous enthusiasm the authority of their legitimate sovereign.

Let us now follow the imperialists.

Kings Joseph and Jerome having, by their most royal lie, escaped from the hands of the populace of Sèvres, proceeded to join the empress and her child, round whom King Lewis, old Madame Buonaparte, with the ministers and their suites, had already collected. After some hesitation as to a place of rest, this fugitive court fixed itself at Blois, where it endeavoured, by some blustering bulletins and proclamations, to maintain for a few moments, not their own hopes, so much as the fears of the inhabitants. The *Histoire de la Régence à Blois* gives us some curious particulars of this period.

The first destination of the Regency had been Tours, but at Vendôme, orders were received from Napoleon to fix it at Blois; where, on Saturday, April 2d, the Empress and King of Rome, followed by the other Majesties and all the Excellencies, entered in the midst of an immense crowd of spectators, and the most *profound silence!*

On

On the 3d it was supposed that news from Paris and the army had been received by the court, but nothing was permitted to transpire, and Blois was in a state of the most painful suspense.

The 4th was spent in the same ignorance, doubt, and anxiety; at last a *waggon* arrived from Paris with a passport signed *Sacken**;—this single word was equivalent to volumes, and the waggoner added that in the capital all was quiet and in the best order. Upon this *precise* and alarming intelligence, the kings and the ministers *got on their boots*, (we speak literally,) and Joseph, Jerome, and Clarke, set off for Orleans under some pretence of military duties.

On their arrival at this city they found dispatches from Napoleon at Fontainebleau, in which he thundered (fulmina) at their pusillanimity, and particularly at Joseph's cowardice and disobedience in flying from Paris; and on the 5th, the magnanimous monarchs and the no less magnanimous marshal returned to Blois, where they endeavoured to put a good face on the affair; and in consequence, as it is presumed, of the orders received at Orleans, began to bestir themselves in preparing to raise recruits, and to *oppose the power of the regency to that of the provisional government*. Our readers will see hereafter that this was in perfect concurrence with Buonaparte's contemporaneous proceedings.

The 6th was passed like the former days, in anxiety and silence; except that his 'Excellency the counsellor of state M. le Comte Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely' was so condescending as to impart to the person with whom he lodged certain events, concerning which (in order that they might be the more speedily circulated) he enjoined the strictest secrecy. The news of *course* was promulgated, but his Excellency obtained nothing by his *finesse*; for when it was reported as coming from him, no one believed it.

The 7th, Thursday, was marked by an event which never could have been produced except by such shameless jugglers as Cambacérés, Regnault, and their fellows—a proclamation was published in the name of the Empress describing the Emperor as in a triumphant attitude, and ready to attack the enemy 'à la tête de ses armées si souvent victorieuses.' It states,

'that all orders proceeding from a town in the power of the enemy (implying Paris) are to be taken as emanating from the enemy himself, and as such to be disregarded, and that no acts are to have any force or effect which do not proceed from her residence and from the imperial ministers.'

This proclamation, though written in the evening of the 6th, two days after Napoleon's virtual abdication, and posted up in the night between the 6th and 7th, bore date the 3d, one day before

* The Russian Governor of Paris.

it!—This antedate, says the historian, was a trick of the ministers, ‘qui voulaient ménager quelque accommodement avec le gouvernement provisoire,’ (whose orders had not, on the 3d, reached Blois,) and at the same time give Napoleon this proof of zeal, which, in case he should be finally successful, he could not but reward. We believe, however, that the trick was of Buonaparte's own devising; and for purposes which we shall mention presently; but be this as it may, the proclamation was spread with great industry as far as the communications from Blois permitted, and was, it is supposed, the cause of that lamentable delay which occasioned the battle of Thoulouse. During all this time the brother-kings and their followers appeared to be in increasing perplexity; but at last they resolved to consult their own safety, says the historian of the Regency, by flying southward, and carrying Marie Louise with them.

‘Between eight and nine in the morning of Good Friday, April the 8th, Joseph and Jerome proceeded with two carriages to the Empress's lodging; they acquainted her that they were going to depart, and that they came to propose to her, for her own safety's sake, to accompany them—she asked whither and by what order she was to go, and observed that as to her personal safety, that was secure whether in the hands of the French, the Russians, or the Austrians; they answered that, though they had not an express order from Napoleon, her ties to the imperial family rendered her a *voluntary and necessary hostage for the safety of that family and of the state—that their intention was to establish the regency southward of the Loire, and that the carriages for her and her son were at the door. To this proposition, Marie Louise answered only by her tears, when the two kings, little moved by her grief, seized her each by an arm, and were about to force her to the carriages. The Empress shrieked for help, which brought some gentlemen of her household to her assistance; addressing herself to these gentlemen, she implored them, as a last testimony of attachment, to go to the officers of her guard, and learn whether they intended to connive at the violence with which she was threatened. The officers of the guard, informed by M. d'Haussonville of the Empress's situation, hastened to her assistance, but the two kings, disconcerted at the audience that had crowded about her, had already retired, ashamed of their attempt and confused at its failure.’

We have heard, though the author of the *Histoire* (who only describes what he actually saw and heard at Blois) does not mention it, that this attempt to carry off the empress *for the purpose of raising the standard of civil war south of the Loire*, was the device not of Joseph and Jerome, but of Buonaparte himself; and there seems every reason to believe, from the whole of his conduct at Fontainebleau while these transactions were passing at Blois,

* For this strange use of the word ‘voluntary,’ the two kings are responsible; we have translated faithfully.

that

that the scheme had been contrived by him. Well may the author say, that the determination of Marie Louise on this occasion, saved France from the horrors of a civil war : and thankful may Europe be, that the patience of the Allied Sovereigns, in treating with Buonaparte, was not rewarded *on the spot* by a fresh explosion of hostilities!

In this extraordinary state of affairs, however, the imperial Regency of France and the city of Blois continued till the evening of the 9th, when a stranger alighted at the Galère inn; and it was immediately reported throughout the anxious town, that a Russian general had arrived at the inn, for the purpose of waiting on the empress.

‘The Count de Schouvaloff came alone; and no one interfered either to deny or acknowledge his mission. No one yet recognized the royal or the provisional government, nor even the authority of the allies—the proclamation of Blois was still in force, and the people who saw it still ‘*affiché*’ did not dare to acknowledge powers which had not even announced their existence.’

In the faces, however, of all the ministers, (who quitted the palace soon after M. de Schouvaloff’s arrival,) were read at once consternation and the truth; and the inhabitants of Blois were no longer in doubt that ‘the dynasty of Napoleon had ceased to reign.’ Then commenced a scene of tragi-comedy, which perhaps has never been equalled : their Serene Highnesses the Grand Dignitaries, and their Excellencies the Counsellors of State and Ministers, who a week since ruled the greatest empire of the world, and who, two days since, had circulated through all France their insolent commands in the proclamation of Blois, suddenly and without any *apparent* cause, (for no troops had approached, and no proceeding of the provisional government was known at Blois,) descended from the height of their arrogance, even to the depths of meanness, and courted the safeguard and protection of an individual foreigner, who had arrived in their town wholly unaccompanied, and having scarcely any other credential than an *unpronounceable name*.

But a new circumstance soon occurred, which crowned their Highnesses and Excellencies with ridicule and contempt.

On quitting Paris it never had occurred to them to think of *passports*; their dignities absolved them from all dependence on, or thought of the police; but the hour was now come when—*saue qui peut*—all found it expedient to provide for their own safety, and when the avowal of their Doodle-and-Noodle dignities were more likely to impede than facilitate their evasion.

In this perplexity they besieged M. de Schouvaloff in his inn, and

and with a mixture of earnestness and humility begged him to afford them the protection of the *unpronounceable name*!

We do not know whether M. de Schouvaloff is a wag; but he certainly, on this occasion, hit upon one of the pleasantest expedients for quizzing their Highnesses and Excellencies that could be devised. He professed that he had no authority to grant passports, but if any passports regularly obtained from the mayor of the town should be presented to him, he should not hesitate, he said, to add his signature.

The Galère was speedily evacuated; Cambacérès waddled, Regnault strutted, Clarke hopped, and the rest waddled, strutted and hopped in imitation, to the mayor's office to obtain passports. The mayor's clerk was astonished at the rank and number of his applicants; but the good little man collected his official wits as well as he could, and set himself to comply with the solicitations of the princes and dukes;—but here another difficulty occurred: the form of inferior passports, obtainable from a mayor, required a specification not only of the names and professions of the applicants, but a *detailed personal* description; this the poor clerk knew not how to ask from such illustrious personages; but in the condescension of their fear they became so obliging as to make no difficulties on any point, a condescension which the clerk, M. Bruère, repaid by registering their titles and the colour of their hair and eye-brows, and the length of their noses and chins, 'avec tous les égards que prescrivait la position singulière où se trouvèrent leurs Excellences.'

Furnished with these passports they returned to the Galère in such shoals, that M. de Schouvaloff's room could not contain their numbers, nor his politeness satisfy their impatience. He however signed all the passports, marking by his graduated civility, the rank which each of those functionaries held in his esteem. To the Duke of Feltre, Clarke, he shewed every attention; while on the other hand, he did not sign the passport of his Excellency the *Duke de Rovigo*, without writing on the margin '*M. Savary*.'

Having thus provided for their personal safety, these illustrious persons had but one thought more—of the emperor? No—of Marie Louise? No—of the King of Rome? No—but of some certain millions of francs of the public treasure, which had accompanied the Regency from Paris. The ex-ministers condescended, even at so critical a time, to turn their thoughts to this subordinate matter, and when it was proposed in council that every functionary should be immediately paid all arrears of salary and allowances, together with three months' pay in advance, this salutary proposition was received with unanimous applause, and every one accordingly touched
on

on the spot all his demands, with some little additional 'gratification pour les frais de voyage.' The troops alone murmured; they got only three months' pay, though much more was claimed as due; but the answer to their complaint was, that the government had no time to listen to their reclamations. Old Madame Buonaparte had the good sense and good fortune to take exceeding good care of herself upon this trying occasion; she is stated to have received 375,000 francs. (about 18,000*l.*) notwithstanding which she, the same night, very prudently dismissed the greater part of her attendants, and the history does not state that she distributed amongst them any share of the 375,000 francs.

We are sorry to say, however, that the money did not quite restore the venerable *Letzia's* good humour: she scolded all that approached her, and threatened her attendants, and consoled herself with prophesying 'that it was not yet all over, and that another revolution would soon avenge the wrongs of the Corsicans: *Nous autres,*' said she, '*nous nous connoissons en révolutions.*'

We shall not follow this part of the subject further than to add, that on the 10th, the Regency and its court removed to Orleans, where, strange to say, it found its proclamation of Blois still in force, and, notwithstanding the abdication, it began again to consider itself as a government, and to hold councils. In a day or two however this court crumbled away and returned to the dust from which it sprung. From Orleans, Joseph sneaked and Jerome blustered their way out of France. Cambacérès, with his cook, hastened to Paris, (whither he had sent two successive adhesions, very *prudently* and *differently* worded.) The rest betook themselves to the capital or the provinces,* as their hopes or fears prevailed, but it was observed, not much to the credit of their gratitude, that not one of them went to Fontainebleau.

Marie Louise, under the protection of some gentlemen of her father's court, proceeded to Rambouillet, and afterwards to Germany. Louis Buonaparte, the only other of the sojourners at Blois for whom we can feel any interest, remained for some time in that city, seeking, during the feast of Easter, the consolations of religion. He afterwards proceeded to Switzerland to enjoy, we hope, the repose which he loves and, we will add, deserves; for it never should be forgotten, that in the plenitude of the power of his family he resigned a crown to enjoy the blameless obscurity of a private station.

We must now return to our hero.

* Our worthy friend Le Comte Regnault went to Clermont in Auvergne, with a white cockade in his hat, and was extremely indignant against the local authorities which had not yet assumed the ensign of loyalty.

After

After his return from Villejuif, in the night of the 30th, he endeavoured to collect around him at Corbeil, Fontainebleau, and that neighbourhood, all the wreck of his armies; and employed every effort to excite the fury of the soldiery against the allies, and even against Paris: to one corps which he reviewed at Corbeil on the 31st, he promised four hours plunder of that treacherous city:—he appeared to be prepared to go the whole lengths of despair.

On the 31st of March the allied sovereigns entered Paris proclaiming peace to France and war to Buonaparte. On the 1st of April the Provisional Government installed itself; on the 2d, he had collected at least 20,000 men, whom he reviewed, and thus addressed in a more moderate tone than he had assumed at Corbeil.

‘The enemy is in Paris.—I do not wish to speak of the inhabitants of that city, but a horde of emigrants, whom I had recalled, restored, and laden with personal favours, have offered their services to the Emperor of Russia, and have hoisted the white cockade, (here his countenance became violently distorted, but he proceeded). The tricoloured cockade we won in our revolution; we have ennobled it in our empire. It has shared too many triumphs with us ever to be abandoned. If Paris is to be retaken at the point of the bayonet, I will march at your head. May I reckon upon you?—am I right? Will you ever abandon this national cockade? “Never, never; Vive l’Empereur! Vive Napoléon!—à Paris! à Paris!” was the answer of the whole line of troops.’

The marshals present at this scene were far from partaking or encouraging this senseless enthusiasm; they that same night assembled in the palace, and when admitted to Napoleon’s presence, with many references to their former services and professions of duty and affection, acquainted him that all was lost; that, at most, he could collect but 56,000 men, and that, for them, he had not two days’ provisions; that the only means of saving any thing from this great shipwreck, was to abdicate in favour of the King of Rome.

Buonaparte, for the first time in his existence, heard a remonstrance in silence, and ultimately assented to the proposal: on the 3d Marshal Ney put into his hands the Paris journals, in which the déchéance pronounced by the Senate the day before was published, and, in the name of his brethren, on the public parade, gave him that advice so terrible to the ear of a tyrant, ‘Sire, il faut abdiquer; c’est le vœu de la France et de l’armée;’ Napoleon, thunderstruck, retired into the palace. On the 4th he signed his own abdication, and addressed an order of the day to his army, in which, after contrasting forcibly and justly, the former servility and present tergiversation of the senate, he intimates that if *he* is the only obstacle to peace, *he* is ready to make the last sacrifice for France;

France; and that he has sent Ney, Caulaincourt, and Macdonald to Paris 'pour entamer des négociations.' These negotiations, which had for their object the continuance of Buonaparte's power under the cloak of a regency, to be administered by his wife in her own name or that of her son, happily failed;—others then ensued, in which the discussions were not questions of policy, power, or government, but of pounds, shillings, and pence; and on the 11th of April was signed the famous treaty by which Buonaparte abandoned for himself and his family the thrones of half the world, and stipulated only for the empty titles of his better days,—a retreat in the obscurest corner of his late dominions,—and a pension of 2,000,000 of livres per annum, from the civil list of Lewis XVIII. —and, finally, on the 12th, he signed the formal instrument of abdication on the part of himself and his dynasty.

Of Buonaparte's share in this treaty, the indignation of all Europe relieves us from the necessity of saying one word. To ensure the execution of his sentence of banishment, it was arranged that he should be attended to Elba by commissioners from each of the four great allied powers; and on the 17th these were introduced to him at Fontainebleau; Count Schouvaloff from Russia; General Count Köller from Austria; Count Truchses de Waldburg from Prussia; and Colonel Campbell from England.* It was observed by the by-standers that in the length and style of his interviews with these commissioners he expressed his feelings towards their sovereigns or their nations. The Russian he received with dislike; the Prussian with contempt; the Austrian with hypocrisy; and the English with affectation. With the latter he is said to have been *studiously frank* and *designedly open*. He chose such topics as he thought would be agreeable, and handled them in the most complimentary way.

'Lord Wellington was a great officer—he had above all, activity—to make war successfully, one should be like him.'—'He (Buonaparte) had a great respect for the English nation, he did them justice now, though he had before endeavoured to do them so much harm.'—'The English had an independent spirit, and he had wished to raise to a level with it the character of the French, but they were not capable of it.'—'The Spaniards too have a character and the English had made a good use of it.'

He is reported also to have added,

'I am going to live in an island; all islands must be connected with England; I am an English subject.'

* It is strange, that to all the copies of this treaty circulated on the continent, the signature of Lord Castlereagh was affixed; though in fact his lordship was no party to the treaty; and we believe that it was merely in consequence of Napoleon's special request, that an English officer was permitted to accompany him.

For

For some days his departure was delayed upon several pretexts; some, it was said, very trifling; and there appears to have been a hope lurking in his mind, like that of Prior's thief,

————— who traversed the cart,
And often took leave, yet was loth to depart.

And even on the morning of the 20th, the day on which he did depart, he seems to have wasted his time with some vague hopes of a reprieve.

On that morning he had long conferences with the commissioners. He complained, it was said, grievously that some of the arrangements which he wished for, had not been made, and he threatened that if he was not gratified he would stay where he was, or go to England.—‘He had 30,000 men only, but they were *such* men!’—‘As to England, he had been her greatest enemy, but he thought she was too generous not to afford him an asylum.’—‘Sir,’ one of the continental Commissioners is reported to have replied, ‘your majesty not having personally made war in that country, the reconciliation will certainly be less difficult.’

As the time for his departure approached every one in the palace observed that he grew more anxious to find causes of delay; he appeared often abstracted and frequently uttered such phrases as these, ‘*J’ai mal fait*’—‘*Peut-être j’avais tort*’—‘*Je suis un homme mort*’—‘*C’est comme une rêve!*’ and he frequently *shed tears*.—‘Iron tears down Pluto’s cheek.’ When an officer came to tell him from Marshal Bertrand that it was one o’clock and the carriages were ready, he started, and exclaimed—‘*Voilà de nouveau! depuis quand est-ce que j’ai été subordonné à la montre du grand maréchal?*’

At last, all excuses for delay being exhausted, he descended to his carriage; his guards lined the court-yard—he called the officers about him—addressed to them the speech which we have seen in the public prints—kissed the eagles as an expression of his love to the army, and, evidently much affected himself, and having deeply affected all who heard him, he stepped into his carriage and was soon out of hearing of the cries of ‘*Vive Napoléon*’ with which the army greeted him.

Not such was his reception from the people—every where they testified their dislike, and in some places their animosity and horror against him. As he proceeded southward the indignation grew more violent, and, in his own opinion at least, endangered his life; at one place his effigy, dressed in his uniform, but besmeared with blood and covered with injurious mottos, was hung so directly in his way, that the legs struck against the front windows of the carriage; on more than one occasion he rode in disguise as a courier and wore the white cockade, and was forced to answer the cries of
‘*Vive*

'Vive le Roi' with which his cockade was saluted. Sometimes he changed dresses with the commissioners, and he frequently assumed the name of some English officer. On one occasion, when he rode forward with the couriers to order the post horses, the mistress of the posthouse, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said, 'Mon ami, on dit que ce coquin de Buonaparte va venir; l'as-tu vu?' to which, with a ready equivocation, he answered, 'Moi? non, je ne l'ai pas vu!'—On this or a similar occasion, being asked at the posthouse when Buonaparte would arrive, he replied, 'Il pourrait bien être ici avant mon départ.'

On his arrival at Frejus, where fourteen years before he had landed on his return from Egypt, he found a British frigate which had been (as was understood, at his own request) destined to receive him. The morning of the 28th had been arranged for the embarkation, but he was indisposed, and it was not till about 10 o'clock at night that he embarked from St. Rapheau, a short distance from Frejus, in his Britannic Majesty's ship the Undaunted; as soon as he put his foot on board the ship, M. de Schouvaloff exclaimed, 'Adieu César et sa fortune!' and the frigate, contrary to the rules of the English service, fired *a royal salute*, without which, it is said, that Buonaparte absolutely refused to embark.

His short stay at Frejus was not without danger; a ferocious mob assembled in the street opposite to his lodgings, and seemed very well inclined to do itself summary justice on the imperial offender; and Buonaparte, in whose mind the fear of assassination appeared to be very strong, had prudently provided himself with sword and pistols.

The embarkation in the frigate's barge was, however, effected quietly. One of the officers of the boat happened to be a nephew of Sir Sidney Smith. When this was mentioned to Buonaparte, he said without embarrassment, 'C'est celui que j'ai rencontré en Egypte.'

On board ship he is said, very absurdly and we have reason to believe very unfoundedly, to have shewn much more knowledge of naval details than could have been expected, and to have observed on the superior discipline and order of the English to the French ships. He is also reported to have talked a great deal of rhodomontade nonsense, of his having expected to have 300 sail of the line in a few years, with which, and a naval conscription, he was to drive the English from the seas. He was, during the whole voyage, very frank and communicative; and he seems, from what we have heard, to have succeeded in making favourable impressions on the British officers that approached him: the common sailors, however, were not to be so cajoled; and they are reported to have refused a pecuniary present which he offered them, desiring that 'their com-

pliments might be presented to Mr. Buonaparte, but that they would take none of his money.'

During his stay on board the frigate, he had expressed, in an indirect way, his fear of assassination, and the door of his apartment had been guarded by the marines of the ship, in whom Napoleon placed so much confidence, that after his disembarkation on Elba, he wished to have a party of them landed for his protection, and the door of his apartment in his new palace was consigned to the guard of an English serjeant, who slept on a mattress outside his door, and in whom Buonaparte seemed to repose more confidence than in all his own attendants.

On the 3d they arrived off Elba ; and, after some visits from the shore, made arrangements for taking possession on the morrow.

Early next morning, he went across the bay in a boat to take a walk : accompanied as he was by English officers, the peasants mistook him for one, and the first sounds he heard from the lips of his subjects were praises of the English, and curses against himself. He now observed that he had no sword on ; recollected that the Italians were, by nature, assassins, and he returned hastily on board the ship.

In the course of the day, he landed in form on Elba ; and it is not surprising that he should have been received with great joy by the inhabitants who promised themselves every thing from his talents and his splendour. Their hopes have, however, long since cooled, and even with the Elbese the '*prestige*' seems to be already destroyed.

In every particular of his conduct, he adhered with a ridiculous attention to the maintenance of his imperial dignity. On landing, he received the keys of his *good city* of Porto Ferrajo, and he proceeded immediately under a canopy of state to the parish church, which must needs serve as a cathedral. There he heard *Te Deum*, and the Itinéraire says that his countenance was dark and melancholy, and that he even shed tears ; this however is not stated by any other authority, and we may here say, once for all, that we have not given the same credit to the Itinéraire, in which the author is only an historian at second-hand, that we did to his *Histoire de la Régence*, of the facts of which he was an eye-witness.

One of Buonaparte's first cares was to select a *flag* for the Elbese empire, and after some hesitation he fixed on 'argent, on a bend gules, three bees or,' as the armorial ensign of his new dominion. It is strange that neither he nor any of those whom he consulted should have been aware that Elba had an ancient and peculiar ensign, and it is still more remarkable that this ensign should be one singularly adapted to Buonaparte's situation ; being no other than '*a wheel,—the emblem,*' says M. Berneaud, '*of the vicissitudes of human life,*' which

which the Elbese had borrowed from the *Egyptian* mysteries.' (c. 3. s. 2.)

This is as curious a coincidence as any we ever recollect to have met; as the medals of Elba with the emblem of the wheel are well known, we cannot but suppose that Buonaparte was aware of the circumstance. Yet he is represented as having in vain made several anxious inquiries after the ancient arms of the island.

During the first months of his residence there, his life was, in general, one of characteristic activity and garrulous frankness. He gave dinners, went to balls, rode all day about his island, planned fortifications, aqueducts, lazarettos, harbours and palaces; and the very second day after he landed, fitted out an expedition of a dozen soldiers to take possession of a little uninhabited island called Pianosa, which lies a few leagues from Elba; on this occasion he said good humouredly, 'Toute l'Europe dira que j'ai déjà fait une conquête.'

He early announced that he would hold a court and receive ladies twice a week; the first was on the 7th of May, and a great concourse attended their new sovereign. Buonaparte at first paid great attention to the women, particularly any who were at all pretty, and asked them, in his rapid way, Whether they were married? How many children they had? and who their husbands were? To the last question he received one universal answer; it happened that every lady was married to a *merchant*, but when it came to be further explained that they were merchant-butchers and merchant-bakers, his Imperial Majesty permitted some expression of his dissatisfaction to escape him, and rather hastily retired.

On the 4th of June there was a ball on board the British frigate, in the harbour, in honour of the King's birth-day; the whole beauty and fashion of Elba were assembled, and dancing with great glee, when, about midnight, Buonaparte came, unexpected and unasked, in his barge, to join the festivity. He was very affable, and visited every part of the ship, and all the amusements which had been prepared for the different classes of persons.

On his alleged birth-day, the 15th of August, he ordered the mayor to give a ball, and for this purpose a temporary building, capable of holding 300 persons, was to be erected, and the whole entertainment, building and all, were to be at the expense of the inhabitants themselves. These were bad auspices under which to commence a ball, and accordingly nothing could have more completely failed. Old Letzia, Madame Bertrand, and the two ladies of honour attended, but not above thirty of the fair islanders, and as the author of the *Itinéraire* sily remarks, 'Le bal fut triste quoique Buonaparte n'y parut pas.'

Having in one of his excursions reached the summit of the highest

highest hill on the island, where the sea was visible all round him, he shook his head with affected solemnity, and exclaimed, in a bantering tone, 'Eh, il faut avouer que mon île est bien petite.'

On this mountain one of the party saw a little church, in an almost inaccessible situation, and observed that it was a most inconvenient site for a church, for surely no congregation could attend it, 'It is on that account the more convenient to the parson,' replied Buonaparte, 'who may preach what stuff he pleases, without fear of contradiction.'

As they descended the hill and met some peasants with their goats, who asked for charity, Buonaparte told a story, which the present circumstances brought to his recollection—that when he was crossing the Great St. Bernard, previously to the battle of Marengo, he had met a goat-herd, and entered into conversation with him: the goat-herd, not knowing to whom he was speaking, lamented his own hard lot, and envied the riches of some persons who actually had cows and corn-fields. Buonaparte inquired if some fairy were to offer to gratify all his wishes, what he would ask? The poor peasant expressed, in his own opinion, some very extravagant desires; such as a dozen of cows, a good farm-house, &c. Buonaparte afterwards recollected the incident, and astonished the goat-herd by the fulfilment of all his wishes.

But all his thoughts and conversations were not as light and pleasant as these. Sometimes he would involve himself in an account of the last campaign—of his own views and hopes—of the defection of his marshals—of the capture of Paris, and finally of his abdication; on those topics he would talk by the hour, with great earnestness and almost fury, exhibiting in very rapid succession traits of eloquence, of military genius, of indignation, of inordinate vanity, and of sordid selfishness. With regard to the audience to whom he addressed these tirades, he was not very nice. Hardly any one who approached during the fit, was excluded from the imperial confidence; and accordingly we have heard many reports of them, of which we have occasionally, when the several evidences concurred, made use in this article.

The chief violence of his rage seems to be directed against Marshal Marmont; whom, as well as Augereau, he sometimes calls by names too gross for repetition, and charges roundly with treachery. What the details of Augereau's case may be we really are uninformed; but those of Marmont's, which we do know, give the lie to his quondam master's accusation. Marmont's conduct, under the difficult circumstances in which he commanded the troops engaged in the defence of Paris, has always appeared to us a masterpiece of courage, discretion, and generosity. He fought while he could; and when he could no longer defend Paris by arms, he saved it by
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a most honourable capitulation; he preserved his army for the service of his country, and when every thing else was lost, stipulated for the safety of Buonaparte. This last stipulation Buonaparte affects to treat with contempt and indignation; but we must not forget that no care has so much distinguished *him* since his abdication as the care of his person, and that, by the treaty of the 11th of April, he even descended so low as to sell his empire for a sum of money, a baseness which Marmont was too much a man of honour to think of proposing.

Buonaparte accuses Marmont of the want of preparation at Paris. What had Marmont to say to that? He was with his army, and only approached Paris in the course of the events of the war. King Joseph, and General Hulin (president of the tribunal that murdered the Duke d'Enghien) commanded in Paris—if there was any neglect, it was theirs and not Marmont's.

'What,' said Buonaparte, '200 pieces of cannon in the Champ de Mars, and only two at Montmartre? ah ce traître de Marmont!' he should say, ah ce traître de Joseph! the fact is, we believe, true, and proves only the incapacity of Joseph, the neglect of Hulin, and the injustice of Buonaparte; but it proves nothing of the accusation against Marshal Marmont.

That Marmont's conduct ruined Buonaparte we may admit, but it was only by saving Paris from plunder, by enabling the public mind to declare itself, and by preventing the bloody union of foreign and civil war in the capital. We have been induced to say so much, because we know that the abuse of M. Marmont is in France and this country one of the rallying points of the still existing friends of this calumnious tyrant.

Of the allied troops, as compared with his, he expressed the most profound contempt; 'the Prussians were the best, but he would beat even them with one-third of their number.' In the vexation of his heart, however, he did justice to Blücher; 'Ce vieux diable,' he said, 'never gave me any rest. I beat him to-day—good, he attacked me to-morrow. I beat him in the morning—he was ready to fight again in the evening. He suffered enormous losses, and, according to all calculation, ought to have thought himself too happy to be allowed to retire unmolested, instead of which he immediately advanced upon me; ah, le vieux diable!'

Prince Schwartzburg's plans he affects, it seems, to have quite developed, and has the arrogance to say that he saw through them; but why, if that were the case, is he at Elba? why, if he saw through that general's plans, did he not anticipate them and defeat his movement on Paris?—No, assuredly, Buonaparte is not entitled to undervalue Prince Schwartzburg: the battle of Leipzig, the invasion through Switzerland, and the subsequent campaign down to the capture of Paris attest the deep science and combi-

nations, the firmness and the activity of that distinguished officer, who stands undoubtedly in the very first rank of the great captains of Europe.

Of the public manner in which Buonaparte speaks of topics of this nature, we shall select one instance. It is not long since, that happening to cross the Piazza di Armi, at Porto Ferrajo, he saw some officers of his guard in a coffee-house: he stopped and directed them to be called out, and a cup of coffee to be brought to him; when he had received it, he held it up, as he stood in the middle of the square, and exclaimed with a loud voice, 'I remember that I once could beat forty thousand Austrians with ten thousand of my guards!' he then drank his coffee, got into his carriage, without saying another word, and drove away. The spectators thought him mad, but we suspect that there was, at least, as much of mischief as of madness in his speech.

On several occasions he has been forward to express his contempt of the people, and more pointedly of the government of the United States. He has totally forgotten M. le Duc de Bassano's assurance, '*that his Majesty loved the Americans*,' and he has very candidly avowed that he published his Berlin and Milan decrees with the object of involving them in a war with Great Britain, which he expected would have operated as a diversion to his own continental projects. He succeeded in exciting the war, but fortunately neither he nor his transatlantic auxiliaries have derived any advantage from their infamous league. Buonaparte is in Elba, and America has just signed a peace without obtaining any one of the objects for which she went to war; and we cannot but entertain hopes that Mr. Madison is destined, like his brother potentate, to taste, in a short time, the bitter sweets of a constrained retirement from public affairs.

When the first impressions of novelty were effaced, and the first hurry of his arrangements over, Buonaparte seems, from all the accounts which we have read or heard, to have gradually subsided, as was naturally to be expected, into a state bordering on *ennui*. He has grown fatter, exercises less, and sleeps more; yet still exhibits, by fits, all his characteristic restlessness, and still amuses himself with plans of buildings and projects of administration, which are abandoned as fast as conceived.

One of his projects made a great deal of noise and excited some ridicule in his island; it was no other than to send a cargo of iron ore to America. We have not heard whether it has been executed, but we should think that the iron, by the time it was manufactured in America, from the Elbese ore, would have afforded but a bad return to the imperial speculator.

One proprietor of iron mines exhibited an instance of independent honesty and resistance, which must have been quite new

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to Napoleon. This man, it seems, had in his hands a considerable sum of duties belonging to the French government. This Buonaparte wanted to seize; the man replied the money was neither his nor Buonaparte's, but the King of France's; and that he could not pay it into any other hands. Buonaparte insisted and stormed, but the sturdy iron-worker replied that—'300,000 bayonets should not terrify him into a breach of trust;'—a shrewd way of reminding Buonaparte that he had no longer the argument of 300,000 bayonets to sanction his injustice. This man's dispute with the emperor was well known in Elba, and his conduct much approved. On some subsequent occasion, when he had returned to his residence from a temporary absence, his workmen and their families made a kind of procession to testify their respect and love for him. Buonaparte was offended at this, and took the first occasion of saying to him, sarcastically, *Eh bien, Monsieur, on vous a reçu chez vous comme un souverain!*—*Comme un père, sire*, was the ready and overwhelming answer of the iron-worker.

The Emperor has lately intimated his intention of giving his capital the new name of Cosmopoli. It had been formerly sometimes called Cosimopoli, in honour of the Grand Duke (Cosimo) its founder; of this circumstance Buonaparte takes advantage, and, with a slight change, will confer on Porto Ferrajo the magnificent title of '*The City of the World*.' How absurd and contemptible this now appears to us! yet to such tricks, played on a great scale, he owes much of the reputation with which he dazzled all Europe.

But these high-sounding names and specious projects of future improvement do not appear to reconcile the Elbese to the government of Napoleon, now better understood—or rather felt—by them. The *wheel of vicissitude* has made a full rotation with them, and their actual condition begins to have very striking resemblances to a period of their ancient history, of which M. Berneaud gives us the following account:—

'In 1398, Gherardo Appiano, who had usurped the dominion of Pisa, perceived that the number and power of his enemies abroad and of the malcontents at home daily augmented, and fearing lest he should either be driven into a miserable exile or be put to death, he *consented to sell the country which he had usurped, for 200,000 florins*, reserving to himself, amongst other small possessions, the islands of Elba and Pianosa!

'This revolution was far from producing happy consequences to Elba. Every kind of extortion soon prevailed; the taxes were greedily increased, and the ravages of the plague came to assist in the depopulation of the island. Its commerce, placed under ill-considered regulations, was ruined; its agriculture neglected; the mines, subjected to heavy impositions, were abandoned, and the granite quarries were no longer worked. The emigration became considerable; every thing tended to increase it; and notwithstanding his pride and lofty pretensions,

sions, the new sovereign could not conceal his folly, impolicy and impotence. (c. 3. s. 1.)'

How soon the whole of this old picture may be restored by the master-pencil of Buonaparte, we cannot foretell; but all that we have heard of his proceedings, induces us to fear that Napolione Buonaparte, having walked so far in the steps of his countryman Gherardo Appiano, is very likely to follow still further his example; and we believe, that even now a considerable degree of discontent is felt, and that much desertion and emigration have already taken place.

Some of those who originally accompanied Buonaparte are, we know, returned in disgust to France; and accounts from Italy state, that he has been obliged to supply the desertions from his guards by enlisting men from Corsica and the neighbouring coast; and all who have lately visited the island report, that the conduct of the emperor has given every where the greatest dissatisfaction, and excited in the minds of the inhabitants of the island, and even of the neighbouring continent, considerable apprehension.

If we were, indeed, to give credit to all the reports that circulate in Elba and Italy, on the subject of Buonaparte and his future intentions, we should be alarmed for the peace of the latter country, and perhaps for that of Europe. One hears nothing but whispers of his intrigues with Milan—his correspondence with Murat—the number of mysterious visitors* whom he receives—and the corps of troops which he endeavours to raise. The latter, at least, of these reports can have little foundation, except in the turbulent and wild character of the man; for it cannot be supposed that he would be permitted to continue for an hour in his actual situation, if it were proved that he was raising a single regiment. That he corresponds with Murat we can easily believe; they are kindred souls, and notwithstanding Murat's *half*-defection, (for it was little more,) we think the sacred friendship of such heroes would be easily revived on the slightest occasion of mutual interest; the situation in which both these monarchs are now placed, renders their 'liaison' not merely possible, but very natural and probable; and it would very little surprise us, if we were to hear by the next packet, that Napoleon had ventured to associate himself to the standard of Murat, in a *perhaps* not desperate attempt to place himself on the throne of Italy, and secure to Joachim the crown of Naples.

The greatest obstacle to such an alliance and attempt is perhaps the project which Buonaparte is known to have long entertained

* Some time since a lady, with a child about seven years old, visited him in great secrecy; at first it was reported to be Marie Louise and her son; but since that has been denied, it has been supposed that it was a Polish lady by whom Buonaparte is said to have had a child; a Venus of the Vistula.

for consolidating Italy in *one* state; while he was Emperor of France he probably intended to administer this new government by a viceroy, but since his abdication, we are satisfied, from all we have seen or heard of his conduct, that *he dreams of this Italian kingdom for himself.*

Nor are we prepared to deny that this change would be agreeable to a very considerable party in Italy. The 'Lettera di uno Italiano' to M. Chateaubriand is designed to share with the *whole French* people, the blame of those atrocities which that eloquent writer charges upon Buonaparte alone. Many of the arguments of the Italian seem unanswerable, but we notice his work chiefly for the purpose of observing, that, while he casts these imputations on the French nation, he is actuated obviously, less by a sense of justice, than by national feeling, and a desire to exculpate, as far as possible, Buonaparte; whom he boldly claims as his fellow citizen, and of whose high deeds he thinks Italy may be proud in the same degree that France should be ashamed of her participation in his crimes.

'Gl' Italiani, che si gloriaron d'inscrivere ne loro fasti il nome di Paoli, acre sostinatore della patria libertà, non recusano di accettare per concittadino loro Buonaparte, vincitor di battaglie, &c. &c.' p. 6.

But, be these suspicions well founded or not, it must, we think, be admitted that Elba is one of the most injudicious places of exile that could have been assigned to Buonaparte. It would seem, from the terms of the treaty, and his proclamation to the Elbese, that it was his own choice: we can easily believe it; but that the allies should have acceded to such a choice, has exceedingly surprised us. Elba is situated, as it were, in the focus of all Buonaparte's crimes. France, Spain, Italy, Naples, Sicily and Sardinia—the scenes of his usurpations—surround it, and between all those countries it offers a center of unrestricted communication. When to this is added the consideration, that his brother and creature is master of Naples in the *south*, and that his wife and son are to possess the duchies of Parma, &c. in the *north*, it must be confessed that the placing Napoleon within two leagues of the coast of the *center* of Italy, appears to be affording to his restlessness and ambition all the incentives which local position can give.*

If we had no other motive than the quiet of Italy, we should desire to see Buonaparte removed from Elba, and Murat from Naples; but we really think there are higher considerations which

* It has been lately reported that Elise Buonaparte is negotiating with success for the duchy of Piombino. Piombino being only a couple of hours passage from Elba, this arrangement would complete Buonaparte's means of communication. This report cannot, we hope, be true; but it proves at least what the Buonapartés are thinking of.

demand

demand the expulsion of the latter. Need we stain our page with any account of this man's origin, the means of his elevation or the exercise of his power?—need we recal the particulars of the double or triple treason with which he abandoned his brother and benefactor, in the hour of trial, to join the allies, whom in the hour of trial it is doubtful that he assisted?—Need we insist on the mischief of affording to the world so eminent an example of successful depravity? of exhibiting the readiest instrument of all the crimes which have hurled Buonaparte from his throne—his vice-regent in Germany, Russia and Spain—established and enshrined in the sanctuary of royalty?—Need we remind our readers that the ONLY two European sovereigns who *never* bowed the knee before the Baal of France, and who, from first to last, have been to the utmost of their power the faithful allies of England, are also the ONLY sovereigns who, it seems, are to be dispossessed of their ancient realms? And can we forget that, while faction or folly so loudly laments the danger of those enemies of Europe, the kings of Saxony and Naples, not a voice has been raised in favour of the descendants of Vasa, or of the Bourbons of Sicily? that Bernadotte is quietly to fill the throne of Gustavus, and Murat that of Ferdinand?

The co-operation of Bernadotte, however, (though of much the same value in the field as Murat's,) was stipulated for in a distinct treaty, and he in return has claimed and received his wages in the recognition of his royal character, and in the annexation of Norway. And though we lament, and ever shall, the seeing one of Buonaparte's marshals on the throne of Gustavus, we admit that the interests of Europe and the public faith of nations bound the allies to make this sacrifice; in which too, there is this farther consolation, that Bernadotte is a man of good character, against whom the reproaches neither of base birth, avarice, cruelty, nor treachery could be justly cast:—he is indeed a soldier of fortune; but he is a gentleman, and endowed with liberal sentiments and feelings of honour.

If the allies have taken engagements of equal force with Murat, —if the faith of England, of Russia, of Prussia, of Spain, and of Austria, is pledged to him,—and *if he has performed, fully and honourably, the conditions to which he in return was pledged*, we have no more to say; we must acquiesce, reluctantly and sick at heart acquiesce, in the recognition of his title; because even the example of this man's prosperous profligacy is less dangerous to society than a breach in the public honour of kings, and the good faith of nations. But until his rights are so recognised, we may be permitted to speak thus freely of him, and to express our ardent hope that the true state of the case is not such as will oblige the sovereigns of Europe to admit him into their circle, and, as Gil Blas expresses it, '*se faufler avec les gueux.*'

THE

THE readers of the Quarterly Review may recollect that, in one of our former Numbers, (the Seventh,) we maintained, against the French navigators, the just title of Captain Flinders to the first discovery of the 'whole of the south coast of Australia,' &c.

We have great satisfaction in finding that our voice was not raised in vain. Messrs. Arrowsmith and Faden, we then ventured to predict, would not assist in the fraud projected by Buonaparte and his satellites; and we have now the satisfaction to add that Germany is erasing the names of the usurper from her charts, and restoring those imposed by Captain Flinders—

— το γὰρ γερας ἐστὶ δαμοντων.

Nor is this all. The reclamations of our Journal have pervaded France: they have been heard with attention, and followed up with a desire to repair the injury of which we complained. It is certainly to the honour of France, and speaks volumes in favour of her present government, that the earliest opportunity has been taken to call the attention of the people to the indisputable claims of our unfortunate countryman, to lay open the combination of sycophancy and tyranny by which he was defrauded of his rights, and to point out the mode in which the injustice may be most speedily and effectually redressed.

We give the Letter of M. Malte-Brun, as it appeared in the *Journal de Paris* of the 15th of December.

Sur le Plagiat Impérial, relatif à la prétendue Terre Napoléon.

L'empereur Napoléon et son ministre de la marine avaient imaginé d'usurper le droit de première découverte sur une côte longue de 250 lieues, et reconnue presque en totalité par les capitaines Grant et Flinders, anglais. Voici comment on s'y prit pour exécuter ce plagiat impérial.

1°. L'expédition française, commandée par Baudin, ayant, plusieurs mois après les anglais, fait la reconnaissance nautique, très-détaillée et très-soignée, de cette côte, on donna à tous les caps, golfes et îles des noms français. La famille impériale, l'institut, les bureaux de la marine, en un mot, la moitié de l'Almanach impérial figura sur cette côte, à laquelle on imposa le nom général de *Terre Napoléon*.

2°. On

2°. On consigna ces prétentions dans un Atlas géographique rédigé par M. le capitaine Freycinet, Atlas qui porte sur le frontispice une portion du globe, offrant la Nouvelle-Hollande illuminée par un rayon que darde l'étoile de Napoléon. A cette clarté céleste, on lit les mots suivans : *Fulget et ipso!* " La Nouvelle-Hollande est aussi éclairée par un de ses rayons !"

3°. On ordonna à M. Peron, auteur de la relation historique du voyage aux Terres australes, de faire une mention tellement équivoque de M. Flinders, que personne ne pût le croire auteur de la véritable découverte. On se permit de dire qu'on avait à la vérité rencontré ce navigateur anglais, mais qu'il avait avoué lui-même que les vents et les courans l'avaient empêché de pénétrer derrière les îles Saint-François, qu'il n'avait vu la côte qu'à une distance de trois lieues, etc.

4°. Le hasard ayant fait tomber M. Flinders dans les mains des Français, le gouvernement fit retenir dans une étroite prison, à l'île de France, pendant six ans, ce voyageur savant et paisible, soit pour l'empêcher de démasquer l'usurpation, soit dans l'espoir de le voir succomber au chagrin et aux maladies. En effet, M. Flinders est mort, c'est son frère qui nous l'assure, des suites de sa cruelle détention.

Le mensonge triomphait donc ; la Terre Napoléon, la presqu'île Cambacérès, l'île Decrès, les îles Jérôme, le golfe Buona-parte, les caps Cuvier, Laplace, Monge, etc. etc. paraissaient devoir rester à jamais sur nos cartes, lorsque M. Flinders, délivré de ses fers, permit aux rédacteurs du *Quarterly Review*,* journal scientifique et littéraire, publié à Londres, d'imprimer l'extrait très-étendu d'une note autorisée par l'amirauté anglaise. Dans cette note on réclame, dans les termes les plus véhémens, contre la tentative de donner des noms français à une découverte anglaise, et d'usurper, par cet acte, le droit de première découverte sur une contrée dont la possession est importante pour les maîtres de Botany-Bay. On y voue les manœuvres du gouvernement napoléonien à l'indignation des peuples civilisés, et, avant tout, à celle des Français eux-mêmes qui ne voudront pas voir leur gloire réelle compromise par une usurpation aussi ridicule qu'elle est odieuse.

C'est de cette réclamation que j'ai parlé dans la *Notice sur feu M. Flinders*, insérée dans les *Annales des Voyages*, il y a deux mois. Je devais un tribut d'éloges à la mémoire d'un voyageur savant qui, de sa prison même, m'avait fait parvenir des mémoires importants. J'ai prévenu mes lecteurs que cette notice, composée à la hâte d'après les notes des journaux anglais, pouvait contenir des erreurs de date.

* Ce Recueil doit se trouver à la bibliothèque du ministère des relations extérieures. Ne payant pas sous les yeux, je ne puis citer le tome ni le page.

Le plagiat impérial est, comme on voit, très-distinct des travaux réels de MM. Peron, Lesueur, Freycinet, Boullanger, etc. etc. J'ai toujours rendu à ces voyageurs la justice qui leur est due. Ce n'est pas leur faute si on les a forcés de coopérer à une usurpation qui désormais n'a aucun but politique. Déjà en 1813, sous le règne de Napoléon, j'ai osé revendiquer une partie des droits de MM. Flinders et Grant ; j'ai même osé indiquer ces droits sur une carte de l'Atlas de la Géographie universelle.* Cet hommage imparfait, rendu à la vérité, avait été formellement dénoncé au gouvernement impérial ; on dressait déjà un rapport sur ce prétendu crime, dont on partageait l'honneur entre M. Zimmermann et moi. L'entrée des alliés à Paris troubla M. le rapporteur dans son travail dont il me donna ensuite communication. Aujourd'hui il n'y a sans doute aucun danger à soutenir la vérité sur une question de géographie et d'histoire. Aussi, j'espère faire paraître cette vérité toute entière dans les *Annales des Voyages* sans aucun de ces ménagemens que j'avais cru devoir garder envers certains individus dont cette affaire irrite la vanité personnelle. Qu'espèrent-ils ? L'opinion de l'Europe est déjà prononcée. Je vois, par les journaux allemands, que les justes réclamations de M. Flinders y sont parvenues, qu'on efface déjà la Terre Napoléon sur les cartes, et qu'on me reproche même d'avoir, dans cette affaire, trop ménagé les auteurs et coopérateurs du Voyage français aux terres Australes.

Malte-Brun?

* Carte de l'Océanique centrale.

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JANUARY, 1815.

ART. I. *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By Dugald Stewart, Esq. F. R. S. Edin. &c. &c. Vol. ii. pp. 554. Edinburgh. 1814.

WE know not whether it be owing to the very high repute which the experimental sciences have of late so deservedly acquired, or to the low estimation into which the abstract sciences would seem, as undeservedly, to have fallen: it is, however, remarkable, that, since the commencement of our labours, the present opportunity is the first which has been afforded us, of stating our sentiments in due form, upon the metaphysical heresies of our northern neighbours. The publication of Mr. Stewart's 'Philosophical Essays' might, perhaps, in some respects, be mentioned as an instance to the contrary; but, as the subjects of those truly eloquent disputations were not, in general, very nearly connected with any of the great and characteristical doctrines of his particular school, we hardly consider it as furnishing a just exception to our remark. Such is not the case with the volume which we have now the pleasure of recommending to the attention of our readers. In this, they will meet with a full and fair exposition of his philosophical creed, together with a very skilful attack upon 'those scholastic prejudices' which, he seems to think, 'still maintain their ground in our most celebrated seats of learning.'

Before, however, we finally abandon the articles of faith *de omni inscibili et ineffabili*, as by law established in the universities of this land, it may be useful to take a general survey of the doctrines which it is proposed to substitute in their stead.—It is one thing to innovate and another to reform; when alterations are recommended in ancient establishments, a prudent man will take into his consideration, not only the defects which it is intended to remedy, but also the means by which the remedy is to be effected. In such cases, it is always in favour of existing institutions and old opinions that the mind should give its casting vote. Unless the changes which are proposed be plainly and incontrovertibly for the better, a man is not to be accused of bigotry for adhering to the customs and notions in which he has been brought up. On this account, we must entreat that Mr. Stewart will put a candid construction upon the

the freedom with which we shall examine the innovations which he wishes to introduce into the philosophy of the mind. For himself personally, and for his writings also, we entertain the highest and most unfeigned respect. We should be truly sorry to give any just cause of offence to one who wears his own faculties so meekly, great and admirable as they are ; but as long as we urge our own opinions with temper, and discuss his with fairness, we trust that in other respects, a little occasional earnestness of manner will be excused by him, in favour of the deep and perilous importance which we consider some of his fundamental tenets to possess. He should remember that it is *his* opinions and not *ours* which are new, and consequently that we must be regarded rather as defending ourselves, than as making any attack upon him.

Mr. Stewart's former productions, and more particularly the volume to which the one before us is intended as a sequel, have been so long before the public, and are so very generally admired, that it would now seem to be a work of supererogation, either to describe or to praise them. On the subject of his '*Philosophical Essays*,' we have already had occasion to deliver our opinions ; and as to those which we entertain respecting his earliest and most popular production, they will be best collected in the process of our remarks upon the merits of his philosophy in general.

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The execution of such a design as this would certainly seem to promise us more instruction than amusement ; we are, however, by
no

no means sure whether a perusal of his work itself, is not likely to disappoint, in this respect, our expectation. Mr. Stewart possesses so much general literature, and writes with such peculiar animation, that he seldom fails to seize the attention of his readers, even at those times, when he may happen to be least successful in forcing their conviction. In the present instance, we know not whether it be owing to the predominance of 'those scholastic errors' which we acquired in one of 'the celebrated seats of learning' to which our author alludes; but it is certain, the perusal of his volume has by no means effected our conversion to many of the leading doctrines which it contains. It has not, indeed, altered the very high opinion which we have ever entertained as to the great talents and attainments of its author; but it is no less true, that we closed it with an additional conviction upon our minds, that the method of considering his subject, which Mr. Stewart has so long and so very ably advocated, will, most assuredly, never lead him to any useful and practical results.

As far as this opinion is *prospective*, of course our readers will consider it as a mere conjecture, until they shall have listened to the reasons upon which we conceive it to be founded. But with respect to the *past*, the unproductiveness of that plan of metaphysical investigation, which our author, in the volume before us, so fully explains, and which it has been the labour of his long and active life to recommend, would seem to be no longer a matter of opinion, but a fact, so demonstrated as to be much more easily accounted for than denied. For, putting the labours of Dr. Reid and other writers out of the question, let us estimate those of Mr. Stewart alone—a writer of the most powerful and various talent—and yet, after forty years' exclusive application, both private and professional, to the study before us, how disproportioned are the results, either with the capacity or the perseverance which he so eminently possesses! This is a question which is not to be decided by the opinion of Mr. Stewart, nor, indeed, of any others, who, like him, are regularly enlisted into his favourite science, but by that of the literary world in general: the only impartial tribunal in such a case as this. For, although we willingly admit, that as to the question of what *may* be accomplished in the natural history of the human mind, the generality of persons are by no means competent to form a sound opinion; yet, with respect to what *has* been accomplished, we know not that a better criterion need be sought for, than the concurring voice of those, who neither have, nor can have, any interest whatever upon the subject, except that which its actual utility may have inspired. How unfavourable a verdict has been passed by this supreme tribunal, upon the labours, not of Mr. Stewart only, but, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Locke, upon

upon the labours of the whole body of metaphysical writers, it is almost unnecessary to point out. Not only is it commonly thought, that no useful and assignable knowledge is to be gained from the study, as it now stands, but the study itself is abstractedly considered as a losing speculation, and whatever leisure or talent we embark in it, is set down almost universally by others, as lost, both to society and ourselves. This last opinion is pushed, no doubt, much beyond what the premises from which it is taken will fairly warrant; but we cannot help considering the premises themselves as being sufficiently proved, not only by the uniform sentiment which the world in general entertains upon the subject, but by the very confession of those who have written professedly to refute it.

The great end of all knowledge is generally said to be power; the power which metaphysical science, according to Mr. Stewart's view of the subject, appears to promise, is that of counteracting the many inconveniences which result from the imperfection of language, and from the ignorance in which we still are, as to the nature and extent of those powers, both speculative and active, upon a knowledge of which our improvement, whether as rational or as moral beings, so materially depends. The first effect of any solid success of this nature, we are taught to believe, would not only soon make itself perceived in amended systems of education, and in the correction of many speculative errors, but even the historian and the statesman would find new facilities, from the more perfect acquaintance which they would acquire, with the real nature of those, whom it is their business to describe or to govern. In vain, however, should we attempt to trace the advancement of metaphysical science, by tracing the improvements to which, in this point of view, it has been subservient; and if we express any impatience at the tardiness of its promised fruits, and complain that instead of being led forwards to useful and intelligible objects, the mind is merely turned round and round upon its own axis, till it becomes giddy with the motion, we are immediately reminded of the imperfection of language, of the difficulty of the subject, of the fugitive nature of its objects, of the weakness of our faculties; thus silencing our complaints by repeating to us the subjects of them, and explaining the want of success which has hitherto attended the science, by merely enumerating the many obstructions which it is the very business of it to remove.

Those who are well acquainted with the history of human knowledge, and with the state in which the philosophy of the mind now is, will not so much feel surprized at this sort of language as they will lament the causes of it. When the experimental sciences were in the same stage of their progress, Bacon describes those who were then employed about them, as giving utterance to the disappointed

pointed feelings which every now and then a review of their Sisyphean labours would awaken, in almost the very same words which we so frequently meet with in metaphysical writings. And indeed, such ever will be the language of those who are either pursuing visionary objects in philosophy, or objects in themselves substantial, but by visionary means. In saying that we believe Mr. Stewart to be in this last predicament, it is very far from being our wish to undervalue the great merit of his labours. On the contrary, with the exception of Locke, we know of no writer to whom this department of science stands so greatly indebted. He has most successfully asserted the importance and the pre-eminent dignity of his favourite study, abstractedly considered, while he has proved, by his own example, that the most enthusiastic devotion to it is incompatible neither with elegant literature nor eloquent feeling. But for his powerful advocacy, we are persuaded, that the cultivation of it, with perhaps a few scattered exceptions, would by this time have been almost altogether neglected; and even if he has not been so fortunate, as to have made many discoveries in the terra incognita of the science, yet this must be imputed to no want of sufficient talent, but solely, as we conceive, to the wrong bias, which at an early period of his life, circumstances and connections seem to have impressed upon his great and honourable exertions. The justness of this opinion will be best understood from the brief review which we shall now proceed to take of that system of philosophy with respect to the human mind, in which Mr. Stewart was educated, and which he has since so very powerfully supported.

The question as to the foundation of our belief in an external world, seems to have been almost co-eval with philosophy. It was debated not only among the sages of Greece, but even of India. In later times it was formally revived by Descartes, and soon afterwards introduced into England. One writer, rather than believe without being able to assign any satisfactory reason for doing so, boldly asserted that the existence of a material world, was a thing *impossible*; another followed, who, upon the same ground, denied as boldly, the existence even of himself. Dr. Reid, who would very cheerfully have given up the material world, in favour of the arguments by which its existence was disproved, was, however, startled at this farther demand upon his common sense; and finding that to preserve his consistency it would be necessary either to admit the reasonableness of it, or else to retract all that he had before conceded, he resolved to take the whole argument once more into consideration. Upon this, he found that all that part of it, by which the *impossibility* of material things was demonstrated, depended entirely upon the theory of ideas; this last he perceived was altogether hypothesis; he therefore very properly argued, that

the absurd consequences to which it demonstrably led, was a demonstrable proof of its unsoundness. This part of the question being so far settled, and the possibility of an external world once more supposed, the next consideration was, by what process of reasoning, can the existence of it be made probable? Dr. Reid, it appears, was unable to discover any; he therefore assumed that there was none; and inferred accordingly that, the belief which all men at least act upon, in the reality of the things around them, must be derived, not from any of the acknowledged sources of belief, but from an appropriate and instinctive principle in our nature.

But besides the belief now in question, he found many other universal opinions among mankind, which he deemed equally unaccountable to our reason, as well as many speculative propensities in our nature, which, as being also inexplicable, he thought proper to class in the same manner. These he calls our *intellectual principles*; they have been enumerated by Dr. Priestley to the number of twelve. In addition, however, to these, we are taught, that there are many other original, simple, and uncompounded phenomena in the mind, which Dr. Reid distinguishes as the *intellectual faculties*; such are memory, abstraction, perception, imagination, association of ideas, invention, conception, and so forth, all of which, as well as the instinctive principles above mentioned, he considers as being ultimate laws in our constitution, in the same manner as hardness, colour, extension, taste, are ultimate laws in the constitution of material substances.

Mr. Stewart, moreover, considers it as a most unphilosophical opinion, to suppose the properties of body, as in any way linked together, or as being effects produced by any correspondent powers in material substances themselves; they are merely contemporaneous phenomena, and the only business of legitimate philosophy is simply to ascertain and record them. Accordingly, since our intellectual faculties and principles are ultimate laws in our constitution, and hold the same relation in respect to mind that the properties of body hold to matter, it is plain that to suppose them as being merely various operations of one and the same substance, is altogether a prejudice; they are nothing more than naked facts, associated perhaps in time and place, but which we have no reason to consider as being either actions of one individual substance, or effects of any single cause.

So contrary indeed is this last supposition to Mr. Stewart's way of thinking, that if our readers will take the trouble of referring to the ingenious theory upon Dreams contained in his first volume, they will perceive that he considers some of our intellectual faculties as being subordinate to the direction of others, and some again as being exempted from the controul even of the mind itself. Indeed,

dead, so far is he from being of opinion that they are indissoluble parts of our own identical being, that he conceives it to be not merely a possible supposition, but a *fact*, that in sleep some of them are perfectly alive and wakeful, not only while others may be suspended, but even while we ourselves would appear to be in a state of insensibility.

In truth it is altogether upon the exactness of this analogy, as above explained, between the properties of body and the intellectual faculties of the mind, that the great and leading doctrine of the volume before us, is founded. Upon any other supposition it is quite evident, that we can have no reason whatever to conclude that mind and matter, considered as subjects of philosophical investigation, are in the same class of existence; and the notion of applying to them the same *organ* of discovery would seem to be a paradox, which, however it may in future times be justified by the event, can never surely be maintained as a theory. Such is the most intelligible account which we are able to give of the opinions entertained by the disciples of Dr. Reid upon the subject of the Human Mind; if in any point we have misunderstood their doctrines, we trust that Mr. Stewart will not impute it to intentional want of candour, but rather to the omission of which both he and Dr. Reid have been guilty, in not explicitly stating their opinions upon so important a part of their subject:—We shall now proceed.

In any inquiry into the natural history of the human understanding, it is plain, that two paths present themselves to our choice: either we may consider the mind, as it is in itself, or else in the objects about which it is conversant; the first may be named the method by inquiry into the *subjects* of our consciousness, the latter, the method by inquiry into the *objects* of it. In the one case, to use the phraseology of Mr. Stewart, our aim is, to ascertain 'the simple and uncompounded faculties, or the simple and uncompounded principles' of which the mind consists; in the other case, it is to ascertain the nature, the certainty, and the limits of the knowledge which it possesses. As the object of our inquiry in the first of these instances, is real existence, it would seem at first sight to be a proper subject for experimental or inductive reasoning. In the other instance, however, the *immediate* end which we propose to ourselves, is not real existence, but abstract truth; and accordingly it is evident that our investigations in this direction, must be carried on, not by observation of *facts*, but by tracing the various *relations* in which all the objects of human knowledge stand to us and to each other. In both cases, real existence may be considered as the *basis* of our reasoning, but in other respects they are extremely different; in the one, our inquiry *terminates* with the es-

tablishment of a fact; whereas it is precisely at this point, that it *commences* in the other. For example, when we have ascertained, that all persons possess the notions of solidity, extension, motion, and so forth, the object of philosophy is so far accomplished according to Mr. Stewart; but according to Mr. Locke, the existence of these notions is taken for granted, and the *nature* of them, the *origin* of them, and so on, is the point at which metaphysical philosophy would here begin. Which of these views may be the more correct, is another question; our aim at present is to shew, that the idea of applying the inductive logic to this science, depends entirely upon a particular theory, as to the proper objects of it. Supposing we could make it appear that this theory is altogether founded upon assumption, and that from the very nature of the subject, it is absolutely not possible to reduce it into any other shape than that of hypothesis, of course it will follow, either that the study of the mind should be abandoned altogether, or that we must follow it up by some other organ of investigation than that which Mr. Stewart proposes.

It is admitted by Mr. Stewart, that 'the mind is not conscious of its own existence;' nevertheless, as every *act* necessarily implies an *agent*, we *demonstrably* infer, from the things which we see and feel and think, the existence of *some* substance or other by which they are perceived. So far it is agreed. But the slightest reflection will convince us, that in the same manner and from the *same* reason, that the mind is not *conscious* of its own existence, so neither is it *conscious* of the existence of those distinct and independent faculties with which it is commonly considered as being endowed. The question therefore is, can we necessarily and demonstrably infer from this internal feeling the separate existence of those *particular* attributes, in the same manner, that we infer from it, the existence of some thinking substance in *general*?

To illustrate this question, let us take an example. Suppose we conceive in our imagination the idea of a rose; it is plain we are able to consider it in general, and merely as it is a rose; or we may consider it in relation to the circumstance of our having, at a particular time, plucked it; or we may consider it, in relation to the genus of which it is a species; or as it is a red object, or a fragrant object, or a large or a small object. In all these cases, however, the mind is altogether unconscious of putting forth any different *exertion*, and the only distinction which it is able to observe among all these various operations, consists in the simple fact of its having considered a particular object under different relations. But whether these operations be performed by the distinct agency of various 'simple and uncompounded faculties,' as we suppose the light and motions of the planets to be produced by distinct and independent causes,
or

or whether it be only one indivisible and homogenous power, operating merely upon different objects; this is a point upon which consciousness is able to afford no information whatever. It is by the same set of muscles that we walk, and run, and dance; by the same organs of sense that we are respectively made acquainted with the most dissimilar sounds and the most dissimilar colours: this is certain; but whether the endless variety of objects which the understanding is capable of considering be apprehended by means of *one and the same*, or by means of *many and different faculties*, whether imagination and memory, and abstraction and conception, and the other intellectual operations, are only different *actions* of the mind or different properties of it, would seem to be a question altogether beyond the reach of human philosophy to determine.

We are now talking of the understanding and of its peculiar attributes only; and we will admit that the *intellectual* part of our nature is as distinct from the *sentient* part of it, as the property of heat in the sun, is from its property of light. But how various are the effects which each of these is able to produce! The same heat that gives warmth to the atmosphere gives life to vegetation, and while it softens one substance, will be found to harden others: phenomena, at least as different from each other as any which we can trace among our intellectual operations.

If we pursue the analogy, we shall find it to be just as unfavourable to Mr. Stewart's *method* of philosophy, as what we have hitherto said is to his philosophy *itself*. For to take the same examples as before: should we be curious to know why the same property in the sun occasions so many dissimilar effects, as we are daily witnesses to, it would surely be in vain, like the schoolmen of old, to institute inquiries into the nature and essence of heat, considered as it is *in itself*: all that we can learn of it is from the specific differences which we may observe, amongst the objects themselves, on which heat is seen to operate. It is precisely the same in the case of mind; if we should be desirous of investigating the nature of our understanding, or of our intellectual operations, it is not to *them* that analogy would direct our attention; but solely to the *objects* about which they are conversant. It is, however, obvious, that these last are not like the objects of sense; they cannot be put, like pieces of gold, into a crucible; whether they be ideas or notions, or conceptions or abstractions, (it matters not by what name we call them,) it is plain they are not subjects susceptible of experiment; and whatever knowledge we may hereafter arrive at, concerning the various metaphysical peculiarities and relations by which they are distinguished from each other, must be acquired, most assuredly, by *general reasoning*, and not, as Mr. Stewart supposes, by inductive analysis. In the
same

same manner, as all that philosophy can teach us concerning heat, is from the objects which it acts upon; so all that it can teach us, concerning the human understanding, is from the objects about which it is conversant; but unless we suppose the objects of our understanding to be in the same class of existence as the *objects of our senses*, it is surely most paradoxical to assume, that they are susceptible of the same method of investigation.

Supposing, however, all that we have yet said to be inconclusive, still we may be allowed to suggest, that it is one thing to ascertain the existence of properties, in any substance, and another to inquire into their nature. The first of these ought naturally to take precedency in the order of our inquiries. But in vain would our readers search the writings, either of Dr. Reid, or of his eloquent disciple, for any passage, in which the question, as to the real existence of the many 'simple and uncompounded faculties' which they suppose the human understanding to possess, has been even so much as hinted at. Like Mr. Locke, on the subject of ideas, they seem to take for granted, that their theory will not be controverted, and without any further ceremony, proceed to analyse the composition of these intellectual existences, just as if they actually had them in a retort; a proceeding which we should have judged most unaccountable, were we not aware, that, in all their writings, they suppose the reality of them to be evidenced by the immediate testimony of every man's own consciousness. Thus, in the preliminary chapter of Mr. Stewart's volume of *Essays*, he talks of 'those elementary faculties and principles, of which every man is conscious to himself;' and Dr. Reid tells us, "that when exerted, we are *conscious of them*; and it is in our power to reflect upon them, until they become familiar objects of thought." It is, indeed, admitted that, to accomplish this, is a work of some difficulty. Hume is of opinion, that 'they must be apprehended, in an instant, by a superior penetration;' and our author, in the volume before us, limits this rare power to 'those who can retire into the inmost recesses of their own internal frame.' On this subject every person must judge for himself; but, for our own parts, we can distinctly affirm, that we are neither *conscious to ourselves* of any elementary faculties whatever; nor does our reason lead us to infer, that there are such. But it seems that this internal oracle is only *φωνη σφαιρική*, makes itself heard only to those who 'can retire into the inmost recesses of their own internal frame.'— If this be so, we can only lament our incapacity for metaphysical meditation: upon the *objects* of our consciousness, we are able to reflect as much and as often as we please; but as for the *subjects* of it, we confess that they have altogether eluded our research; happy, in this respect at least, that our ill-success has been pretty generally

nerally participated. 'Plusieurs fois,' says Diderot, 'dans le dessein d'examiner ce qui se passoit dans ma tête et de *prendre mon esprit sur le fait*, je me suis jetté dans la méditation la plus profonde, me retirant en moi-même avec toute la contention dont je suis capable; mais ces efforts n'ont rien produit. Il m'a semblé qu'il faudroit être tout à la fois au-dedans et hors de soi, et faire en même tems le rôle d'observateur et celui de la machine observée. Mais il est de l'esprit comme de l'œil, il ne se voit pas. Il n'y a que Dieu qui sache comment le syllogisme se fait en nous.'

It may, however, be said, that this theory, respecting the distribution of the understanding into a certain number of independent and elementary faculties, whether right or wrong, is by no means peculiar to Dr. Reid. In a certain degree we admit this; nevertheless, as it is an hypothesis inseparably woven into our author's opinions respecting the application of the experimental logic to metaphysical science, and as both of them have engrafted upon it many very particular notions of their own, no apology can be required for the length to which our observations upon it have extended. We shall now proceed to discuss some opinions more exclusively belonging to Dr. Reid and his disciple—we mean their theory respecting *instinctive speculative principles*. As these are far too numerous to admit of a separate discussion, we shall select, as an example, for the present, what he names our instinctive belief in the existence of a material world.

On this subject, it may be necessary to premise, that it would have conduced very much to the clearness of Mr. Stewart's opinions, had either he, or Dr. Reid, stated explicitly, what they mean by *instinct* and *belief*, as affirmed of each other. In common language, belief is unquestionably, by definition, an attribute of *reason*, and to talk of it as an attribute of *instinct*, seems to be almost unintelligible. On this account, although it be extremely easy to understand the existence of an *active* instinct, such as those which we observe animals to possess; yet the notion of a *speculative* instinct, that is to say, of a speculative *opinion*, which is at the same time an involuntary *feeling*, is particularly puzzling. In general, all our instincts would seem to be attended in the mind with feelings either of pleasure or pain; of aversion or desire. These feelings are unquestionably ultimate laws in our constitution, of which no account is or can be given; and when we talk of them, we describe ourselves as being *conscious* of their existence, not as merely *believing* in it. But we are not *conscious* of the existence of a material world; and if we *believe* in it, surely this ought to be, *prima facie*, the effect of reason, and not of instinct. It may be otherwise, perhaps; but the proof that it is so, ought to be extremely cogent, and assuredly very much more direct than

than the *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, by which Dr. Reid demonstrates his position, and which he is pleased to dignify with the name of induction.

When a chemist affirms that gold is soluble in nitro-muriatic acid, he does not establish this by arguing, that it is soluble neither in water, nor in oil, nor in wine, nor in milk, and that, consequently, since it is soluble, it must be soluble in nitro-muriatic acid; but he demonstrates his fact by actual and direct experiment. But how does Dr. Reid demonstrate, that all belief whatever, in matter of fact, is founded upon various instincts? Let us take his reasoning in the particular case which we have selected, and, as his argument and language are invariably the same, upon this question, one instance will be as full to the purpose, as a hundred.

'I think it is evident,' says he, 'that we cannot, by reasoning, from our sensations, collect the existence of bodies at all, far less any of their qualities. *This hath been proved by unanswerable arguments by the Bishop of Cloyne, and the author of the treatise upon Human Nature.* It appears as evident, it is not produced by habit, experience, education, or any principle of human nature, that hath been admitted by philosophers; at the same time, it is a fact, that our sensations are invariably connected with the conception and belief of external existences. Hence we must, by all the rules of just reasoning, conclude, that this connection is the effect of our constitution, and ought to be considered as an original instinctive principle of human nature.'

Now, we beg leave to observe, that this conclusion is drawn, not by sound induction, nor by direct reasoning; but by a disjunctive syllogism; a method of proof which, according to Aristotle, is always *after a sophistical manner*, though it may, in some cases, be the best which can be procured. The major, in this instance, consists of the 'principles hitherto admitted by philosophers,' and 'of the original principle of Dr. Reid;' in the minor, it is denied that the former will explain the phenomena; and, in the conclusion, it is inferred that, therefore, the latter will. In this form of syllogism, in order to make the conclusion a necessary consequence from the premises, we are told by Aristotle, that two conditions are required: 1. That the suppositions made in the major, be contradictory of each other, and that they include every possible case; 2. That those which we reject in the minor, be *incontestably erroneous*.

With regard to the first of these conditions, we will take it for granted, that it has been fulfilled by Dr. Reid, in the instance before us; but with respect to the second, so far is it from having been fulfilled, either by Dr. Reid or Mr. Stewart, that we can assure our readers, the opinions and suppositions which Dr. Reid so confidently affirms to have been fully refuted, 'by unanswerable arguments,'

arguments,' have never, so far at least as our knowledge extends, *been even so much as examined.* As to Dr. Reid and Mr. Stewart, they professedly and avowedly decline the discussion, as one already settled, beyond any farther controversy, by Berkeley and Hume.

Now with respect to these last, it is well known, that 'the unanswerable arguments,' which they are here supposed to have brought against the existence of a material world, were altogether founded upon the theory of ideas. This theory it is the great praise of Dr. Reid to have most ably and most successfully refuted. How it happens that, although the premises have been destroyed, the consequences which are deduced from them, should still remain, we are altogether at a loss to comprehend. But waving this peculiarity, it may be observed, that the affirmative of the question, whether the existence of material things can be demonstrated from reason or not, was altogether foreign to the scope of Berkeley's argument, and therefore very properly omitted by that acute reasoner. The position which it was his object to establish, affirmed, that the existence of a material world was directly *impossible*;—this he endeavoured to demonstrate, *not by controverting the arguments which might be drawn from reason, in favour of the contrary supposition*, but by shewing, from considerations connected with the received theory, concerning the primary and secondary qualities of matter, that the supposition of any existence, except that of mind and of ideas, must necessarily be absurd. Supposing him to fail in this attempt, (which at all events Dr. Reid and Mr. Stewart will be the last persons to deny,) we contend, that the arguments from reason, in favour of a material world, will remain, not only untouched, but *unheard*.

Our limits prevent us from entering upon this question ourselves; but, for our own parts, we are persuaded, that our belief in the existence of a material world, may be altogether and demonstrably accounted for from reason; and that the supposition of any *instinctive* principle in explanation of such belief, is not only a very gratuitous opinion, but one which is pregnant with consequences undefined and dangerous in the highest degree. It is our duty to review the theories of others, not to establish theories of our own. By what process our belief in the existence of external objects may be accounted for from reason, we shall therefore, though somewhat reluctantly, pass by; and before we close this general review of Mr. Stewart's philosophical principles, proceed to make some remarks upon the unfriendly and ominous aspect, which this part of them would seem to cast upon many of those truths, which we should most repose upon: and we are persuaded, that if any thing can induce our author to revise this class of his opinions, it is such a suggestion, as we are now hazarding; for he is too sincere a friend

a friend of religion, to be willingly instrumental in leading the authority of his deservedly great name, to any doctrine that, in other hands, may be perverted to purposes, which he himself would be the first person to lament. We will endeavour to shew the grounds of this danger, as briefly as may be consistent with our wish not to be misunderstood.

In any dispute concerning the reality of a material world, or concerning the foundation of our belief, in matters of fact in general, it is necessary to premise, that the *fact* of our belief is by no means the point in question. We may, and often do, believe in things which have no just foundation; to say nothing of dreams or madness, the erroneous notions which once prevailed respecting the heavenly phenomena, sufficiently evince the possibility of this. The point to be determined, therefore, in the present case, is, by what authority can we be assured, that no delusion is practised upon our senses? The answer which Mr. Stewart makes to this question, is as follows:—

‘That when any prejudice is found to prevail universally among mankind, it must necessarily have some foundation in the general laws of our nature; but the liability to error in any particular opinion, can never justify scepticism, with regard to the laws of human nature in general.’—(Page 80.)

To this reply, it may be objected, that the laws of human nature are not at all in question; by these we are gifted with reason as well as with instinct, and the problem is, whether our speculative belief in the permanent and independent existence of the things around us, be founded upon the *first* or upon the *last* of these two principles. If upon the *first*, then have we every proof for the justness of our belief, which we are able to require or even to conceive; but if it be founded upon the last, then has our confidence no intelligible basis whatever, except that infallibility which we may suppose our instincts to derive from the first author of our being.

With respect to the assurance which we may feel in the certainty of this last argument, it may very justly be urged, that, however inconsistent it may seem with the acknowledged goodness of the Deity, to imagine that we are deceived in what it most concerns us to know, supposing our belief to be founded upon *reason*; (which Mr. Stewart defines to be the faculty of distinguishing truth from falsehood;) yet if we assume, with our author, that the belief in question is founded merely upon *instinct*, as this is in its object, at least, altogether an *active* principle, it will imply no contradiction whatever with the professed ends and purposes of Providence, to suppose our opinion, on this point, ever so erroneous, provided only it be certain that we cannot choose but *act* in the manner which our instincts may have chalked out for us.

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In truth, the speculative fallibility of instincts is not a question of possibility, but a most common and acknowledged fact. In proof of this, we may quote the following instance from Mr. Addison's ingenious paper upon the instincts of animals: after remarking the surprizing caution and assiduity with which the domestic hen prepares her nest, and brings her young into the world, he continues,

‘ But at the same time, the hen, which has all this seeming ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of her species,) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmering of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it; in the same manner, she is insensible to an increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. *In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or of her species, she is a very idiot.*’

Now, there can be no reasonable doubt, but that the hen, in the above instances, believes that she is sitting upon her own eggs, and rearing her own young, and, moreover, that she cannot help believing it; and yet we perceive that her instincts afford her no security from deception. Under these circumstances, the sceptic may fairly, and, we fear, unanswerably ask, If all belief whatever in matters of fact, be ultimately resolvable into a set of instincts, of which no account whatever can be given, except that their existence is universal, and their effects irresistible: in that case, by what arguments can we demonstrate more than the poor hen, but that, in our own instance also, the whole of our lives may not be one continued dream, and all our actions founded upon a similar delusion? We know not what reply Mr. Stewart may have for this; but, in the mean time, we must confess, that little as we are disposed to scepticism ourselves, yet we cannot but feel, that if all belief in our own existence, and in the existence of the things around us,—if our belief in the being of a God, and in all that is dear and sacred to the human heart, have no foundation, as upon the principles of this philosophy it has not, ‘in reason, in instruction, or experience,’—if it be ‘learned by no process of thought,’ be made ‘probable to us by no argument,’ but is merely forced upon our nature, by what Dr. Reid emphatically calls ‘an unaccountable propensity to believe;’ in this case, it will best comport with our weak-sighted nature, at once to suspend opinion, go where our instincts lead us, and, like other animals, take our chance for the rest.

That this conclusion was not contemplated by Mr. Stewart, we are fully convinced; nevertheless, if it be fairly deducible from his opinions, or if it be even probably or plausibly deducible from them,

them, no apology can be necessary to our readers for the length to which the preceding remarks have extended. Indeed, without some previous acquaintance with the peculiar opinions which Mr. Stewart entertains upon the subject of our intellectual faculties and instincts, it would be altogether impossible to understand a very considerable portion of the volume which we are now considering. Its professed object would appear to be, an explanation of the nature and philosophical grounds of the inductive logic, and a demonstration of the indispensable necessity of applying it to the science of the mind. In the prosecution of this argument, the peculiar tenets which he holds upon the subject of the intellectual faculties, but more particularly respecting the grounds of our belief in all matters of fact, are, in general, not merely implied, but form a sort of *running accompaniment* to every topic which he touches upon, from the beginning to the end of his volume. So intimately, indeed, are these doctrines mixed up with all Mr. Stewart's philosophical opinions upon most subjects, that a person who should have the misfortune to differ with him at setting out, with respect to these two doctrines alone, will find it a difficult matter to agree with him in almost any opinion which his present volume contains.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.

Such, also, would seem to be the fate of philosophical speculations in the mind of a systematic thinker; the very ability of a man, in this case, becomes the source of error in his opinions. It is to this circumstance alone, and not to any captiousness in our disposition, far less to any want of the highest respect for Mr. Stewart's attainments, that we must beg our readers to attribute it, if we should appear, in the remainder of this article, to differ from our excellent author in the detail of his argument, almost as widely as in the general grounds and purport of it.

If our readers will take the trouble of casting their eyes down the table of contents prefixed to this volume, of which it is our wish to give some intelligible account, they cannot fail to observe, that there is hardly a topic connected with metaphysical science, hardly a speculative opinion which has ever been started, or an error which has ever been abandoned, which Mr. Stewart has not managed to find room for, in some part or other of his work. So much so, that upon a first view of our bill of fare, it would seem to be rather the *tableau raisonné* of a common-place book, than of an elaborate philosophical production upon any specific subject. Nor is its arrangement less desultory than its contents are miscellaneous. Mr. Stewart apologises in the advertisement prefixed to his volume for the existence of this defect, which he candidly acknowledges may be found in his work; but, surely, he

he can never have been aware of the astonishing latitude which he has allowed himself. Be this, however, as it may, we merely state the fact in justification of ourselves, for the very imperfect view which it will be in our power to give of its multifarious contents, and not with any intention of blaming him: whatever may have been the nature of those accidents and interruptions, to which he alludes, as having diverted the train of his thoughts to other pursuits during the time when the materials of this volume were collecting, we very sincerely lament them, both on his account and our own.

After some general remarks upon the acceptation in which the word 'reason' is commonly used by the best writers, and which, as being in this point of view rather a philological, than a philosophical question, would seem to be not very important, Mr. Stewart proceeds, in his first chapter, to consider the nature of those primary truths, which, he very justly observes, are necessarily presupposed in all our reasonings and pursuits:—such are the mathematical axioms; a belief in our present and past existence; a belief in the existence of a material world; that the course of nature will continue to be the same to-morrow as it is to-day. The truths which these acts of belief presuppose, as well as the axioms of geometry, Mr. Stewart classes under the same head; and he informs us, that but for the common use of language, which seems to have appropriated the name of *axiom* to geometry, he should have applied this term to them all. The reasons upon which such an innovation might be founded, consist in two coincidences which he points out between them: 1. That from none of these classes of truths can any inference be drawn for the enlargement of our knowledge. 2. That they are, none of them, the principles from which our reasoning is derived, but the tacit conditions on which every step of it proceeds. He farther states, 'that these truths are not made known to us by reason, but enter into the very definition of the word;' they are 'the constituent and essential elements of which it is composed;' they are 'the simplest and primordial elements of the human understanding;' the 'elementary laws of thought;' the 'original stamina of human reason;' the 'fundamental laws of belief;' 'metaphysical or transcendental truths;' and many other things, neither very compatible with each other, nor very significant in themselves. In what sense the word 'reason,' which Mr. Stewart defines to be 'the faculty of distinguishing truth from falsehood, and of combining means for the attainment of ends,' can be supposed to consist in a collection of self-evident truths, it is extremely difficult to conjecture. If these truths be not 'the objects with which reason is conversant, but

the constituent and essential *elements* of reason itself,' in that case, the permanency of the laws of nature, the existence of a material world, and so forth, are not facts independent of us, but *component parts of our minds*; a proposition so monstrous, that we make no doubt but Mr. Stewart is here using his words in some peculiar sense; indeed, he would otherwise never have ventured to affirm, that to denominate such familiar truths as the geometrical axioms are, by such unheard of titles as he has given them, 'must be considered not only as unexceptionable, in point of technical distinctness, but cannot even be censured as the slightest deviation from our habitual forms of speech.'

But without entering into any dispute about names, we may observe, that although we entirely agree with our author in respect to the coincidences he points out between the facts which he enumerates and the axioms of geometry, yet as these last are speculative truths, whereas the former are contingent facts, they are of themselves plainly distinguishable, nor are we able to anticipate any advantage as likely to result from confounding them under one name. To deny the axioms of geometry creates a contradiction in terms; but to deny the continuance of the laws of nature implies no speculative absurdity whatever; and to class them together under the same head, merely because they are not in *all* points of view dissimilar, is a procedure most unphilosophical in itself, and which, in the present instance, would destroy the distinction between necessary and contingent truth in its very source. It is in fact only another example of the inconsistency of that method of philosophy which we have been animadverting upon; and which always teaches us to class the objects of human knowledge, not according to the distinctions which they may possess among each other, but according to as they may happen to stand related to our particular constitution; an error which, we may observe, pervades the writings of Berkeley, Hume, Dr. Reid, and the excellent author before us, to a degree which is altogether astonishing. It is upon this obvious fallacy that the whole of Berkeley's argument against the primary qualities is entirely erected; the same fallacy may be traced in that extremely absurd theory of Mr. Hume about the nature of belief, and not less remarkably in the opinions which both he and Mr. Stewart, as well as Dr. Reid, entertain upon the subject of power and of efficient causes. In other respects, we are disposed to agree with Mr. Stewart in his opinion, that it is altogether a mistake to suppose the science of geometry to be founded upon the axioms prefixed to all the elementary treatises upon it. His observations upon this point were suggested to him by those which Mr. Locke had made before, and although the question was not susceptible

ceptible of much new light, yet our author has contrived to throw upon it a degree of interest which so very obvious a position would hardly seem to have admitted.

We are however inclined to doubt, whether he has been equally successful, in his wish to prove, that the superior evidence of a mathematical demonstration 'arises neither from the peculiar nature of those relations about which it is conversant, nor from its simple and definite phraseology, nor from the severe logic so admirably displayed in the concatenation of its innumerable theorems,' but solely from the circumstance that all its results 'are ultimately resolvable into hypothesis or definition.' To so great an extent does he believe in this opinion, as to the nature of demonstration, that he seems to conceive it would be possible, by laying down a set of arbitrary definitions and hypotheses, 'to create a body of artificial or conventional knowledge, more systematical, and at the same time more complete in all its parts, than in the present state of our information any science can be rendered which ultimately appeals to the eternal and immutable standards of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong.'—p. 154.

Now we have no particular objection to admit that the circumstance which entitles any piece of reasoning to be called a demonstration, is merely the necessary connection which may be perceived between the premises and the conclusion. This is a question only about the meaning of a word, and hardly worth the pains which Mr. Stewart bestows upon it. Though we may observe, that when in common discourse we talk of a piece of reasoning, we suppose it always to consist of premises, of proofs, and of a conclusion, and if we say that it is demonstrative, we mean that every part of it is so. Our author is however of opinion that the definition which he gives of the word is more precise, and as the restriction which he suggests will not affect the nature of the thing, whether he is right or wrong would seem to be of no material importance.

Admitting therefore that the word demonstration itself implies nothing more than an indissoluble connection between the premises and the conclusion of any argument, yet surely it is plain that such a connection may just as easily exist between premises 'appealing ultimately to the eternal and immutable standards of truth and falsehood, right and wrong,' as between any other premises whatever, however arbitrary or hypothetical. Truth and certainty in the premises of any reasoning can at all events do *no harm*, one should suppose, and even on Mr. Stewart's own principles, it would only be necessary, for the sake of argument, to divest them of these respectable attributes, and assume that they were mere conventional hypotheses, and by this expedient, our reasoning would become demonstrative by the definition.

Nor are we able to perceive any solid grounds for the remainder of Mr. Stewart's opinions upon this subject; we mean respecting the circumstance on which he supposes the peculiarities of mathematical evidence to depend. It is quite plain to us, that not only mathematical reasoning, but all reasoning whatever, must depend upon the definitions which we give of the terms made use of. When Mr. Locke affirmed that morality was demonstrable, it was upon this very principle that he founded his opinion. He perceived that the ideas about which it is conversant were 'fictions of the mind,' and took their essence (as he expresses it) from the definitions which the mind gives of them; and from this he drew exactly the same conclusion respecting the evidence of morality which Mr. Stewart has drawn respecting that of mathematics. To take the example which Mr. Locke gives, 'where there is no property there is no injustice;' this he states to be a demonstrable truth, and so it is; but surely the whole evidence of it depends upon the meaning we attach to the words property and injustice.

It may however be said, that the cases are not similar, because in the one we reason merely from our ideas, and in the other from formal definitions. But this is not true; because in both instances we reason equally from the ideas which are in the mind, or, to speak more intelligibly, from the nature of the things themselves. The definitions prefixed to geometrical treatises, are altogether useless, except so far as they enable us to comprehend the nature of what we are to reason about, and whenever this is accomplished, the words of the definition may without any inconvenience be forgotten. As a proof of this, take the definition which Euclid gives us of an angle; what is the meaning of telling us, to divide 'the inclination of two straight lines which meet together, but are not in the same plane?' In this case it is plain we must substitute, mentally, the idea which the mind has of an angle, in place of the definition which Euclid gives, or the terms of the problem would be absolutely unintelligible. A similar remark may be made in the case of Euclid's definition of proportion, which is not only in itself wrong, as restricted to *geometrical* proportion, but is certainly very seldom understood by beginners until they have made themselves familiar with the idea of the thing itself, by studying the particular application of it. The fact is, that in both these instances what Euclid calls *definitions* are merely descriptions.

But even supposing that the peculiarity of mathematical evidence is truly stated by Mr. Stewart, still it must appear a very strange paradox to say, 'that the object of mathematics is not *truth*, but merely systematical connection and consistency;' when Euclid proves that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, are we to understand that this is not a 'truth,' but merely an instance

instance of 'systematical connection and consistency?' In fact, there is a mystery about this word *truth*, as used by Mr. Stewart, which we are altogether unable to fathom; else what is meant by talking of its 'unity and consistency, as resting upon grounds of a very abstract and metaphysical nature?' Can the same thing be and not be, be true and not be true? To affirm that truth is *not* at unity and consistency with itself, seems to be a contradiction in terms; and the farther consideration of the subject which our author talks of, as 'involving so many important consequences,' and as so 'well deserving to be farther prosecuted,' appears to our apprehension about as 'unprofitable a discussion as that of any other of those self-evident propositions which our author so justly designates as 'leading to no inference for the farther enlargement of our knowledge.'

Having thus explained the nature of demonstrative evidence in general, and endeavoured to shew that the mathematical sciences alone furnish any legitimate example of it, our author next proceeds to examine an opinion which has been very generally received, that 'all mathematical evidence is resolvable into identical propositions.' The subject may be found discussed at considerable length in Barrow's *Mathematical Lectures*; Mr. Stewart admits that 'whoever has the curiosity to examine any one theorem in the elements of plane geometry, in which different spaces are compared together, will easily perceive that the demonstration, when traced back to its first principles, terminates in the fourth proposition of Euclid's first book;' (p. 166.) and accordingly seems to differ with the common opinion only in conceiving that it would be proper to substitute the word *equality* or *equivalence* instead of the word *identity*. It certainly appears to us, that in this respect Mr. Stewart has just grounds for the emendation which he proposes; though we cannot help thinking that whichever opinion we embrace, we shall still possess but a very imperfect conception of the real nature of geometry. The information which our author has brought together on this subject is considerable, and we regret that our limits prevent us from any thing more than merely recommending this part of his volume to the attention of such among our mathematical readers as take an interest in this sort of questions. The next subject which Mr. Stewart considers, is that 'of our reasonings concerning probable or contingent truths;' but here his observations are dissipated upon such an amazing variety of unconnected topics, as to put it altogether out of our power to extract or even to abridge them. One great principle indeed which pervades them all, we shall discuss when we come to his chapter upon induction; we allude to that great and predominant article of his belief concerning the confidence which all men repose in the permanency of the laws of nature—and which *instinct*, as he conceives it to be, he

calls the 'inductive principle.' In the mean time we shall proceed to an examination of some opinions which Mr. Stewart entertains as to the Aristotelian logic. These take up a whole chapter; but it will be in our power merely to select those which may seem to be most important.

Mr. Stewart informs us, that his principal motive for considering at so much length the subject of Aristotle's logic, is, 'the pre-eminent rank which it claims among the sciences,'—'the triumphant panegyrics which have of late been pronounced upon it by very eminent writers,'—'his anxiety to guard the rising generation against a waste of time and attention upon a study so little fitted to reward their labour,' and so forth. As we take it for granted that our author does not intend any *irony* in all this, we shall proceed to an examination of his very severe strictures upon the *Organon* with equal seriousness; a seriousness, indeed, which we have no occasion to feign, because we have observed with some concern, that the study of logic is, in the present day, just as much *under-rated*, as it was *over-rated* in former days. We must, however, premise that it is one thing to value a science abstractedly considered, and another thing to approve of the method in which it may have been treated, or of the purposes to which it may have been applied. If logic be considered merely as the science of general reasoning, we know of few which hold so high a rank in the philosophy of the human mind; if, on the other hand, it be considered, as it commonly is, merely as the art of disputation, we can have no hesitation to admit, that it is something worse than barely useless. But surely it would be just as reasonable to censure the study of chemistry, on account of the extravagancies into which the alchemists were led, as to despise a knowledge of the nature, laws, and principles of abstract reasoning; merely because, in former times, it may have been misapplied by persons who neither understood its just value, nor its legitimate uses.

Other sciences are often studied for themselves, and with a view to no other advantage, than the gratification of an honourable curiosity; but logic has unfortunately been called the *art*, and not the *science* of reasoning; and because the importance of it, in this point of view, is considered as not commensurate with the time and labour which, in its present state, it requires; it is therefore set aside, as a study totally without its value. This, however, we may observe, is occasioned by the fault of those who have written upon it, rather than of the science itself; at all events, an acquaintance with the philosophical rules of any art, is altogether distinct from a proficiency in the practical application of them. It is by no means our intention to rate very lowly the various uses to which an acquaintance with logic may be applied; nevertheless, we confess that, we should almost

almost as soon think of teaching the art of dancing upon the tight-rope, by the mechanical laws of motion and equilibrium, as the *art of reasoning* by those very abstract principles to which Aristotle has reduced it. But to argue that the science itself is a mockery and an imposture, merely because it may be possible to reason as well without a knowledge of it, as with it, (admitting the fact,) presupposes a principle against which Mr. Stewart's own pursuits are by no means secure, and which in other respects seems to be just about as reasonable, as to under-rate the discovery which Newton made of the laws of gravitation, because, whether we know these laws, or whether we know them not, bodies will continue just as certainly to fall, and the planets just as regularly to describe their appointed orbits.

When we inquire into the principles of Taste, or into the origin of our sentiments of the Sublime and Beautiful, it is not that we expect either to reduce the one into an *art*, or to increase our sensibility for the other; why then is the science of logic to be denied a similar allowance? Viewing it merely as a speculative science, its great and leading object, is not, as Mr. Stewart supposes, to teach us by what process a particular truth may be established, far less by what process the *truth of a truth* may be demonstrated, but to exhibit those general laws by which the mind is influenced when it reasons, and to resolve if possible into one common principle the circumstance upon which the conclusiveness of all particular arguments is founded. In other words, since all truths when fairly deduced and fully perceived, notwithstanding the inexhaustible variety of their subjects, produce exactly the same effect upon our conviction, excite exactly the same intellectual feeling in the mind, the problem which logic proposes to determine is, by what general law of the understanding, or by what common principle or property belonging to the particular phenomena themselves, is this remarkable fact to be explained? This surely is a legitimate object of curiosity, and precisely analogous to that which any other science proposes; whether it has been accomplished by Aristotle or not, is another question, and one which we shall not now discuss; we believe that in substance it has, though after a manner in many respects exceptionable and upon the whole most superfluously prolix. It is, however, doing him but common justice to say, that taking his *Organon* all in all, it is a most wonderful production; nor is it possible to observe the admirable clearness with which he lays out his subject; the precision with which he reduces all the conceivable forms of argument into a few distinctly separated divisions; the acuteness which he displays in analyzing all the parts of which they can by possibility be composed; the comprehension of mind which he exhibits in the full and complete classification of the

principal causes of fallacious inferences, as well as of the leading topics from which all inferences are derived ; to say nothing of his incomparable superiority over all his contemporaries in every other department, whether of criticism or philosophy, without assigning him at once the very first rank among those who have done honour to our nature by their extraordinary talents. Had he lived in modern times, we are convinced that he would have been, perhaps without any exception whatever, the very greatest philosopher whom the world has yet produced ; as it is, we know not many whose writings are of equal value. Mr. Stewart, indeed, seems to be of a very different opinion ; but we are quite certain that, even supposing the estimate which we have formed of Aristotle's merits to be exaggerated, still, our error is by no means so great as that into which our author has fallen in the extremely contemptuous tone with which he expresses himself upon the subject of the *Organon*.

We shall now consider the grounds upon which Mr. Stewart considers himself as justified in holding it so very cheaply. 'The first remark which I have to offer,' says he, 'upon Aristotle's demonstrations is, that they proceed on the obviously false supposition of its being possible to add to the conclusiveness and authority of demonstrative evidence.' p. 246. This objection Mr. Stewart expatiates upon at much length ; it would, however, have been much more satisfactory, had our author exerted his ingenuity, rather in proving the fact which he states, than in demonstrating its *absurdity*. The former, which is every thing but certain, Mr. Stewart, however, is pleased to take for granted ; while, by an error exactly analogous to that of which he accuses Aristotle, he goes on to demonstrate, through we know not how many pages, an opinion which assuredly no person will contest with him. If such *was* the design of Aristotle, the impropriety of it is self-evident ; but notwithstanding the affirmation of Mr. Stewart we cannot help being of opinion, that no such design ever for one moment entered into his head ; nor do we easily conceive what could have put such a notion into that of our author. The whole analogy of the *Organon* is a palpable contradiction of it ; because had this been the intention of Aristotle, he would unquestionably have made use of particular truths, and not of general symbols as the subjects of his demonstration. When we demonstrate any particular arithmetical truth, by putting it into a general form, it is not that we mean to demonstrate the *truth* of the particular *truth*, but merely to shew that it is a particular case of a general theorem. We are not aware that the demonstrations of Aristotle suppose any other design than this of algebra ; if Mr. Stewart could shew to the contrary, we must regret that he did not think proper to do so, either by general arguments, or by quoting from Aristotle,
some

some particular passage in which this most absurd design was unequivocally announced. As it is, we are quite unable to determine, whether it be meant that such a design is *essentially* implied in the very nature of his logic, or was only a peculiar view entertained by him as to the objects to which it might be made subservient. If the latter be Mr. Stewart's meaning, the question is nearly unimportant; but if it be intended to say, that the science of abstract reasoning *necessarily* supposes so unphilosophical a design, as that of corroborating the evidence of particular demonstrations, by others more general; we can only beg leave to differ with our excellent author; and our reasons for doing so may be found in the remarks which we have already hazarded upon the subject.

The next and only remaining objection which Mr. Stewart states against the Organon of Aristotle, considered in a philosophical point of view, is against the *sylogism*; that it 'leads the mind in a direction *opposite* to that in which its judgments are formed;' that is to say, that it 'leads us invariably from universals to particulars, the truth of which, instead of being a consequence of the universal proposition, is implied and pre-supposed in the very terms of the enunciation.' This last objection we conceive to be much more plausible and, in some respects, much better founded than the other. Nevertheless, if our author intends to say that it lies against the *sylogism per se*, he is most certainly in error; because, whatever objection will lie against the *sylogism* in particular, will lie against all abstract reasoning in general; for *sylogism* is confessedly nothing but a more expanded form of argument than is usually deemed necessary. This is admitted in the strongest terms by our author at page 247.

'Every process of demonstrative reasoning,' says he, 'it is well known, may be resolved into a series of *sylogisms*, exhibiting separately and distinctly in a light as clear and strong as language can afford each successive link of the demonstration.'

Does Mr. Stewart then mean to say, that every process of demonstrative reasoning 'leads the mind in a direction *opposite* to that in which its judgments are formed'?

This argument against the use of *sylogisms* has been so often repeated, and is founded upon so very plausible a misconception, that it will be of use to point out the error which it involves. One thing may be denied or affirmed of another, either by *comprehension*, as logicians call it, or by *extension*; by *extension*, as when we say man is an animal; by *comprehension*, as when we say, he has a reasonable soul. Now the truth is, that when the predicate and subject of any proposition are connected merely by the former of these, it is certainly correct to say, that neither *sylogism* nor any other form of general reasoning, can lead to the *discovery* of truth, but solely to

to the admission of it. The connection in question is merely arbitrary and conventional, and the dispute in such cases, is always about the meaning of a word, rather than about the specific nature of the thing. But in the instance, where the predicate and subject of a proposition are true of each other by *comprehension*, that is to say when the one enters into the very definition and belongs essentially to the very nature of the other, it is then altogether otherwise, nor can any thing in this case be more incorrect than the opinion which we have just animadverted upon. Such are the philosophical objections which our author has to urge against the Analytics of Aristotle; and upon the strength of which he treats the 'prince of philosophers' with a bitterness that has been but little deserved. The remainder of his chapter is employed about some points of subordinate criticism which seem not to possess much interest or importance, as they are for the most part applicable not to Aristotle, but to his expositors, Dr. Gillies and Lord Monboddo. Thus, our author is extremely severe upon the expressions 'if A contain B, and B contain C,' and so on. Now, whatever may be the merits of the verbal criticism in which Mr. Stewart indulges upon this subject, through nearly twenty pages, the whole weight of it must fall entirely upon the commentators of the Organon, and not upon the author of it. The word made use of by Aristotle is not *κατάλαμβάνειν* or *κατακλείν*, or *χωρεῖν*, or any other word signifying to 'contain,' but *υπαρχειν*; a word of a much more general and indeed of a very different import. Aristotle is not answerable for the translation of Dr. Gillies, far less for the extravagancies of such a man as Lord Monboddo. Another mistake of our author consists in supposing Aristotle to be the *inventor* of syllogisms, and he terms his logic the 'syllogistic art.' But Aristotle has no more pretensions to the *invention* of syllogisms, than Linnæus had to that of shrubs and mosses; they both of them merely reduced into classes and genera, the materials which nature had before provided. If our author will refer to the Parmenides, the Alcibiades, and the Phædon of Plato, he will find examples of almost all the figures; and in what respect a philosophical classification of them is to be considered as so very censurable, we are quite at a loss to perceive.

Another criticism of our author, which seems to indicate no very familiar acquaintance with the writings of Aristotle himself, may be found in another part of the volume, in which a comparison is instituted between his induction and that of Bacon. Aristotle observes 'that if any person were to shew, by particular demonstrations, that, every triangle separately considered, the equilateral, the scalene, and the isosceles, has its three angles equal to two right angles, he would not therefore know that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, except after a *sophistical manner*.'

ver.' Upon this our author observes, 'that for what reason Aristotle should have thought of applying to such an induction as this, the epithet *sophistical*, it is difficult to conjecture.' (p. 349.) Now this difficulty, we conceive, could never have occurred to any person conversant with the writings of Aristotle himself. By an argument deduced *κατὰ σοφιστικὸν τρόπον*, he does not understand what is meant by a *σοφισμα*, nor suppose that the conclusion may not be absolutely certain, but only that the universality of the position is not demonstrated from a consideration of the principles on which it really and essentially depends. This is the case of all ex-*absurdo* proofs, in which we argue, that a particular position must be admitted, not because we can prove it to be *true*, but because we can prove every other supposition to be *false*. The conclusion is, in these instances, by no means a *sophism*; it is nevertheless very inelegantly and unphilosophically deduced, and the frequent recurrence of such proofs in Euclid, is among the greatest blemishes of his Elements. We shall now quit this part of Mr. Stewart's volume and proceed to the next chapter. The freedom with which he has very properly delivered his opinions upon logic and the defenders of logic, is the best apology for the freedom with which we have also delivered ours; and even if we should not be so fortunate as to make a proselyte of him to the 'art of syllogizing,' as he most injuriously denominates this science, at all events, what we have said will shew, that it still remains to be proved whether 'in every argument which the defenders of logic have attempted in its favour they have not only been worsted by those very antagonists whom they accuse of ignorance, but fairly driven from the field of battle.' It is possible, indeed, our ignorance is such that, as Frederic said of the Russians, 'we do not even know when we are beaten;' this point, however, our readers must decide.

Mr. Stewart commences his fourth chapter, which he entitles, 'Of the Method of Inquiry pointed out in the Experimental or Inductive Logic,' by some general reflections upon the character and importance of Bacon's philosophical writings. The praises which our author bestows upon this very eminent man, appear to us, as being not so much exaggerated as injudicious; because whatever may be the general merits of Bacon's *Instauratio Magna*, and it is not easy to estimate them over highly, that of having pointed out 'in the strongest and happiest terms the *nature*, the *object*, and the *limits*,' of philosophical investigation, would seem to be about its most equivocal pretension. It is painful to be at variance with so competent a judge as Mr. Stewart confessedly is upon questions of this sort, about a mere matter of opinion; more particularly as it would be incompatible with our limits to state at full the grounds of our dissent. Such of our readers, as may be curious to form their

their own sentiments upon this point, may easily satisfy themselves one way or other, by reading, in the first place, the third book of *Augmentis Scientiarum*. In this they will find a formal exposition of Bacon's views de *Doctrinâ Naturæ*. The sketch which is contained in this book of his opinions upon the subject in general, may afterwards be filled up by reference to his *Novum Organon*, lib. i. aph. 66, 75. Lib. ii. aph. 2, 4, 5, 17, 27, 40. To which may be added some remarks in his *Natural History*, cent. ix. at the beginning; also *Natural History*, cent. ix. Sect. 846. Cent. x. Sect. 960. Nor should we omit a short summary of the objects of philosophy placed after his *New Atlantis* entitled '*Magnalia Naturæ præcipue quoad Usus humanos*;' also a Letter to his friend Matthews, marked CII in the folio edition, 1780. As the decision of this question is, however, of no importance in a philosophical point of view, we shall now present our readers with our author's explanations of the inductive process. As it is extremely clear and able, we shall give it in his own words:

'As we can in no instance perceive the link by which two successive events are connected, so as to deduce, by any reasoning, *a priori*, the one from the other as a consequence or effect, it follows, that when we see an event take place which has been preceded by a combination of different circumstances, it is impossible for human sagacity to ascertain whether the effect is connected with *all* the circumstances or only with *part* of them; and (in the latter supposition) which of the circumstances is essential to the result, and which are merely accidental accessories or concomitants. The only way, in such a case, of coming at the truth is to repeat over the experiment again and again, leaving out all the different circumstances successively, and observing with what particular combinations of them the effect is conjoined. If there be no possibility of making this separation, and if, at the same time, we wish to obtain the same result, the only method of *ensuring* success is to combine together *all* the various circumstances which were united in our former trials. When, by thus comparing a number of cases, agreeing in some circumstances, but differing in others, and all attended with the same result, a philosopher connects, as a general law of nature, the event with its physical cause, he is said to proceed according to the method of induction.'—330.

To this explanation of the nature of the inductive process we have nothing to object, but on the contrary are happy in an opportunity of recommending it to the attention of our readers as by much the best which we have met with; not excepting Bacon's own; but with respect to Mr. Stewart's opinions as to the grounds upon which the mind reposes its confidence in the *general* truth of the result, we feel a very considerable degree of hesitation indeed. He tells us, that in this 'we are guided merely by an instinctive expectation of the continuance of the laws of nature;' to which expectation

expectation Dr. Reid, long ago, gave the name of the *inductive principle*; he continues,

‘In all Bacon’s logical rules the authority of this law of belief is virtually recognized, although it is only of late that natural philosophers have been fully aware of its importance as the groundwork of the inductive logic. Dr. Reid and M. Turgot were, as far as I know, the first who recognized its existence as an original and ultimate law of the understanding; the source of all that experimental knowledge which we begin to acquire from the moment of our birth, as well as of those more recondite discoveries which are dignified by the name of science. It is but justice to Mr. Hume to acknowledge that his *Treatise of Human Nature* furnished to Dr. Reid all the premises from which his conclusions were drawn; and that he is therefore fairly entitled to the honour of having reduced logicians, to the alternative of either acquiescing in his sceptical conclusions, or of acknowledging the authority of some instinctive principles of belief overlooked in *Locke’s Essay*.’—332.

We cannot help thinking that our author is here giving to the reasoning of Mr. Hume upon this important question, a degree of rank to which it is by no means very certainly entitled; as to the name of M. Turgot it can be introduced merely as an argumentum ad verecundiam, because the doctrine, which is above alluded to, is only stated historically by his biographer Condorcet, as an opinion which the former entertained. With regard to Dr. Reid, he invariably refers his readers, as does Mr. Stewart likewise, to ‘the unanswerable arguments’ of Mr. Hume, thus laying upon this last ingenious writer, the whole onus probandi of one of the strangest, and we are inclined to think, one of the most untenable paradoxes that ever has been started.

In order that our readers may be aware of the full import of the doctrine which our author seems to think so incontrovertible, and upon which he professes to have erected the whole fabric of his philosophy, we must refer them to Chap. I. Sect. 2, of his first volume.

‘The natural bias of the mind,’ says he, ‘is surely to conceive physical events as somehow linked together, and material substances as possessed of certain powers and virtues which fit them to produce particular effects. That we have no reason to believe this to be the case has been shewn in a very particular manner by Mr. Hume and by other writers; and must indeed appear evident to every person on a moment’s reflection. It is a curious question what gives rise to this prejudice.’

We certainly so far agree with our author as to admit that there is no doubt ‘a natural bias in the mind to conceive material substances as possessed of certain powers which fit them to produce particular effects;’ that is, to suppose fire as possessing a power to burn, and bread to nourish; and truly were it any other person than

than Mr. Stewart who, is speaking, we should have supposed, that he must intend to be *facetious*, when he tells us 'that it must appear evident to every person on a *moment's* reflection,' that we have no reason whatever to believe in what would seem to be, at first sight, so very undoubted a fact. To this cavalier sort of argument we can make no reply; and as Mr. Stewart adduces no other that we are aware of, except a general reference to Mr. Hume's, it is against the reasoning of this last very paradoxical person that we shall propose, in the first place, the objections which we have to offer. It was the opinion of Mr. Hume, that since the origin of our ideas is plainly ascribable, in the first instance, to the exercise of our external senses, all the objects of our knowledge must either be some impression upon our organs of sense, or some copy from these impressions in the imagination. Accordingly whenever we meet with any idea, the original of which cannot be recognized among some of our sensations, he directs us to dismiss such idea as false and impossible. If we adopt this rule, it will easily be perceived, that we can have no idea whatever of efficient causes or of the secret processes by which any effects may be produced. Mr. Hume, therefore, examines what principle of the mind it is by which 'from causes which appear similar we are led to expect similar results.' Had this expectation been founded upon reason, he affirms that 'it would have been as perfect at once and after one instance, as after ever so long a course of experience;' since this, however, seems not, he thinks, to be the case, he decides by resolving this expectation into 'habit or custom;' for, as he observes, 'whenever the repetition of any particular act or operation produces a propensity to *renew* the same act or operation without being impelled by any reasoning or process of the understanding, we always say that this propensity is the effect of custom.'

To the first part of this reasoning it is not necessary that we should say any thing; it is founded upon a theory which Mr. Stewart dissents from and which is certainly untenable. We admit, however, that, according to the meaning of Mr. Hume, we have no knowledge of efficient causes, that is to say, no knowledge of the necessary connection between these and the effects which they produce, nor of the secret processes by which they operate. But this is not the question; the point at issue between Mr. Hume and those who differ with him, is not whether we have any such knowledge as this, which we clearly have not, but whether when we ascribe any effect to a particular cause, or when we judge that material substances will continue to retain the properties which they now possess, these opinions are derived from *reason* or from *custom*; which last Mr. Hume agrees with our author in believing to be one of those natural instincts which no reasoning, or process of thought,

thought, or the understanding, is able either to produce or to prevent.

Now that *custom* is not the name of the instinct by which the fact in question can be accounted for, is so extremely evident that we are altogether at a loss to conceive how the fallacy of such a supposition could have escaped the penetration of two such acute writers as Dr. Reid and our author. Custom, according to the very words of Mr. Hume's own definition, can be adduced in explanation only of 'the propensity to *renew* any act or operation;' in the present instance, therefore, the habit in question *presupposes* the fact of our belief, and upon any supposition can do no more than point out the principle by which it may be *renewed* in the mind without any intervening act of reflection. This seems to us so plain and incontrovertible as to need no farther illustration.

It does not however follow, that because the phenomenon under consideration is not to be explained by *custom*, it can therefore be accounted for from *reason*; it may, for any thing that has yet been said, be founded upon the instinct which Dr. Reid denominates 'the inductive principle' of our nature. As we candidly confess that we are not able to attach any explicit meaning to this last phrase such as we attach to the word *custom*, it will be in our power to controvert this position only by establishing its contrary.

The question as to the foundation of our belief in matters of fact, may be considered under two heads, which, however intimately connected in their principles, are yet distinguishable in themselves; these are, why we conclude that the things which now exist will continue to exist in future; and continuing to exist, why we suppose that they will retain the same properties. Both these questions may be very briefly and we think very satisfactorily answered. With respect to the first, we may observe that the maxim *de nihilo nihil fit*, is one which it plainly involves a speculative absurdity to deny. Accordingly Dr. Reid enumerates among what he calls 'the first principles of *necessary* truths,' that every thing which has had a beginning must have had a cause.

It is however perfectly obvious, that to suppose any thing to become *annihilated* without a cause, is just as impossible as to conceive its being *produced* without one; and consequently no such cause being perceived or apprehended, our reason *necessarily* infers, upon the principles of Dr. Reid himself, that whatever now exists, will continue to exist in some shape or other, until the same Almighty hand that called it into being shall be pleased in like manner to recall it from existence. It was precisely this sort of inference which led Sir Isaac Newton to enumerate among the self-evident principles of his Natural Philosophy, that a body being in motion will continue to move forward in a right line until acted upon

upon by some external force. It is plain, that he deduced this law neither from experience nor custom, nor instinct, but, because to suppose the contrary seemed to him plainly repugnant to the first dictates of reason. And the proof given by D'Alembert, of its truth, is altogether founded upon the general reasoning, which we have just alluded to; if no cause exists, says he, why a body in motion should turn either to the right or to the left, nor why it should cease to move, it will necessarily do neither, but continue to move forward in the line of its first direction to all eternity.

Admitting then that our reason necessarily infers that whatever now exists will continue to exist in some shape or other until some cause appear to the contrary, it may be asked, But why do we conclude that it will continue to retain the same nature and properties? This question is, in substance, already answered; it may, however be farther observed, that the existence of material substances being supposed, the relations in which they stand towards each other, are obviously just as absolute with respect to us, as those which we trace among merely speculative truths; the only difference of the two cases is, that the former depend for their continuance upon a contingency, whereas the latter are, in their nature, immutable and eternal.

It is true, that to conceive the metaphysical properties of space and number, as being otherwise than we find them, is absolutely impossible; whereas had it so pleased our Maker, the fragrance of a rose might have excited a sensation of pain instead of pleasure, and the bread which we eat have afforded a poison instead of nourishment; but having created us what we are, and having made the things around us what they are, not omnipotence itself could change the various relations which exist between material substances themselves, or between them and us, without altering the nature of those properties with which we and they are respectively endowed.

Accordingly when we conclude that the things which now exist, will continue to exist, and that continuing to exist they will retain the same properties, we do not mean that every red and undulating appearance is flame, nor that every whitish farinaceous-looking substance is bread; but our own constitution, and the things around us, remaining unaltered, (and, no cause to the contrary being assigned, we can have no reason to expect that they will not,) we infer generally, that the same substances which burn or nourish us to day, will continue to do the same in future.

It is upon this principle that Locke explains the general knowledge which particular demonstrations in mathematics afford. 'The immutability of the same relations between the same immutable things shews, that if the three angles of a triangle were once equal to two right angles, they will always be equal to two right angles.'

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The first impulse of reason would direct us to draw a similar conclusion in all things; but experience corrects the error into which our reason in this instance would lead us, by teaching that ourselves and the things around us are perpetually in a state of change, and that consequently the relations in which we stand towards each other, remain in many respects but for a short time the same. In confirmation of these remarks, we might adduce the fact so often noticed by Mr. Stewart, of the undistinguishing expectation with which children and all other unenlightened persons look for the recurrence of whatever they may formerly under any similar circumstances have met with. Time and experience, however, soon teach us to moderate this implicit expectation, by enabling us in some cases to discriminate between what is essential and what is accidental in the things we see, but more particularly by convincing us that however confidently we may calculate upon the laws of nature in general, yet in any single instance it will often happen that nothing can be more fallacious than our conjectures.

So much then for the instinctive principles upon which our author supposes the inductive logic to be founded. We could wish that it had been in our power to explain ourselves more fully upon this important subject, but we trust that the remarks which we have been able to find room for, will be sufficient to point out upon what sort of grounds the contrary opinion may be maintained. If they be not unanswerable, at least, it must be admitted, that they deserve consideration.

The next subject upon which Mr. Stewart treats, is of synthesis and analysis; his account of the nature of these two logical operations, though not explanatory perhaps of all the difficulties which the subject presents, as he himself acknowledges, yet is much more full and certainly very much less uninteresting than any which is to be met with among the logical writers with whom we are acquainted. Nevertheless as the opinions which our author entertains are not materially different from those which are generally received, it will only be necessary to mention, that such of our readers as may wish to increase their information upon this subject, will be able to gratify their curiosity in the volume before us. In the mean time we shall pass on to the observations of our author upon the nature of analogy; a subject which our author handles with uncommon ability, although we hardly think that the account which he gives us of the thing itself is without difficulty.

'In the same manner,' says he, 'in which our external senses are struck with that resemblance between *individuals* which gives rise to a common appellation; our superior faculties of observation and reasoning enable us to trace those more refined and distant similitudes which lead us to comprehend different species under one common *genus*. In

both cases the logical process of thought is nearly, if not exactly, the same; but the common use of language has established a *verbal* distinction between them, our most correct writers being accustomed (so far as I have been able to observe) to refer the evidence of our conclusions in the one case to *experience*, in the other to *analogy*. The truth is, that the difference between these two denominations of evidence, when they are accurately analysed, appears manifestly to be a difference not in *kind* but merely in *degree*.—p. 382.

Mr. Stewart then quotes a passage to the same import, from the writings of M. Prevost, of Geneva, which begins 'Le mot analogie dans l'origine n'exprime que la *ressemblance*; mais l'usage l'applique à une ressemblance éloignée.' Now we certainly cannot say that this explanation of the nature of analogy is *wrong*, yet at the same time we feel persuaded that it is extremely incomplete. In defining a word like this, susceptible of being applied to such a variety of subjects, we conceive that it would have conduced to perspicuity, had our author considered its meaning (as he considers that of induction, analysis, final causes, and others) in separate cases, rather than in the gross. Thus, in the instance before us, the definition which our author gives, seems to be more descriptive of analogy in poetry, than in philosophy. In this last the word seems to convey the notion rather of a *particular sort of reasoning*, than of the circumstances which the objects of it may exhibit; the etymology of the word is from *λογος* in the sense of ratio, and the word itself, in the present case, we should be disposed to interpret, as signifying that sort of reasoning by which we argue that from the resemblance to be found among objects in some peculiarities which we *know*, it may be inferred analogically, that the same resemblance would be found in those qualities of them which we do *not know*.

We are perfectly aware of the great latitude which is generally given to the meaning of this word, and that even Greek writers continually use it in the sense of Mr. Stewart; it may however be some recommendation of the definition which we propose as applied to philosophy, that, according to that of Mr. Stewart, the word is perfectly superfluous and conveys no idea whatever which would not be equally well expressed by the word *resemblance*; whereas, supposing it to designate the act of reasoning from what we *have*, to what we have *not* experienced, there is no word in language which can supply the place of it. But whatever difference of opinion may be supposed with respect to Mr. Stewart's explanation of analogy itself, there can be none as to the very great merit which this part of his volume possesses. The illustrations which he brings are so peculiarly elegant and happy, and the general views into which the consideration of his subject leads him, are so just and eloquent, that we cannot help regretting that the length to which

we have already extended our remarks, should put it so entirely out of our power to do justice to the very extraordinary merit which many of his subordinate speculations possess. It would however be a serious omission did we not particularly recommend to the notice of our readers, the very valuable information which our author has brought together at the second part of this section, in illustration of the use and abuse of hypothesis in philosophical inquiries; as also his remarks upon the very erroneous notions which prevail among a certain class of persons, as to the real nature of experience in the science of political economy. Our author's sentiments upon this subject are stamped with all that good sense and good feeling which he so very eminently possesses. But the part of his volume to which we would more particularly direct the attention of our readers, is the truly admirable dissertation upon final causes with which he closes. Among the inexhaustible variety of important facts and most eloquent remarks with which the whole of this section abounds; the difficulty of rejection is so great, as hardly to leave the possibility of choice; we shall however venture upon the following passage, as affording a just specimen of the spirit which pervades the whole. After remarking the confusion between final and efficient causes, which is to be found in the writings of some of our latest and most eminent moralists, and noticing the bad effects which the same error formerly produced upon physical science, Mr. Stewart observes:

To the logical error just mentioned, it is owing, that so many false accounts have been given of the principles of human conduct, or of the motives by which men are stimulated to action. When the general laws of our internal frame are attentively examined, they will be found to have for their object the happiness and improvement both of the individual and of society. This is the final cause, or the end for which we may presume they were destined by our maker. But in such cases, it seldom happens, that while man is obeying the *active impulses* of his nature, he has any idea of the ultimate ends which he is promoting; or is able to calculate the remote effects of the movements which he impresses upon the little wheels around him. The *active impulses*, therefore, may, in one sense, be considered as the *efficient causes* of his conduct; inasmuch as they are the means employed to determine him to particular pursuits and habits; and as they operate (in the *first* instance, at least) without any reflection on his part on the purposes to which they are subservient. Philosophers, however, have in every age been extremely apt to conclude, when they had discovered the salutary tendency of any active principle, that it was from a sense or pre-knowledge of this tendency that the principle derived its origin. Hence have arisen the theories which attempt to account for all our actions from self-love; and also those which would resolve the whole of morality, either into political views of general expediency, or into an enlightened regard to our own self-interests.—pp. 473, 474.

After producing an appropriate quotation from Adam Smith, in confirmation of this very sensible observation, and instancing Paley and Godwin as writers by whom it has been altogether overlooked, our author goes on to expatiate upon the many blessings both to society and ourselves, which follow in the train of our social virtues.

It does not, however, he continues, follow from this, that it is from such a comprehensive survey of the consequences of human conduct, that our ideas of right and wrong are derived; or that we are entitled in particular cases to form rules of action to ourselves, drawn from speculative conclusions concerning the *final causes* of our moral constitution. If it be true (as some theologians have presumed to assert) that benevolence is the sole principle of action in the Deity, we must suppose that the duties of veracity and justice were enjoined by him, not on account of their intrinsic rectitude, but of their utility; but still, with respect to man, these are sacred and indispensable laws;—laws which he never transgresses without incurring the penalties of self-condemnation and remorse: and, indeed, if without the guidance of any internal monitor, he were left to infer the duties incumbent on him from a calculation and comparison of remote effects, we may venture to affirm that there would not be enough of virtue left in the world to hold society together.—To those who have been accustomed to reflect on the general analogy of the human constitution, and on the admirable adaptation of its various parts to that scene in which we are destined to act, this last consideration will, independently of any examination of the fact, suggest a very strong presumption *a priori* against the doctrine to which the foregoing remarks relate. For is it at all consonant with the other arrangements so wisely adapted to human happiness to suppose, that the conduct of such a fallible and short-sighted creature as man, would be left to be regulated by no other principle than the private opinion of each individual concerning the expediency of his own actions? or, in other words, by the conjectures which he might form, on the good or evil resulting on the whole from an endless train of future contingencies? were this the case, the opinions of mankind respecting the rules of morality, would be as various as their judgments about the probable issue of the most doubtful and difficult determinations in politics.—Numberless cases might be fancied, in which a person would not only claim a merit, but actually possess it, in consequence of actions which are generally regarded with indignation and abhorrence;—for unless we admit such duties as justice, veracity, and gratitude, to be immediately and imperatively sanctioned by the authority of reason and of conscience, it follows, as a necessary inference, that we are bound to violate them, whenever by doing so, we have a prospect of advancing any of the essential interests of society; or (which amounts to the same thing) that a good end is sufficient to sanctify whatever means may appear to us to be necessary for its accomplishment. Even men of the soundest and most penetrating understandings might frequently be led to the perpetration of enormities, if they had no other light to guide them, but what they derived from their own anticipations of futurity. And when

we consider how small the number of such men is, in comparison of those whose judgments are perverted by the prejudices of education and their own selfish passions, it is easy to see what a scene of anarchy the world would become. Of this, indeed, we have too melancholy an experimental proof in the history of those individuals who have in practice adopted the rule of *general expedience* as their whole code of morality; a rule which the most execrable savages of the human race have, in all ages, professed to follow, and of which they have uniformly availed themselves, as an apology for their deviations from the ordinary maxims of right and wrong. Fortunately for mankind, the peace of society is not thus entrusted to accident, the great rules of a virtuous conduct being confessedly of such a nature as to be obvious to every sincere and well-disposed mind. And it is in a peculiar degree striking, that while the *theory* of ethics involves some of the most abstruse questions, which have ever employed the human faculties, the moral judgments and moral feelings of the most distant ages and nations, with respect to all the most essential duties of life, are one and the same.—pp. 477—480.

We shall now bring to a close our remarks upon this very able and eloquent volume. The extraordinary length to which they have already extended will force us to take our leave of Mr. Stewart somewhat abruptly; we shall, however, once more apologize for the freedom with which we have so often differed from his opinions, trusting that our best excuse will be found in the reasons which we have invariably stated for our dissent. We are promised in the advertisement to this second volume, that it will be soon followed by a third; and the subjects which our author seems to have reserved for consideration in it, appear to be so much less connected with his peculiar tenets, than those which we have just been examining, that we may confidently affirm, not even Mr. Stewart's most zealous admirers can look forward to the time when he shall be able to fulfil his promise, with greater hopes either of profit or of pleasure, than ourselves.

APPENDIX.
APP. II.—*Travels to the Source of the Missouri River, and across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean. Performed by order of the Government of the United States in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By Captains Lewis and Clarke. Published from the Official Report, and illustrated by a Map of the Route, and other Maps. London; Longman and Co. 4to, pp. 602.*

FIFTY years ago our countryman Carver formed a plan for travelling across America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the broadest part of that vast continent, between 43 and 46 degrees north latitude. Having failed in two attempts for want of means,

he planned a third in the year 1774, in conjunction with Richard Whitworth, a man who has left some brick and mortar monuments of his eccentricity in the town of Stafford, which he represented in parliament. Their scheme was to ascend the Missouri, discover the source of the Oregon or River of the West, and proceed down that river to its mouth—precisely what Captains Lewis and Clarke have now accomplished. There they were to have formed a settlement, and attempted to discover a passage from the Pacific to Hudson's Bay, and they were to have taken with them artificers and seamen sufficient to build and navigate vessels for this purpose. The promotion of such discoveries is one of the glories of the present reign: government approved the enterprize, and it was on the point of being realized when the troubles in America began.

That the completion of the scheme,' says Carver, 'which I have had the honour of first planning and attempting, will some time or other be effected, I make no doubt. Those who are so fortunate as to succeed in it, will reap (exclusive of the national advantages that must ensue) emoluments beyond their most sanguine expectations. And whilst their spirits are elated by their success, perhaps they may bestow some commendations and blessings on the person that first pointed out to them the way; these, though but a shadowy recompense for all my toil, I shall receive with pleasure.'

Carver has long been beyond the reach of any such recompense; but it would not have misbecome the American journalists, if they had bestowed upon their able and enterprizing forerunner, the commendation which he anticipated and desired.

Had the expedition been executed under the auspices of the British government, it would have been fitted out with characteristic liberality; draftsmen and naturalists would have been attached to it, and the official publication might have vied in beauty and excellence with that of Cook's Voyages. It is both ungrateful and unjust to censure an individual traveller if he fail as an artist, or be deficient in those branches of science which would have enriched his observations: every man who contributes to the stock of our knowledge is a benefactor to the public, and entitled to our respect and gratitude. But when expeditions for the purpose of discovery are undertaken by a public body, that body is censurable, if any thing be wanting to render the information full and complete. There could be no want of draftsmen and naturalists in the United States, and young men of liberal pursuits are never likely to be wanting in enterprize. The fault therefore rests with those who directed the expedition, and is probably imputable to the spirit of an illiberal and parsimonious government.

The expedition under Captains Lewis and Clarke was proposed to Congress in the beginning of 1803, and begun in the May of the following

following year. The first notice of it was a summary narrative by Captain Lewis, which, with some account of the Indians, was presented to Congress in 1806, and afterwards re-printed in this country. There is some curious matter in this publication, but the writer has not distinguished what is original and what is mere compilation, and has made free use of Carver's Travels without referring to them. A second and fuller account by Patrick Gass, a serjeant in the party, was published at Pittsburgh, re-published here, and noticed in our second number. We have now the official narrative, printed from the American original, the sheets of which were forwarded to this country by the proprietors. It is a volume which, for weight and fullness, reminds us of old times, containing nearly as much as three quartos, such as quartos are in these degenerate days.]

The party consisted of nine young men from Kentucky, fourteen soldiers, who volunteered their services, two French watermen, an interpreter and hunter, and a black servant; all, except the last, were enlisted to serve as privates during the expedition, and three serjeants were appointed from amongst them. In addition to these, seven soldiers and nine watermen were engaged to assist in carrying the stores, and if need should be, in repelling an attack, of which some apprehensions were felt in the earlier part of the journey. Captain Merewether Lewis, who was Mr. Jefferson's private secretary, and Captain William Clarke, both officers of the army, were associated in the command. They embarked in three boats; the first was a keel boat, fifty-five feet long, drawing three feet water; a deck of ten feet in the bow and stern formed a forecastle and cabin, and the middle was covered by lockers, which might be raised so as to form a breast-work in case of attack; the other two were perioques, in American language, or open boats, one of six, the other of seven oars; and two horses were to be led along the banks for the use of the hunters. On the 14th May, 1804, leaving their encampment at the mouth of the Wood River, a small stream which falls into the Mississippi opposite to the entrance of the Missouri, they began the longest river voyage that has ever been undertaken since that of Orellana. They were not indeed amused by such tales as were told to Hennepin and to Marquette, when they explored the Mississippi; that it was full of monsters who devoured canoes as well as men; that the devil stopt its passage and sunk all those who ventured to approach the place where he stood, and that the river itself at last was swallowed up in the bottomless gulph of a tremendous whirlpool; nor did they expect to meet with the Spirits and Pigmies, who were formerly said by the savages to inhabit the countries through which they were to pass. But there was enough

to excite imagination in the wide region before them, even in an age when the fables of early and late invention had been alike exploded. In the vast tracts which they were about to explore, even as late as Carver's time the kingdom of the Great Quivira, the Eldorado of N. America, was marked in the maps; it was in this direction that La Hontan placed the country of his bearded Mozeemleke, whose complexion was not darker than a Spaniard's; who possessed the borders of a great salt-water lake, on the shores of which they had six large walled cities and an hundred smaller towns, and whose neighbours, the Tabalanks, ploughed with oxen; confined their women like the Italians, and used copper money, which the Baron ventured to represent in a print. Carver, whose veracity could not be called in question, had heard of a nation near the heads of the Missouri, whiter than the neighbouring tribes, and something inferior in stature, who cultivated the ground and in some degree the arts: and to the westward of those mountains, where the Missouri had its source on one side, and the great River of the West on the other, he was told that a people dwelt, among whom gold was so plentiful, that their commonest utensils were made of it: they were supposed to be the old tributaries to Mexico, who fled thither from the Spaniards, and still believed the sea coasts to be infested with monsters like the great serpent of Urganda, breathing forth fire and smoke, and hearing about armed men in their inside. The existence of the Welsh Indians in this part of the continent had been more positively asserted. General Bowles, the Cherokee, when in England, had been questioned concerning these descendants of Madoc; he declared that such a people were to be found, and when the map was laid before him and he was requested to indicate where, he laid his finger on one of the branches of the Missouri. Pike's Travels had lessened the probability of finding such a tribe, but not entirely destroyed it; and certain it was that if any discoveries either in natural history, or in the history of man, were yet to be made in America, it must be in this direction. 'The best authenticated accounts,' says Patrick Gass, 'informed us that we were to pass through a country possessed by numerous powerful and warlike nations of savages, of gigantic stature, fierce, treacherous and cruel, and particularly hostile to white men; and fame had united with tradition in opposing mountains to our course, which human enterprize and exertion would attempt in vain to pass.' A hundred and thirty-three miles above the mouth of the Missouri, the Osage river falls into it: the tribe of the same name give a strange history of themselves, and afford a curious instance of superstition yielding to interest. The founder of their nation, they say, was a snail, who being carried away by a flood, and left exposed on the shore, was ripened by the heat of the sun into a

man;

man; he married the Beaver's daughter, and it was a point of religion with their descendants never to kill a beaver, from a proper respect to their maternal relations; but since the fur-trade has taught them the value of beaver skins, the tie of consanguinity has been forgotten; and the poor animals have nearly lost all the privileges of kindred. The name of a chief among the Otjags and the Missouris is Iaca: had this word in this signification been found among the Natchez, it would have been difficult not to infer a relationship between the sons of the Mississippi, and the solar princes of Peru, however impossible to explain or account for it. The Missouris, formerly a great and powerful nation, are now reduced to about thirty families.

About midsummer the party suffered very much from heat, the thermometer rising as high as ninety-six; but they found grapes and raspberries to refresh them: boils broke out under their arms, on their legs, and on the parts most exposed to action; a poultice of elm-bark or of Indian meal removed them; they ascribed this disorder to the muddiness of the river water;—the facts that the water was muddy, and that they were plagued with boils, being sufficient to them for cause and effect. The writer says that this did not affect the general health of the party, which was quite as good, if not better, than that of the same number of men in any other situation;—though he has said in the same paragraph that they were occasionally troubled with dysentery. Early in August they had an interview with a party of Otjoes, to whom the change in the government was announced, and a present made of paint, ornaments, powder, and whiskey; with some medals of honour for their chiefs, who were the Big Horse, the White Horse, the Little Thief, and a fourth who had the better name of Hospitality. They were at war with the Mahas, and asked the travellers to mediate between them. The Mahas, four years before this time, had lost four hundred of their men, and their chief the Blackbird, by the small-pox. In Abyssinia, where this dreadful disease is supposed to have originated, when any person is seized with it, the neighbours surround the house and set fire to it, and consume it with its miserable inhabitants. The American Indians regard the contagion with almost as much horror. The Mahas had been a powerful and warlike tribe till now, when they saw their strength wasting by a malady which they could neither resist nor prevent, they became frantic; they set fire to their village, and many of them killed their wives and children to spare them the sufferings of disease, and that they might all go together to the land of souls. The deceased chief was buried upon the summit of a hill, about three hundred feet above the Missouri; a mound was raised over his body, and a pole fixed in the centre. The remainder of the tribe offered presents

to him from time to time, and to gratify them the Americans left a flag upon the grave.

One of the party having died soon after they past this place, they named Floyds river after him, and elected Patrick Gass, the homely journalist of the expedition, to the rank of serjeant, vacated by his decease. The great Sioux river which falls into the Missouri near Floyds, and like it from the north, is remarkable for having one of its creeks considered as sacred ground : the cliffs there are of that red stone of which the Indians make their calumets, and all being equally interested in procuring a supply of this material, the quarries are considered as a sanctuary where hostile tribes meet in peace. The men were now seized with disorders of the stomach, which, upon inquiry, were thought to proceed from a scum covering the surface of the water along the southern shore ; they took care to disperse this before they dipt for drink, and then the complaint ceased. The cause was soon ascertained ; there was a great quantity of cobalt in one of the cliffs on this side, and Captain Lewis in making some experiment upon it, was much injured by its fumes and taste. Near this place is a singular mound which none of the neighbouring nations dare approach ; they call it the mountain of Little People or Little Spirits, believing that it is the abode of dwarf devils in the human form, about a foot and a half high, with enormous heads, armed with sharp arrows, and always on the watch to kill those who come nigh their residence. Captains Lewis and Clarke, with a party of their men, made a four hours' march to visit this place of terror, though the heat was so oppressive that their very dog was unable to bear the fatigue. They found in the midst of a large plain, and at the distance of eight or nine miles from any other hill, a large mound, the base of which is a regular parallelogram, the longest side being about three hundred yards, the shorter sixty or seventy : from the longest side it rises with a steep ascent from the north and south to the height of about seventy feet, having on the top a level twelve feet broad and ninety in length. The north and south extremities are connected by two oval borders which serve as new bases, and divide the whole side into three steep but regular gradations from the plain. Notwithstanding the extreme symmetry of this hill, which made it at first sight appear artificial, they concluded, from the disposition of the strata, that it might be natural. Another cause, besides the singularity of its appearance and situation, has contributed to its evil report. The Indians always attribute an unusual assemblage of birds to some supernatural cause ; the wind blowing over the open plain, drives the insects against the hill, and the birds flock there in pursuit of them.

They were next invited to a camp of the Yanktons, a tribe of the Sioux

Sioux nation. The chiefs described the wants of their people; entreated the Americans to send them traders; begged for powder and ball, and for some of their great father's milk;—a curious appellation for spirits,—the bane of the Indian tribes! These Yanktons have borrowed from the Kite Indians a military order or fraternity, which is the more remarkable when the universal system of Indian warfare is remembered. The members are bound to each other by friendship, and by a vow never to retreat or turn aside from any danger, and never to give way to their enemies; this oath they observe with suicidal punctilio. Crossing the Missouri on the ice, they came to a hole directly before them, which might easily have been avoided by going round; the foremost of this band deliberately walked in and was lost, and the others would have followed his example if they had not been prevented by force. They sit and encamp and dance together, distinct from the rest of the natives, and though they are generally young men from 30 to 35, they sit above the chiefs in council, and are more respected. The order consisted of 22 persons, but 18 had lately fallen in battle and the surviving four were dragged from the field by their countrymen.

Soon after leaving these Indians they came to one of those ancient fortifications, of which so many have been discovered in the western states of America. The French interpreters assured them that there were very many such, on the rivers Platte, Kansas, Jacques, &c. A full account of those in the state of Ohio has been given by Mr. Mason Harris: from the trees which had grown and decayed there, it is estimated that they cannot be less than a thousand years old;—they are probably Toltecan remains, which now serve equally to provoke and baffle curiosity. The next adventure was with a party of Teton Indians, a branch of the Sioux nation. A medal, a flag of the United States, a laced uniform coat, and a cocked hat and feather, were presented to the chief Untongasabao,—the Black Buffalo, who with Tartongaoawka,—the Buffalo Medicine, Wawzingo,—of the untranslated name, Matocoquepa,—the Second Bear, and a few other personages of equally significant appellation came on board. The explorers (to borrow a title of American extraction) amused them with an air-gun, and succeeded but too well in pleasing them with whisky; for they endeavoured to seize one of the perioques, and were only made to retire by a show of determined opposition and by seeing a swivel pointed towards them. Captains Lewis and Clarke, who, of all discoverers have been the most uniformly unfortunate in giving names to places, called a willow-isle, off which they anchored, Bad-humoured island, in memory of this affray, and because they had made a Good-humoured island the preceding day. On the morrow

morning the Teton, having been taught a wholesome lesson of respect, invited them to a dance, and the two captains were carried to the council-house of the tribe, and placed on a dressed buffalo skin by the side of the Black Buffalo himself. The council-house formed three-fourths of a circle, covered at the top and sides with skins well dressed and sewed together. About 70 men formed a circle round the chief, a Spanish flag and the American one which he had just received were placed before him; and the pipe of peace was laid upon two forked sticks, about eight inches from the ground, with swansdown scattered under it. A dog, according to the general custom of the northern tribes, was the chief dainty of the feast; the best parts were held up to the flag as a sacrifice, the calumet was then smoked; and after the feast, which was not over, it became dark, the house was cleared and a large fire kindled in the center to give light and warmth to the assembly. The dance then began, to the music of three instruments, a buffalo skin across a hoop, a long stick to which the hoofs of deer and goats were hung, and a small skin-bag with pebbles in it; five or six young men sung an extempore song to the noise of these instruments, and the dance was worthy of the vocal and instrumental accompaniment. It was first performed by women highly decorated, some carrying poles adorned with scalps, others holding guns, spears, and other trophies taken by their kinsmen in war; they arranged themselves in two columns, advanced towards each other with a shuffling step till they met, when the rattles were shaken, and they all shouted and shuffled back again. The male dance differed only in that the men made this movement by jumping up and down instead of shuffling. Between the dances one of the company came forward and told obscene stories. They were an ugly and ill made race,—filthy in their persons and more filthy in their food, carrying water for their drink in the paunches of the animals they kill, just as they are emptied, without being cleaned;—they were cheerful, cunning and depraved. The men wore a mantle of buffalo skin dressed white and painted with uncouth figures, every man, perhaps, wearing his own history in these hieroglyphics. A more extraordinary ornament of the young men on gala days, is the skin of a polecat fixed to the heel of a moccasin to be dragged after it: they make tobacco pouches also of polecat skin, for the purpose, it may be presumed, of perfuming the contents to their taste. The face and body are generally painted with a mixture of grease and coal. There is a very remarkable institution among this people, to which we recollect nothing similar in the accounts which we possess of savage tribes. The chief appoints two or three men to guard the camp by night and maintain order in it during the day; their office lasts but

but a few days, when others are appointed to succeed them; while it lasts, they must implicitly obey the chief, and in their turn be as implicitly obeyed by all other persons. In the scuffle with the explorers' boat, one of these men by the chief's orders put his arm round the mast to detain it: and nothing but the chief's command could have induced him to loose his hold; he must have died rather than have failed in obedience. Two Squaws quarrelled and were becoming outrageous, when one of these peace-preservers came up and without any ceremony whipt them both. Their distinguishing mark consists in two or three raven skins fixed to the girdle behind the back in such a manner that the tails stick out horizontally from the body. They have also a split raven skin on the head, so fastened as to let the beak project from the forehead. This latter badge somewhat resembles the head-dress of the Virginian conjurer as described by Harriot, and represented by De Bry—a blackbird worn upon the ear, as a symbol of magical art. When the tribe remove, their tents are carried by dogs which they train to bear great burdens.

About a fortnight afterwards (Oct. 8.) they halted and pitched their camp near some villages of the Ricaras, among whom several Frenchmen were living as interpreters or traders. Some Squaws came to visit them in 'canoes' made of a single buffalo skin stretched over a frame of basket work: canoe should rather imply a long and narrow boat; these, by their shape and size, as well as texture, might more properly be called coracles. This tribe exhibited a rare example of good sense; when whisky was offered them they expressed their surprize that their father should present to them a liquor which would make them fools; and on another occasion, observed that no man could be their friend who tried to lead them into such follies. The excesses of the traders had disgusted them. Langsdorff notices a like forbearance in the Kalushians of Norfolk Sound, who, though they like brandy, abstain from it because of its effects, and lest, if they took it, they should fall into the power of the Russians. Such instances are very rare, and in North America spirits have done more to diminish the red race than the wars which Europeans have waged against them, or small-pox which they have introduced. The Ricaras were a fine tribe in stature and person, and with many good qualities, and in a state which might easily be improved into civilization if one of the wise quaker missionaries were among them. Their houses are circular or octagonal, from thirty to forty feet in diameter; the frame is filled up with willow branches and graas, and covered with clay, so as to form a warm and compact dwelling. They cultivate the ground, and add to their own stores by robbing the nests of the prairie mice who lay up hoards of a large rich bean. The women

women were dissolute; the custom was for the men to be liberal in offering their wives and sisters, but if the ladies offered themselves without the knowledge of their lords and masters, it was considered a disgrace and an offence,—which, however, they were very ready to commit. Captain Clarke had a remarkably stout negro servant: they had never seen a negro before, and the fellow, to astonish them the more, told them he had been a wild animal, caught and tamed by his masters, and he shewed off feats of his extraordinary strength; they admired his colour, and considering him as a Merino man, were exceedingly desirous that he should improve the breed of Ricaras.

Corporal punishment was inflicted upon one of the soldiers by sentence of a court-martial, in the presence of a Ricara chief, who was so much affected that he wept aloud; and when the offence was explained to him and the necessity of the example, he replied, that examples were necessary, and he himself had given them by inflicting the punishment of death,—but they never flogged even a child. This tribe have some curious superstitions. A large oak-tree stands alone in a *prairie** uninjured by a fire, which had consumed every thing round it; this remarkable escape was imputed to some extraordinary power in the tree: it is a custom therefore with the Ricaras to fasten a string to it, and pass the other end of the string through a hole in the skin of their own necks; after remaining thus attached to the tree for some time, they think they become braver—considering, perhaps, that the string acts as a conductor, and that the virtue of the tree; or its quality of invulnerability may thus pass into them. They read their own fortunes, public or private, in some sort of hieroglyphics painted upon a rock, and they worship three stones, two of which have some resemblance to human figures, and the third is like a dog. Concerning these they have a tradition, which Captain Clarke says, might adorn the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. A youth loved a maid, whose parents would not consent to their marriage, he wandered away to lament his misfortune, his dog went with him, and his mistress followed; they continued to wander, having nothing but grapes to subsist on, till some unknown power converted them into stone; the transformation beginning at the feet, and gradually ascending to the nobler parts, nothing remains unchanged except a bunch of grapes which the female holds in her hands till this day. The explorers found abundance of grapes near the spot, and named one of the places which they passed Stone Idol creek in memory of the

* If this word be merely a French synonyme for savannah, which has long been naturalized, the Americans display little taste in preferring it. But perhaps it may designate open land in a woody country, whatever be the inequalities of the ground, whereas savannah (literally a *sheet* of land) can properly apply only to a level

story; but it does not appear that they went to the spot, nor whether the stones are sculptured, or present merely a rude and accidental resemblance sufficient for the shapings of imagination.

It was the middle of October when the party visited these Indians; the weather then gave indications of the approaching season, and at the end of the month they encamped for the winter, having advanced 1600 miles up the river. They had not yet reached an unexplored country; Evans had been thus far several years before them in search of his countrymen the descendants of Mado's colony, and they met with several Frenchmen, and likewise some traders in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. The place chosen for their encampment was near some Indian villages of the Mandans, Ahnahaways, and Minnetarees; with the former of these tribes the Ricaras were at war, and peace was now made between them. The chiefs of these villages, according to the American system, were now recognized in their respective ranks in the name of the government of the United States; flags were given them, medals of the President, and others bearing the more useful representations of domestic animals, of a farmer sowing grain, and of a weaver's loom. Other presents were added, of which, to the credit of the Indians, none was prized so highly as an iron corn mill. The *Propria quæ maribus* of these chiefs are of formidable appearance in their own language, and of curious import. There were 'the White Buffalo's robe unfolded,' (not to alarm the reader with the sesquipedalian originals,) 'the Old Woman at a distance,' 'the Little Wolf's Medicine and the Two Tailed Calumet Bird,' 'the Big Man and the Wolf Man,' 'the Little Raven and the Little Fox,' 'the Big White and the Big Thief.' They expressed their satisfaction at having made peace with their enemies by the striking phrase, that their women might now put off their moccasins at night.

The three tribes lived in harmony with each other; their languages were different, but were gradually intermingling. The Mandans exemplify, in a striking manner, how naturally sickness and healing impress untutored man with a sense of his dependence upon unseen Powers, and thus give rise to superstition. They believe that one Great Spirit presides over them whom they call the Great Medicine; every individual has his particular Medicine, which is sometimes an imaginary being, more frequently an animal, (as the Roman Catholic has his patron saint,) to intercede for him with the Great Medicine; and medicine is the appellation for whatever is mysterious or wonderful. The blacksmith's bellows was a very great medicine. The Mandans and Minnetarees have each a medicine stone which is their great oracle. They send to consult it every spring concerning the prospects of the year, and it is consulted

sulted also at other times on extraordinary occasions. It is a thick porous stone, twenty feet in circumference, with a smooth surface. The deputies who visit it present it with the pipe, alternately taking a whiff themselves and offering the pipe to the stone; they then retire to an adjoining wood for the night, and in the morning white marks are found on the stone, which Captain Clarke well observes they who made them are at no loss to decypher. When any one is desirous of doing honour to his protecting spirit he gives an entertainment which is called a Medicine dance; he makes a feast, at which the unmarried women dance naked in open daylight, and prostitute themselves publicly in the intervals of the dance! The writer cannot be charged with offending decency in describing this abomination,—he has related another not less abominable, in Latin, from respect to decorum; but in both instances it is evident that he and his companion were not men who felt any pain at beholding the degradation of human nature. Thanks, however, to these travellers, and to such as these, we shall no longer be pestered with rhapsodies in praise of savage life; it is now known, what never ought to have been doubted, that in that state the greater part of our virtues are never developed, and all the vices of brute man are called into full action.

Notwithstanding the bestial indecency of their manners the men exercise a tremendous authority over the wives who venture to dispose of themselves. A woman after a quarrel with her husband took refuge in another house; for this offence her life, it seems, might legally have been taken, and the man accordingly beat her dreadfully and stabbed her in three places. She escaped to the American encampment, and thither he followed her to complete his revenge, but was persuaded to take her home. He said he had lent her to one of the serjeants for a night, and would give her to him if he would have her; the offer was not accepted, and they went their way by no means in a state of much apparent love. A wife of Le Borgne, as the one-eyed chief of the Minnetarees was called, eloped from him with a man who had been her lover before her marriage: the man deserted her, and, that she might not perish for want of subsistence, she was fain to return to her father's house. As soon as Le Borgne heard this he quietly walked there; she was sitting near the fire, and, without noticing her, he began to smoke with the father. The old men of the village now joined them, for they had followed Le Borgne, knowing his temper, in the hope of appeasing him. He continued calmly to smoke as long as he thought proper, then, rising to depart, he took the woman by her hair, led her to the door, and with a single stroke of his tomahawk put her to death before her father's eyes! Yet this same man behaved very differently some time afterwards on a like occasion. Another
of

of his wives eloped: the youth with whom she fled was not able to support her, and they both returned to the village, where the woman presented herself before her husband and entreated forgiveness. Le Borgne sent for the youth, who came expecting to be put to death. The chief mildly asked them if they still loved each other; and when they replied that nothing but want could have induced them to separate, he gave up his wife to the paramour and presented him with three horses.

The Mandans have an odd tradition of their origin. They believe that their whole nation in the beginning resided in a large village under ground near a subterraneous lake. A vine extended its roots down to this village, and gave them a glimpse of our upper light. Some adventurers climbed up by these roots and brought back so good a report of buffaloes and fruit, and so tempting a sample of grapes, that the whole nation resolved to emigrate to the better region; men, women, and children, accordingly began to ascend, but when about half of them had reached the surface, the vine broke under the weight of a corpulent woman, and the ascent was closed upon her and the rest of the nation. They expect to return after death to this their original seat; but there will be a lake to cross before they reach the village of their fathers, and the wicked, because of the burden of their sins, will be unable to effect the passage. One of their elders during the winter, just as he was dying, desired to be drest in his best robe when he was dead, carried to a hill, and there seated on a stone with his face toward their former place of abode, that he might go straight to his brother who had gone before him to the ancient village under ground. This man had seen 120 winters. They are a very hardy race and support cold in a manner which the Americans had thought impossible, though they themselves were tolerably case-hardened,—a party, with Captain Lewis at their head, encamping out, and having, Patrick Gass says, a tolerable lodging with the assistance of the hides of the buffaloes they had killed, at a time when proof spirits were frozen in fifteen minutes. The horses are as hardy as themselves; by day they are let loose to search for grass; at night they are collected, and receive an armful of small boughs of the cotton wood, which, being very juicy, soft, and brittle, form a nutritious food; and this keeps them in tolerable case. This tree resembles the Lombardy poplar, and does not exceed eighteen inches diameter in its growth. It is curious that these tribes, who have horses, should use their dogs for draught and their women for burden.

These Indians have a game, which the Americans supposed to be a rude imitation of billiards, probably invented by the French in Canada; it was played with stone draftsmen on a wooden floor fifty yards in length; the sticks are about four feet long with two

short pieces at one end in the form of a *man*, so fixed that the whole will slide along the smooth floor. The players run along the floor and, when about half way, slide the sticks after the draughtsmen. This game must be greatly esteemed, or so much labour would not be bestowed in smoothing and joining the floor for it. Some of the Mandans and Ricaras make heads by a process which they are said to have learnt from some prisoners of the Snake Indian nation. The method is described by Captain Clarke; but it has manifestly been acquired originally from some European artist, and indeed requires European materials, pounded glass of different colours being among the ingredients.

The weather while they continued at their wintering place was intensely cold. On December 11th, the thermometer at sunrise stood at 21° below 0° , the ice in the atmosphere, says the journal, being so thick as to render the weather hazy, and give the appearance of two suns reflecting each other. Again, 'the air was filled with icy particles resembling a fog.' These are the *spicules* of ice which some traveller (Professor Richardson, if we recollect rightly) describes, as having noticed in Russia,—literally the arrows of frost. In another place the journal says, 'a frost fell during the night nearly a quarter of an inch in depth and continued to fall till the sun had gained some height;' *frost* seems to be used here as synonymous with *time*. Few were injured in their limbs by the severe cold to which they exposed themselves, but most of the party suffered in their eyes. The remedy, which perhaps they learnt from the savages, was 'to sweat the part affected by holding the face over a hot stone and receiving the fumes from snow thrown on it.' Steller's remedy for a like affection was the white of an egg with camphire and sugar rubbed upon a pewter plate till it foamed, then tied in a handkerchief and bound upon the forehead. Several traders were here from the British fort and factory on the Assiniboine river about 150 miles distant. The Mandans and Ricaras received all their supplies of European articles from that factory through the Assiniboine and Knistenaux Indians, and, being thus dependent upon those tribes, were fain to brook insults which they expressed a desire of revenging if the Americans would furnish them with arms and ammunition. A great jealousy is expressed of the British traders. 'Seven of the North-West Company's traders arrived, and one of their interpreters having undertaken to circulate among the Indians unfavourable reports, it became necessary to warn them of the consequence if they did not desist from such proceedings.' Again, 'we told the chiefs that we had heard of the British trader, Mr. Laroche, having attempted to distribute medals and flags among them, but that those emblems could not be received from any other than the American nation without

without incurring the displeasure of their great father the President. There is much curious matter upon the subject of the fur trade in an Appendix which has not been included in the English edition.

The ice did not break up till the middle of March. At this time the Indians are employed in a remarkable kind of chase. The surrounding plains are set on fire; fresh grass then springs up; and this is said to tempt the buffaloes to cross the river. On the way they often find themselves on floating ice, and dart with astonishing agility from one piece to another; sometimes, it is said, touching lightly upon a cake not more than two feet square; but in this situation, where they can neither fight nor fly, the hunter takes them to advantage, and, when he has given his prey its death wound, paddles it to shore on his icy float. On the 7th April the adventurers renewed their journey, sending off, at the same time, their barge with dispatches to the government; and the subjects in natural history which they had collected as a present for the President. The party now consisted of thirty-two persons. A French interpreter, by name Chaboneau, had been engaged at this place, and it was hoped that his wife would be equally useful, for she was a Snake Indian who had been taken in war by the Minnetarees and sold to her present husband. They went in two large perogues and six small canoes. The Squaw was found serviceable in a way which had not been foreseen. When they stopped for dinner she found out the holes of the mice, opened them with a large stick, and supplied the party with wild artichokes of the Jerusalem (girasole) kind, which these creatures hoard in great quantities.

Summer comes close upon the skirts of winter in these climates; five days after they set out several of the men threw off all their clothes retaining only something round the waist,—a fashion which was found more convenient, because the river was so shallow that, in some places, they were obliged to wade. The fashion must have been convenient to the mosquitoes also who now began to annoy them. On the 14th they reached a part of the river beyond which no white man had ever been. The bluffs along the river bore vestiges of fire, and, in some places, were actually burning, throwing out much smoke with a strong sulphurous smell; they are composed of a mixture of yellow clay and sand with many horizontal strata of carbonized wood resembling pit-coal, from one to five feet in depth, and scattered through the bluff at different elevations, some at high as eighty feet above the water; great quantities of pumice-stone and lava, or rather earth which seemed to have been boiled and then hardened by exposure, being seen in many parts of the hills where they were broken and washed down into gullies by the rain and melting snow. Captain Clarke says there is reason to believe

that the strata of coal in the hills cause the fire; it is the fault of the government that there was no naturalist in this expedition, and it is to the credit of the officers who conducted it that they should so carefully have observed all they saw and recorded it as it appeared to them. 'We found several stones,' they say, 'which seemed to have been wood first carbonated and then petrified by the action of the waters of the Missouri, which has the same effect on many vegetable substances.' Patrick Gass 'saw part of a log quite petrified, and of which good whetstones, or hones, could be made.' Salt also is abundantly produced on the surface of the earth; many of the streams which come from the hills were strongly impregnated with it. Up the Whiteearth river the salts were so abundant as, in some places, perfectly to whiten the ground. The party were now tormented with sore eyes occasioned by sand, which was driven from the sand bars in such clouds as often to hide from them the view of the opposite bank. The particles of this sand are so fine and light that it floats for miles in the air like a column of thick smoke and penetrates every thing: 'We were compelled,' says the writer, 'to eat, drink, and breathe it very copiously.'

April 26th they reached the Yellowstone river, which they learnt from the Indians rises in the rocky mountains near the Missouri and the Platte, and is navigable for canoes almost to its head; it joins the Missouri with almost an equal stream, the bed of the latter river, just above the confluence, being 520 yards, the water at that time occupying only 330 and the channel deep; the Yellowstone had a wider channel with less water; the bed, including its sand bars, was 858 yards, the water 297, and in its deepest part 12 feet; but it was falling and they judged it to be then at its summer height. This place was thought highly eligible for a trading establishment, and probably will not long remain unoccupied, as adventurers were already pushing in that direction in search of beavers. Perhaps in another century this poor animal will be extirpated in America as it has been in Europe. Thus far the adventurers had met with no enemies and few difficulties; they now commenced hostilities with the bears, of whom they had heard formidable accounts from the Indians. The Indians stood in great fear of Bruin, never ventured to attack him but in parties of six or eight, and before they went out to give him battle painted themselves and performed the same ceremonies as if they were going to war; even with all this advantage of numbers they were often defeated and obliged to retreat with loss. Bruin knows his strength and rather attacks a man than avoids him, which must in him be pure gallantry, any thing rather than flesh being his food,—ants, insects of various kinds, eggs, fish, honey,—indeed it is difficult to say what he does not eat. The first whom they encountered were white;
and

and these they conceived to be the most formidable species, but they found the brown ones equal in size and ferocity, and not less tenacious of life. The American black bear is said to be a timid animal, who runs away either from man or dog; Carver's acquaintance must have been among this breed. La Hontan observed the difference of disposition between them and the brown, (*rougeâtres*;) the colour which Captain Clarke describes,—a reddish or bay brown; these he says are *méchans* and ready to attack. A brown bear, after being shot five times through the lungs and receiving four other wounds, swam half across the river to a sand bar. This creature measured 8 feet 7½ in. from the nose to the extremity of the hind feet, and his heart was as big as that of a large ox, his maw ten times larger. Another, after being shot through the middle of the lungs, pursued his enemy for half a mile, then travelled more than a mile in another direction, and dug, as if for his grave, a hole for himself in the earth two feet deep and five feet long, in which he was found by the hunters. The skin of this beast was a burden for two men. 'We had rather,' says Captain Clarke, 'encounter two Indians than meet a single brown bear; their very track in the mud or sand, which we have sometimes found eleven inches long and seven and a quarter wide, exclusive of the talons, is alarming. The wonderful power of life which they possess renders them dreadful; there is no chance of killing them by a single shot unless the ball goes through the brain.' Yet notwithstanding their sense of the danger the Americans could never resist the temptation of attacking such noble game. Six of the party, all good hunters, having sight of a large one of the brown breed, came unperceived within forty paces of him; four of them then fired and each lodged a ball in his body, two of which went directly through the lungs. The brave beast made at them instantly; as he came near, the two men who had reserved their shot both wounded him; one of the balls broke his shoulder and retarded his motion for a moment; before they could reload he was so near that they all ran to the river; two jumped into the canoe, the other four separated, hid themselves among the willows, and firing as fast as they could reload, struck him repeatedly, but every shot seemed as if it only served to guide him, and he pursued two of them so closely that at last they threw aside their guns and pouches, and jumped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the water. Even this did not secure them; Bruin sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters from the shore shot him in the head. It was found that eight balls had past through him.

There was abundance of less noble game, deer, and elk, and buffalo. The antelope has a strange curiosity by which both the

hunters and the wolves easily decoy it to its ruin. At first sight this fleet and quick-eyed animal takes flight and sets off full speed; the hunter lies down and lifts up his arm, or his hat, or his foot, and then the creature returns on a light trot to look at him and see what he is, going and returning two or three times till it comes within reach of the rifle. In like manner the wolves crouch down and, if the antelope be frightened, they repeat the manoeuvre; sometimes, it is said, relieving each other (for they hunt in company) till they have decoyed their victim from the herd. A most frightful destruction is made among the buffaloes, by a different stratagem. An Indian covers himself with the skin of one of these animals, the ears and horns fastened on his own head so as to deceive the unsuspecting herd. Thus accoutred, he creeps between them and one of the river precipices; his companions in the meantime get on the rear and side of the herd, and, at a concerted signal, give chase. The buffaloes take the alarm and run toward the decoy; he leads them as fast as possible to the precipice, and secures himself in some crevice which he has marked; those at the brink are driven on by the hindmost, who see no danger but from the hunters, and the whole are thus precipitated down in such numbers that, after the Indians have taken all they can dispose of, and the wolves glutted themselves, the air is tainted with the carcasses which remain!—The wolves here are of two species; the small wolf of the prairie is one; this, which is very delicately formed, fleet, and active, is not large enough singly to attack an antelope; they usually therefore go in parties of ten or twelve. They live in burrows and sally out in a body against any animal which they can overpower, but on the slightest alarm retreat into their holes: their bark is exactly that of a small dog; the colour a reddish brown and the fur much coarser than that of the fox. The second species is of all colours from a creamy white to a blackish brown; its cry is a howl, and it continually skulks about the skirts of the buffalo herds to attack the weary or wounded. The wolf of the Atlantic states Captain Clarke thinks is not known on that side of the river Platte.

Among the presents which were sent to the President were some horns of the mountain sheep, called by the Mandans *ashatta*, and by these travellers the *argalia*, but more frequently the *big-horn*, in the usual taste of their nomenclature. Whether it be the *ovis ammon*, they have given no description which can enable us to decide; it is merely said that the animal is about the size of a small elk or large deer, the horns winding like those of a ram, though larger and thicker. Gass is somewhat more minute; he says they are of a dun colour, except on the belly and round the rump, where they are white; that they have a fine soft hair, and that they very little

little resemble sheep except in the head, horns, and feet. He speaks of one whose horns were two feet long and four feet in diameter at the root, and of another whose horns weighed twenty-five pounds the pair. This can hardly be the original of the common sheep; domestication would not have thus diminished the horns, altered the form, and converted the hair into wool; that will probably be found in another animal, to be mentioned hereafter, of which only the skin has yet been seen by any European. The bighorn was first met with at Two-Thousand-Mile, as Captains Lewis and Clarke named one of their stations.

The country thus far had presented few striking features, but was generally what the Americans call *handsome*. From the mouth of the Missouri to the Platte, (about 600 miles,) it is described as very rich land with a sufficient quantity of timber; for the next 1500 miles 'good second rate land,' rather hilly than level; cotton-wood and willows along the course of the streams; the upland almost entirely without trees and spreading into boundless prairies. There are Indian paths along the river, but not following its windings; there are also roads made by the buffaloes and other animals; the buffalo road being at least ten feet wide. The appearances of fire had now ceased; the salts were still seen in the ravines and at the base of the small hills. Gass remarks that there is no dew in this country and very little rain, and he asks if it can be owing to the want of timber? The air, as in all countries where salt is thus produced, is exceedingly dry; well seasoned wood was observed to shrink and the joints opened; and a table spoonful of water exposed to the air evaporated in 36 hours, when the glass stood only at the temperate point during the greatest heat of the day. They passed the bed of several streams, which, at this time, contained only a few standing pools; one of them was as wide as the Missouri itself, about half a mile, and this they named Bigdry River, being the second of the name besides Bigdry Creek and Littledry Creek. Of all people who ever imposed names upon a newly discovered country the Americans have certainly been the most unlucky in their choice: witness Bigmuddy River, and Little-muddy River, Littleshallow River, Good Woman River, Little Good Woman Creek, Grindstone Creek, Cupboard Creek, Biscuit Creek, Blowing Fly Creek, *cum multis aliis* in the same delightful taste. When this country shall have its civilized inhabitants, its cities, its scholars, and its poets, how sweetly will such names sound in American verse!

Ye plains where sweet Big-muddy rolls along,
And Tea-Pot, one day to be famed in song,
Where swans on Biscuit and on Grindstone glide,
And willows wave upon Good Woman's side!

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How

How shall your happy streams in after time
 Tune the soft lay and fill the sonorous rhyme!
 Blest bards, who in your amorous verse will call
 On murmuring Pork and gentle Cannon-Ball;
 Split-Rock, and Stick-Lodge, and Two-Thousand-Mile,
 White-lime, and Cupboard, and Bad-humour'd Isle!
 Flow, Little-Shallow, flow! and be thy stream
 Their great example, as it will their theme!
 Isis with Rum and Onion must not vie,
 Cam shall resign the palm to Blowing-Fly,
 And Thames and Tagus yield to great Big-Little-Dry.

These Bigdry and Littledry rivers were all on the south of the Missouri, and plainly shew what the rains must be in the wet season; Captain Clarke supposed that the channels were dry during the summer, autumn, and winter. In the whole country which they had traversed since they left the Mandans they had seen only two fine springs of fresh water; all the others were small and mostly impregnated with salt, with which they believed the Missouri itself to be tainted. Perhaps it was owing to the water which they drank that the party were so much plagued with boils; the sore eyes of which they complain may have been probably occasioned by the constant reflection of the sun upon the water. They were now approaching a different climate. On May 11th, eight days after they had past Two-Thousand-Mile Creek, they saw the first pines and soon afterwards they had slight showers, and dew, and fog. On the 26th, from the highest summit of the hills on the north side, Captain Lewis first caught a distant view of the Rock Mountains, 'the object,' says the writer, 'of all our hopes and the reward of all our ambition. On both sides of the river, and at no great distance from it; the mountains followed its course; above these, at the distance of fifty miles from us, an irregular range of mountains spread themselves from W. to NW. of his position. To the north of these a few elevated points, the most remarkable of which bore N. 65° W. appeared above the horizon, and, as the sun shone on the snows of their summits, he obtained a clear and satisfactory view of those mountains which close on the Missouri the passage to the Pacific.' A strange figure of speech, when the Missouri rising in those mountains flows from them in an opposite direction!

The general width of the river was now about 200 yards; it had become very rapid with a very perceptible descent; the shoals were more frequent and the rocky points at the mouth of the gullies more difficult to pass. The tow-line, whenever the banks would permit it, had been found the safest mode of ascending the stream, and the most expeditious except under a sail with a steady breeze: but this seems not to have been foreseen, or not to have been properly provided

provided for; for their ropes are now complained of, as being almost all made of elk skin, and much worn and rotted by exposure to the weather. At this time every thing depended upon them.

'We are sometimes,' says the journal, 'obliged to steer the canoes through the points of sharp rocks rising a few inches above the surface of the water, and so near to each other that, if our ropes gave way, the force of the current drives the sides of the canoe against them, and must inevitably upset them or dash them to pieces. Several times they gave way, but fortunately always in places where there was room for the canoe to turn without striking the rock; yet with all our precautions it was with infinite risk and labour that we past these points.'

To add to these difficulties there fell a heavy rain, which made the banks so slippery that the men who drew the towing-lines could scarcely keep their footing, and the mud was so adhesive that they could not wear their moccasins; a fourth of the time they were obliged to be up to their armpits in the cold water, and frequently to walk over sharp fragments of rock; yet painful as this toil was they bore it not merely with patience, but with cheerfulness. Earth and stones also were falling from the high bluffs, so that it was dangerous to pass under them. The difficulties of this part of the way were soon rewarded by some of the most extraordinary scenery which any travellers have ever described. The description may best be given in the words of the Journal.

'At nine miles we came to a high wall of black rock, rising from the water's edge on the south, above the cliffs of the river: this continued about a quarter of a mile, and was succeeded by a high open plain, till three miles further a second wall two hundred feet high rose on the same side. Three miles further a wall of the same kind, about two hundred feet high and twelve in thickness, appeared to the north. These hills and river-cliffs exhibit a most extraordinary and romantic appearance: they rise in most places nearly perpendicular from the water, to the height of between two and three hundred feet, and are formed of very white sandstone, so soft as to yield readily to the impression of water: in the upper part of which lie imbedded two or three horizontal strata of white freestone insensible to the rain, and on the top is a dark rich loam, which forms a gradually ascending plain, from a mile to a mile and a half in extent, when the hills again rise abruptly to the height of about three hundred feet more. In trickling down the cliffs, the water has worn the soft sandstone into a thousand grotesque figures, among which, with a little fancy, may be discerned elegant ranges of freestone buildings, with columns variously sculptured, and supporting long and elegant galleries, while the parapets are adorned with statuary: on a nearer approach they represent every form of elegant ruins; columns, some with pedestals and capitals entire; others mutilated and prostrate, some rising pyramidally over each other till they terminate in a sharp point. These are varied by niches, alcoves, and the customary appearances of desolated magnificence: the illusion is increased by the number of martins, who

who have built their globular nests in the niches, and hover over these columns; as in our country they are accustomed to frequent large stone structures. As we advance there seems no end to the visionary enchantment which surrounds us. In the midst of this fantastic scenery are vast ranges of walls, which seem the productions of art, so regular is the workmanship: they rise perpendicularly from the river, sometimes to the height of one hundred feet, varying in thickness from one to twelve feet, being equally as broad at the top as below. The stones of which they are formed are black, thick, and durable, and composed of a large portion of earth, intermixed and cemented with a small quantity of sand, and a considerable portion of talk or quartz. These stones are almost invariably regular parallelipeds of unequal sizes in the wall, but equally deep, and laid regularly in ranges over each other like bricks, each breaking and covering the interstice of the two on which it rests; but though the perpendicular interstice be destroyed, the horizontal one extends entirely through the whole work: the stones too are proportioned to the thickness of the wall in which they are employed, being largest in the thickest walls. The thinner walls are composed of a single depth of the paralleliped, while the thicker ones consist of two or more depths: these walls pass the river at several places, rising from the water's edge much above the sandstone bluffs, which they seem to penetrate; thence they cross in a straight line on either side of the river, the plains over which they tower to the height of from ten to seventy feet, until they lose themselves in the second range of hills: sometimes they run parallel in several ranges near to each other, sometimes intersect each other at right angles, and have the appearance of ancient houses or gardens.—p. 174.

Gass also in his brief notes expresses his admiration of this scenery; the cliffs, he says, seem as if built by the hand of man, and are so numerous that they appear like the ruins of an ancient city. On the third day after this remarkable pass, they came to a fork in the river which completely perplexed them; for though the Minnetarees had, as they thought, minutely described the course of the Missouri, or the Ahmateahza as they call it, they had said nothing of this junction. The north branch was 200 yards wide, the south 370, but the north was the deepest stream; its waters had that mud-diness which the Missouri bears into the Mississippi, and its 'air and character,' in Captain Clarke's phrase, so much resembled the Missouri, that almost all the men believed that was the course to be pursued. The two leaders thought otherwise; it was known that the Missouri came from the mountains, and they reasoned that this stream would probably be the clearest of the two. There was too much at stake to allow of their proceeding upon any uncertainty. Captain Lewis therefore with six men went to explore the northern river, while Captain Clarke and five others went upon the same errand up the south; the remainder of the party were left to enjoy useful rest; their feet had been much bruised and mangled during the

the last days, and this respite came seasonably. The former having gone about threescore miles were convinced that the stream came too far from the north for their route to the Pacific. On their return they were exposed to the greatest dangers. The rain had made the bluffs slippery, which as they went gave them firm footing; at a narrow pass some thirty yards in length Captain Lewis slipped, and had he not recovered himself by means of his espoutoon, must have fallen over a precipice of about ninety feet into the river. One of the men behind him lost his footing about the middle of the pass, and slipped to the verge, where he lay on his belly, his right arm and leg over the precipice, while with the other arm and leg he was with difficulty holding on. Captain Lewis, concealing the fear which he felt, told him he was in no danger, and bade him take his knife out of his belt with his right hand, and dig a hole in the side of the bluff for his right foot. With great presence of mind the man did this, and thus raised himself on his knees, he was then directed to take off his moccasins and come forward on hands and knees, holding the knife in one hand and the rifle in the other. In this manner he crawled till he reached a secure spot. The other men who had not attempted this pass were ordered to return and wade the river at the foot of the bluff, where they found it breast-high; and the party finding that any difficulty was preferable to the danger of crossing the slippery heights, continued to proceed along the bottom, sometimes in the mud of the low grounds, sometimes up to their arms in the water, and when it became too deep to wade, they cut foot-holds with their knives in the sides of the bank.

Captain Clarke meantime having examined the south branch as far as forty-five miles in a straight line, was satisfied that this was the Missouri; the Indians had told him that the Falls lay a little to the south of sunset from them, and that the river was nearly transparent at that place; he thought also that if this, which was the wider stream, was not the Missouri, it was scarcely possible that the Indians should not have mentioned it. But all the men were of a contrary opinion; one of them, who was an experienced waterman on this river, gave it as his decided judgment that the north fork was the genuine Missouri; their belief rested upon this, and they said they would willingly follow the Captain wherever he pleased to lead, but they feared that the south fork would soon terminate in the Rocky Mountains, and leave them at a great distance from the Columbia. The captains upon this occasion, with a proper reliance upon their own judgment, and a not less proper respect to the opinions of the men, determined that Captain Lewis should ascend the southern branch by land, till he reached either the falls or the mountains which would decide the question. And here, to lighten the labour as much as possible, they resolved to leave one of the perioques, and all the

heavy

heavy baggage they could spare, together with some provisions, salt, powder, and tools. The boat was drawn up on the middle of a small island, and fastened to the trees. The goods were deposited in a *caché*, which, like the Moorish *matamore*, is a subterraneous magazine, widening, as it descends, from a very small aperture; the mouth being a circle of about twenty inches in diameter. In this the goods were laid upon a flooring of dry sticks, which were also placed round the sides; they were covered with a dry skin, on which the earth was trodden, and lastly the sod was replaced over the opening so as not to betray the slightest marks of an excavation; the earth as it was dug up having been carefully removed.

Captain Lewis was not in good plight for the march which he had undertaken; he had been afflicted with dysentery, and when he halted for dinner the first day, he was attacked with violent pains and high fever; he therefore encamped for the night, and having brought no medicine with him, ventured upon a bold experiment. He boiled the small twigs of the choke-cherry till they produced a strong black decoction of an astringent bitter taste; a pint of this he took at sun-set, and repeated the dose in an hour. By ten o'clock he was relieved from all pain, a gentle perspiration ensued, the fever abated, and in the morning he was perfectly recovered. On the third day's march the sound of falling waters was heard, and a spray which seemed driven by the high south-west wind rose above the plain like a column of smoke, and vanished in an instant. The sound soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for any thing but the great falls of the Missouri, and having travelled seven miles after first hearing it he reached a scene, which had never before been beheld by civilized man. The river forms a succession of rapids, cataracts and falls for about seventeen miles; at the great fall it is 300 yards wide, for about a third part of which it falls in one smooth even sheet over a precipice of eighty-seven feet; the other part being broken by projecting rocks 'forms a splendid prospect of perfectly white foam 200 yards in length,' with all that glory of refracted light, and everlasting sound, and infinity of motion, which make a great waterfall the most magnificent of all earthly objects. There is another fall of fifty feet where the river is at least a quarter of a mile in breadth. In the midst of the river, below a third fall of about twenty-six feet, is a little island well covered with timber, where an eagle had built its nest in a cotton-wood tree, amid the eternal mists of the cataract. The Indians had particularly mentioned this striking object. About a mile below the upper fall, and about twenty-five yards from the river, a spring rises which is said to be perhaps the largest in America, but its size is not otherwise described. The water, which is extremely pure, and cold, 'boils up from among the rocks and with such force near the

the centre, that the surface seems higher there than the earth on the sides of the fountain, which is a *handsome* turf of green grass.' It falls into the river over some steep irregular rocks, with a sudden ascent of about six feet in one part of its course: and so great is the quantity of water which it pours forth that 'its bluish cast' is distinguishable in the less transparent Missouri for half a mile, notwithstanding the rapidity of the river.

But Captain Lewis had nearly terminated his life and his discoveries this day together. Falling in with a herd of a thousand buffaloes he shot one of them 'for supper,' and watching to see him fall, neglected to reload his rifle. A large brown bear, who seems to have been equally disposed for supper, meantime had fixed his eyes and his appetite upon Captain Lewis, and was stealing towards him, so as to be within twenty steps before he was perceived. In the first moment of surprize the captain lifted his gun, but remembering instantly that it was not charged, he saw there was no hope of safety but in flight. He was in an open level plain, and the nearest tree at least 300 yards off, towards this he thought to retreat in a quick walk, but as soon as he turned Bruin ran full speed and open-mouthed upon him. It was now a fair race, and four legs gaining fast upon two, it flashed into the captain's mind that if he got into the water to such a depth that the bear would be obliged to attack him swimming, there would be still some chance of his life; he therefore turned short, plunged into the river about waist-deep, and facing about presented the point of his espartoon. The bear was not a *game* bear, for as soon as he saw his antagonist face him in a position of defence, he fairly wheeled round and took to his heels.

Upon receiving Captain Lewis's report, the boats advanced as far as they could, up the most rapid water, says Gass, that ever any craft was taken through. A long portage was now to be made, and this required much preparation and new arrangements. The remaining perioque was left, as not likely to be serviceable when they drew nearer to the source of the river; its mast supplied two axle-trees for carriages, upon which the canoes were drawn overland,—a fortunate circumstance, as the only wood they could find upon the spot was soft and brittle; both wheels, however, and axles failed, but not till they had completed the portage within half a mile. Part of the way they hoisted the sail of one of the canoes and the wind carried her for some distance. Another *caché* was made. They had brought with them the iron frame work of a boat, which they lined with willow bark, and covered with elk and buffalo skins. As no tar could be procured with which to make her seams secure, it was hoped that a composition of pounded charcoal, bees wax, and buffalo tallow would suffice. With this the boat was payed; she swam well, and they had loaded her and were on the

the point of setting out, when it was discovered that the composition was cracking and falling off. Where any hair had been left upon the buffalo skins it adhered,—but not foreseeing this they had shaved the hides. It was too late to remedy the error, even had it been possible; but the buffaloes had forsaken them. Two canoes therefore were constructed of such wretched materials as the cotton-wood afforded. In these operations nearly a month was consumed, during which they endured many annoyances. A large brown guat, which did not sting, attacked the eyes in swarms; and the mosquitoes feasted upon them, having a fair field, the men being nearly naked on account of the heat. The prickly pear grew so abundantly that it became a cruel evil, against which their moccasins did not effectually defend them. And the bears were 'exceedingly troublesome,' they continually infested the camp during the night; and it was not safe for a man to venture to any distance alone. Bruin felt himself lord of the land, and seemed to resent the coming of these adventurers as a trespass upon his territories. In reality, bears, wolves and birds of prey were supplied with food by the river; for as the buffaloes went in numerous herds to drink above the falls, where all the passages to the river are narrow and steep, the foremost were pressed in by those behind: in this way ten or a dozen might be seen to disappear in a few minutes, and the river was strewn with their floating carcasses and limbs.

Here too Captain Clarke had a specimen of the manner in which his 'Dry Rivers' were sometimes filled. Going one day to the Great Falls, with Chaboneau, his wife Sahcajahwah and her infant, he observed a very dark cloud rising in the west, and looked round for some shelter where they might be secured from being blown into the river, if the wind should prove as violent as it sometimes did in the plains. They found a deep ravine, where they seated themselves under some shelving rocks, and laid down their guns, compass and other articles. The shower increased to a heavy rain, which, however, did not touch them, so well were they sheltered; presently a torrent of rain and hail descended; the rain seemed to fall in a solid mass, and instantly collecting in the ravine, came rolling down in a dreadful torrent, bearing mud, and rocks, and every thing before it. They saw it only a moment before it reached them,—and just in time: had it not been for Captain Clarke's assistance, the Frenchman and his wife and child must have been lost. Before he could reach his gun the water was to his waist, and they could scarcely get up the bank faster than it rose, till it had reached the height of fifteen feet. Had they waited a moment longer, the torrent would have swept them into the river.

Here also a remarkable phenomenon was noticed. A loud report, 'precisely resembling the sound of a six-pounder, at the distance

tance of three miles, was repeatedly heard from the mountains, at different times of the day and night; sometimes in one stroke, at others in five or six discharges, in quick succession; this was heard sometimes when the air was perfectly still and without a cloud. The Minnatarees had told them of this noise, and that the mountains made it; but their account had been disregarded. The watermen of the party now said, that the Pawnees and the Ricaras talked of a like noise heard in the black mountains to the westward of their country; and they accounted for it satisfactorily to themselves, by supposing it was 'the bursting of the rich mines of silver confined within the bosom of the mountain.' That it came from the hills was certain; and Captain Clarke, in another place calls it 'the tremendous mountain artillery.' Upon this subject, we happen to have collected some testimonies, which, as (being thus confirmed) they place the fact beyond all doubt, may, perhaps, if brought together, call the attention of philosophers to this phenomenon, more than either of them would have done singly.

In Brazil these explosions are well known. Simam de Vasconcellos, the Jesuit, describes one which he heard in the Serra de Piratiniga, as resembling the discharges of many pieces of artillery at once. The Indians who were with him told him it was 'an explosion of stones;' and it was so, he says; 'for after some days the place was found where a rock had burst, and from its entrails with the report which we had heard, like the groans of partition, had sent to light a little treasure. This was a sort of nut, about the shape and size of a bull's heart, full of jewelry of different colours, some white, like transparent chrystal, others of a fine red, and some between red and white, imperfect, as it seemed, and not yet completely formed by nature. All these were placed in order, like the grains of a pomegranate, within a case or shell harder than even iron; which, either with the force of the explosion, or from striking against the rocks, when it fell, broke in pieces, and thus discovered its wealth.' Vasconcellos adds, 'the philosophy of these things is understood,'—but it is not necessary to add his philosophy here. Techo notices the same thing in the adjoining province of Guayra, 'famous,' he says, 'for a sort of stones which nature, after a wonderful manner, produces in an oval stone case, about the bigness of a man's head. These stone cases lying under ground, when they come to a certain maturity, fly like bombs in pieces about the air, with much noise, and scatter about abundance of very beautiful stones,—but these stones are of no value.' In the account of Teixeira's voyage down the Orellana, Acuna says, the Indians assured them, that 'horrible noises were heard in the Serra de Paragaxa from time to time, which is a certain sign that this mountain

mountain contains stones of a great value in its entrails.' The opinion of the Indians then, concerning these explosions, seems uniformly to refer them to the same cause: but what these natural grenades may be, must be left for others to ascertain. Humboldt, noticing a remark of M. Lafond, that there are hills in Mexico abounding in coal, from which a subterraneous noise is heard at a distance, like the discharge of artillery, asks, whether 'this curious phenomenon announces a disengagement of hydrogen produced by a bed of coal in a state of inflammation?'—It seems too frequent, and too general for this solution.

They had seen no Indians from the time they left their encampment; but now, upon renewing their way, they came to a very large lodge, which they supposed to be a great council house, differing in construction from any which they had seen. It was a circle of 216 feet in circumference at the base, composed of sixteen large cotton-wood poles, about fifty feet long, the tops of which met, and were fastened in the centre. There was no covering; but, in the centre, there were the ashes of a large fire, and round about it the marks of many leathern lodges. Three days afterwards, when they were in sight of the Rocky Mountains, they passed about forty little huts, framed of willow bushes, as a shelter against the sun, and the track of many horses; they judged them to have been deserted about ten days by the Shoshonees, or Snake Indians, of whom they were in search: the same day they came to another lodge, constructed like the former, but only half the dimensions, with the remains of fourscore leathern huts, but which seemed to have been built the preceding autumn. July 17th they reached the place where the Missouri leaves its native mountains: the river was deep, rapid, and more than 70 yards across, the low grounds not more than a few yards wide, but allowing room for an Indian road to wind under the hills; the cliffs were about 800 feet above the water, of a hard black granite, on which were scattered a few dwarf pine and cedar trees. The navigation was now very difficult. Red, purple, yellow and black currants were growing there in great abundance, and much exceeding those in the American gardens. The sun-flower also grew plentifully: the seed of this plant is used by the Indians of the Missouri, and especially by those who do not cultivate maize. They parch and then pound it till it is reduced to a fine meal; this they either mix with water and drink, or knead it with marrow into a dough, in which form the explorers thought it a very palatable dish. The sun-flower has been recommended in England as a plant which might profitably be cultivated, the seed yielding an oil not inferior to the olive, and the cake from which it has been expressed, remaining a nutritious food for poultry or cattle.—The big-horned animals, as they call them, were here seen

in great numbers, bounding among precipices, where it seemed impossible that any animal could stand, and from whence a single false step would have precipitated them at least 500 feet into the water. The prickly pear, at this time in full bloom, was one of the greatest beauties of the country, but they complained of it, with good reason, as one of the greatest inconveniences also; they were now so abundant that it was impossible to avoid them, and the thorns were strong enough to pierce a double sole of dressed doe-skin. A species of flax was observed here, which, it was thought, would prove a most valuable plant: eight or ten stems sprang from the same root to the height of 2½ or 3 feet, and the root appeared to be perennial: there were young suckers shooting up though the seeds were not yet ripe; and they inferred, that the stems, which were in the best state for producing flax, might be cut without injuring the root. The heat in these defiles was almost insupportable, and whenever they caught a glimpse of the mountain tops, they were tantalized with a sight of snow. One tremendous pass they named the Gates of the Rocky Mountains; for nearly six miles, the river, which was there 350 yards in width, flows between rocks of black granite, which rise perpendicularly from its edge to the height of nearly 1200 feet;—nothing, say they, can be imagined more awful than the darkness of these rocks. During the whole distance the water is very deep, even at the edges, and for the first three miles there is not a spot, except one of a few yards, where a man could stand between the water and the wall of rock. Several fine springs burst out from the chasms of the rocks and increase the stream: the current is strong, but they were able to overcome it with their oars,—most fortunately, for it would have been impossible to use either the cord or the pole.

A great smoke was perceived the next day, as if the country had been set on fire,—the Indians had heard a gun, and believing that their enemies were approaching, made the signal of alarm, and fled into the mountains. The whole country was so infested by the prickly pear, that when they encamped at night, they could scarcely find room to lie down. On the 22d, Sahcajaweah recognized a place to which her countrymen sometimes came to procure a white earth, which they use as paint; and she rejoiced her companions, by telling them that the Three Forks of the Missouri were at no great distance. The thermometer this day stood at 80 in the shade; the mosquitos, and the black gnats, and the prickly pear continued, and the navigation became more laborious, the river being divided by numberless islands, very rapid, and with many ripples. The beavers, who have not yet been invaded here by the furrier, are continually altering the course of the river. They dam up the small channels of about twenty yards between the islands; when they

they have effected this, their pond ere long becomes filled with mud and sand; they then remove to another; this is, in like manner, filled up; and thus the river, having its course obstructed, spreads on all sides, and cuts the projecting points of land into islands. On the 23d they reached the Three Forks of the Missouri, the south-east being half a mile below the confluence of the south-west and middle branches. The first of these they named Gallatin River, and being unable to decide which of the others was the larger or real Missouri, they were induced to discontinue the name and call the middle branch Madison and the south-west Jefferson. The Three Forks might have been more aptly named the Miss, the Ou, and the Ri. All these were perfectly transparent, ran with great velocity, and threw out large bodies of water. The direction of the Jefferson was preferred, and, having ascended it about a mile, they pitched their camp upon the very spot where the Indian woman had five years before been made prisoner by the Minnetarees, who surprized her tribe, killed many of them, and carried all the women into captivity. 'She does not, however,' says the journalist, 'show any distress at these recollections, nor any joy at the prospect of being restored to her country; for she seems to possess the folly or the philosophy of not suffering her feelings to extend beyond the anxiety of having plenty to eat and a few trinkets to wear.' The glass stood at 90° till a thunder storm cooled the air. The latitude of their camp was N. 45. 24. 8. 3. They found here a gooseberry black as jet, with a bright crimson pulp, and extremely acid; they observed also a large species of ant with a reddish brown body and legs, and a black head and abdomen, who build little cones of gravel ten or twelve inches high, without a mixture of sticks, and with but little earth. Now, too, for the first time, they began to be upon short commons; hitherto they had fared sumptuously.

Captains Lewis and Clarke surprize us here with a climax in their *Propria fluviorum*. From Big-Muddy they had proceeded to Jefferson, and with not less felicity to Madison from Little-Shallow; and now when the streams which compose the Jefferson were for the first time to receive in maps 'a local habitation and a name,' they rise into a high flight and call them Philosophy River, Wisdom River, and Philanthropy River;—Philosophy, Wisdom, and Philanthropy, uniting to form the—Jefferson!—how beautiful an allegory, how delicate a compliment!—'I guess our President will approve of that!'

Captain Lewis, with Chaboneau the interpreter, and two other companions, preceded the party now in search of the Shoshonees. On the 10th August he came to a fork in the Jefferson, beyond which it was not navigable by any exertions; the next day he perceived,

ceived, with the greatest delight, a man on horseback, but the man, when they were, within a hundred paces of each other, suddenly wheeled round, though every amicable gesture had been made to him, gave his horse the whip and presently disappeared. They followed his track till it was lost; and the next day proceeding up the stream, they came where it was so narrow that one of the men put his foot across it, and thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri. It was not long before they reached its remotest source, and drank of the fountain; a situation not altogether unworthy of being compared with that of Bruce at the fountain of the Abyssinian Nile. Leaving this memorable spot they got upon the ridge which forms the dividing line between the streams that flow into the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and there they drank of the waters which run to the Columbia or Oregon, the Great River of the West.

The fears and suspicions of the Shoshonees and the embarrassments of Captain Lewis after he had met them, and before his companions were arrived, form a very interesting part of this narrative. When Captain Clarke came in sight the poor Indian woman who had been thought so insensible, began to dance and show every mark of the most extravagant joy, turning to her husband, and pointing to the Indians who were advancing, and sucking her fingers to indicate that they were of the same tribe. Presently a woman recognized her, and a most affecting scene ensued; they had been made prisoners at the same time, and endured captivity together till the one had found means of escaping, without a hope of ever again beholding her fellow sufferer. The two captains went now to the tent of Cameahwait the chief of this tribe, and sent for Sahcajaweah to be their interpreter; she was beginning to interpret before she perceived that Cameahwait was her brother; instantly she sprang up and ran and embraced him, throwing over him her blanket and weeping profusely; he too was moved though not in the same degree, for except one brother all the rest of their family had died since their separation.

The Shoshonees are a small tribe of the Snake Indians; this horde consisted of about 100 warriors and thrice as many women and children. Within their own recollection they had lived in the plains, but they had been driven from thence by the Pawkees or the roving Indians of the Sascatchawain, and now lived a migratory and precarious life. From the middle of May till the beginning of September they reside on the western waters, to which their enemies had not yet found the way; but when the salmon, on which they chiefly subsist there, disappear, they cross the ridge and descend slowly and cautiously till they are joined near the Three Forks by other bands either of their own nation or of the Flatheads, who make

make common cause with them. They then venture to hunt buffalo in the plains eastward; but such is their dread of the Pawkees that as long as they can obtain the scantiest subsistence they do not leave the interior of the mountains, and as soon as they collect a large stock of dried meat they again retreat, thus alternately obtaining food at the hazard of their lives, and hiding themselves to consume it. Two-thirds of the year they are forced to live in the mountains, passing whole weeks with nothing but a few fish and roots. The salmon were, at this time, fast retiring; roots were becoming scarce; they had not yet gathered strength to hazard a meeting with their enemies, and nothing could be imagined more wretched than their condition when these exhausted and hungry adventurers appeared among them. Instead of obtaining food from them, the Americans were obliged to share with them what they could procure for themselves, and this was in a country where, with all their skill in the chase, and all their advantage of fire-arms, little was to be got.

But these Indians, notwithstanding their miseries, were cheerful, and in many important points of character, superior to any other tribes whom the adventurers fell in with. They never begged, they never were tempted to a single act of dishonesty by the sight of the wonderful treasures which their visitors displayed; and they were ready to share with their guests the little which they themselves possessed. They were also a high-spirited people. The Spaniards, the only white men with whom they had had any intercourse till now, would not supply them with fire-arms, alleging that if they were possessed of such weapons they would only be the more induced to kill one another. The Shoshonees perhaps do not perceive that policy is the real motive of the Spaniards, but they clearly see that the plea of humanity is fallacious, and complain that they are thus left to the mercy of the Minnetarees, who having fire-arms, plunder them of their horses, and slay them at pleasure. 'This should not be,' said Cameahwait fiercely, 'if we had guns! Instead of hiding in the mountains, and living like the bears upon roots and berries, we would then go down and live in the buffalo country in spite of our enemies, whom we never fear when we meet on even terms!' The Spaniards have not pursued the same policy with regard to horses, nor indeed was it equally practicable. When Diego Martinez de Hurdaide was captain of Chiloa, one of the means by which he attached the Indians to him so strongly that the viceroys of Mexico dared not remove him from his government, was by giving them horses. The introduction of this animal has not produced so great a change among the natives of North as of South America; where in Chili, in Tucuman, and in the Chaco, it has converted them into Tartar-like tribes, and enabled them to keep

keep the Spaniards out of their country, or confine them to their own towns. To some of these tribes the horse, like the cocoa tree to the Maldive islanders, supplies every thing,—food, milk, fuel, tents and boats: it has improved the condition of the North Americans, but not thus totally changed their whole habits of life. The Shoshonees, though many of their stock had been stolen that spring, possessed at this time not less than 700 fine horses, of good size, vigorous, and patient of fatigue as well as of hunger. They had also a few mules, which had been purchased or stolen from the Spaniards by the frontier Indians; the finest animals of that kind, says Captain Clarke, we have ever seen: the worst was considered as worth the price of two horses. Stirrups and saddles were regarded as proper only for old men and women; the warriors used a small leathern pad stuffed with hair, and a rope with which they noose the horse when running, and which he instantly obeys, however unruly he may seem, as soon as he feels it upon his neck; they, however, procure Spanish bridles when they can. The horse is a great favourite; his mane and tail, which are never mutilated, are decorated with feathers; the ears are subjected to less agreeable honours, being cut into various patterns: a favourite also is sometimes painted, and a warrior will suspend at the breast of his horse the finest ornaments which he possesses.

The Shoshonee always fights on horseback; the name *Cameahwait* signifies *He who never walks*; where horses are so common, no notion of dignity can be attached to the act of riding, and the appellation seems figuratively to express that his life was spent in war. They have a few bad guns among them, which are reserved exclusively for war, but the common weapons are the bow and arrow—the arrow slender and the bow short; those which are most prized are made of the argali's horn, flat pieces of which are cemented with glue; the lance and the *poggamoggon*, a formidable sort of club consisting of a round stone about two pounds in weight, fastened by a short thong to a wooden handle. The shield is of buffalo's hide, manufactured with equal ingenuity and superstition. The skin must be the whole hide of a male two years old, and never suffered to dry since it was flayed off. A feast is held to which all the warriors, old men and jugglers are invited: after the repast a hole is dug in the ground about eighteen inches deep, and of the same diameter as the intended shield, which is a circle of about two feet four or five inches. Red hot stones are thrown into this hole, and water poured upon them, to produce a very strong steam. Over this the skin is laid with the fleshy side to the ground, and stretched in every direction by as many as can take hold of it; as it becomes heated the hair separates and is taken off, and the skin is at last contracted into the compass designed

for the shield. It is then removed, placed on a dry hide, and during the rest of the festival, pounded by the bare heels of the guests; this operation sometimes continues for several days. The shield is then actually proof against any arrow, and if the old men and the jugglers have been satisfied with the feast, they pronounce it impenetrable by bullets also, which many of the warriors believe. It is ornamented with feathers and a fringe of dressed leather, and adorned, or deformed, says Captain Clarke, with paintings of strange figures. Here then upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains, in the heart of North America, armorial bearings are found, as well as in the war of Thebes. They have also a sort of arrow-proof mail with which they cover themselves and their horses, made of dressed antelope skins in many folds, united by means of a mixture of glue and sand.

They are a diminutive ill-made race, with thick flat feet and ankles, and crooked legs: the want of sufficient food can hardly have deteriorated the race, because there were persons who remembered when they lived abundantly in the plains. Perhaps they are of the same stock as the Indians whom Langsdorff saw in New California, who, though abundantly fed and enjoying a mild climate, were, he says, in stature and form, the worst specimens he had ever seen of the human race. The hair of both sexes was usually worn loose over the face and shoulders; some men, however, the *fashionables* of the tribe, divided it with leathern thongs into two equal queues which hung over the ears,—bashaws of two tails! Their tippet, or rheno, is described as the most elegant article of Indian dress the travellers had ever seen; it is of otter skin, tasselled, with ermine, and not less than a hundred ermine skins are required for each;—this is likely to attract traders to the Shoshonees. The blue riband of the tribe is a necklace of the claws of a brown bear. Children are seldom corrected, and never flogged; they say that it breaks their spirits, and that after being flogged they never recover their independence of mind, not even when grown to manhood. Polygamy is common; and, as usual among savages, the lowest and most laborious drudgery falls to the lot of the females: but it does not appear that they are cruelly treated, nor that they consider themselves miserable, like those unhappy tribes more to the north, among whom, Mackenzie says, mothers sometimes destroy their infant daughters from a dreadful impulse of compassion! Husbands willingly let out their wives upon easy terms, but are not importunate, like some other tribes, in offering them. It appeared that syphilis was known among them, and that it generally proved fatal: Captain Clarke thinks that the existence of this disease in the Rocky Mountains tends to prove that it is aboriginal. We believe it to have been so: but it might easily have found its way there from Mexico; the Shoshonees

Shoshonees said they could reach the Spanish settlements in ten days march by way of the Yellowstone river.

The accounts which the explorers received of the way before them were most discouraging. To follow the course of the water, *Cameahwait* said, was impossible, as the river flowed between steep precipices, which allowed of no passage along the banks; and it ran with such rapidity among sharp pointed rocks, that as far as the eye could reach it was one line of foam. The mountains were equally inaccessible; neither man nor beast could pass them, and therefore neither he nor any of his nation had ever attempted it. He had learned from some of the *Chopunnish* or *Pierced Nose* Indians, who resided on the river to the westward, that it ran a great way toward the setting sun, and there lost itself in a lake of ill-tasted water where the white men lived. Captain Clarke, not relying upon this report, went with a guide to reconnoitre the country, and found it equally impracticable to keep the course of the river, or cross the mountains in the same direction. The guide, however, said there was a way to some Indian establishments on another river, which was also a branch of the *Oregon*;—the *Shoshonees* all denied this, which was imputed to their desire of keeping among them strangers so able to protect them, and so well stocked with valuable commodities; they sold them, however, horses enough for the party, and the adventurers began their journey on the 30th of August. They suffered dreadfully from fatigue and hunger; game was so scarce that they were obliged to feed upon their horses; their strength began to fail them; most of the men were now complaining of sickness, and having reached a settlement of the *Chopunnish* on the *Kooskooskee*, they determined to build canoes there. The labour which the men had gone through in the latter part of their way up the *Mississippi*, had made them desirous of travelling on horseback, but they now more gladly returned to their river-navigation. September 25th they began to build eight canoes, and having entrusted their remaining horses to the *Chopunnish*, and buried the saddles in a cache, they embarked on the 7th October, accompanied by two chiefs.

Fish and roots had for some time been their chief diet, which, for men who had so long been almost carnivorous, was meagre fare; rather than continue this forced abstinence, they purchased dogs from the *Chopunnish*, which they ate at first without disrelish, and soon learned to like; for this they were ridiculed by the natives, and called dog-eaters in contempt. The water on which they embarked soon fell into a wider stream, on the head of which they had encamped among the *Shoshonees*, and which they had named *Lewis's River*; Captain Clarke's name had been given to that which he had reconnoitred,—a stream of equal magnitude, flowing, by a more northerly

northerly route, to join the same great river of which they were in quest. Both are considerable rivers. The Lewis, where they entered it on the 10th, was about 250 yards in width, and the Kooskooskee enlarged it to about 300; on the 16th they came to its junction with the Columbia, as the Americans have chosen to re-name the Oregon, or Great River of the West. There seems a singular impropriety in calling after Columbus, a river upon a coast which he never visited: it is too late to affix his name to the whole continent of the New World, but that name may yet be affixed to the West Indies, which different nations call now by different appellations, all having an obvious unfitness.—That of the Columbian Islands is unobjectionable.

The Lewis falls into the Oregon in latitude $46^{\circ} 15' 13'' 9'''$, the one being 575 yards wide at the junction, the other 960. They found here a tribe called Sokulks, who seemed a peaceable and contented people, living in a state of comparative ease and happiness: great respect was shown among them to old age; polygamy was not their practice, and the husbands were said to share with their wives the labour of procuring subsistence, much more than is usual among savages. Diseases of the eyes were very common among all these river tribes; for three parts of the year they are employed in fishing, and suffer from the reflection of the sun upon the water; and during the winter they are surrounded with snow, in a country without trees or shrubs. Many have lost an eye, and some are nearly blind in both. It was observed, also, as peculiar to the tribes on the Oregon, that their teeth decayed very soon, many having them, particularly in the upper jaw, worn down to the gums, and many, even in middle age, being almost toothless. The writer supposes that this may in part be occasioned by their eating roots, as they are dug from the ground, nearly covered with sand; but chiefly by the manner in which they devoured dried salmon, (their main food,) simply warming it, and then swallowing skin and scales:—but why should this affect the teeth? Are they accustomed to any hot meats or drinks? Do they use any acid roots, or any substitute for tobacco, which might produce the effect? &c.

These tribes are true ichthyophagi: the multitudes of salmon in the Oregon are inconceivable, and they ascend to its remotest sources, supplying the Shoshonees on the very ridge of the dividing mountains with food. The water is so clear, that they may be seen at the depth of fifteen or twenty feet: but at this season, they float in such quantities down the stream, and are drifted ashore, that the Indians have only to collect, split and dry them. So abundant are they, that in the scarcity of wood, dried fish are often used as fuel. A great trade is carried on in this article. The salmon, having been opened and dried in the sun, is beaten to a powder

powder between two stones; then packed in baskets, neatly made of grass and rushes, which are lined and covered with salmon skins stretched and dried for that purpose. In these baskets, the powder is pressed down as hard as possible; each contains from 90 to 100 pounds; seven are placed side by side, and five on the top of them; they are then covered with mats, and corded; and then again matted, thus forming a stack. In this manner the fish is kept sweet and sound for many years; great quantities are sent down the river to the Indians who live below the falls; and from thence it is said to find its way to the white people who visited the mouth of the Oregon.

The Indians designate the Falls by the word *Timm*, which Captain Clarke says is highly expressive, and which they pronounce so as to make it perfectly represent the sound of a distant cataract. The likeliest explanation of this seems to be, that they make a long humming upon the letter *m*; for otherwise *Timm* looks as little like the sound of a cataract as *Timothy* does like the name of a hero. The falls of the Oregon are not great; but a little below is a very remarkable scene. The river when it is about four hundred yards wide, and flowing with a current more rapid than usual, though with no perceptible descent, widens into a large bend or basin on the right, at the end of which a black rock, rising perpendicularly from the right shore, seems to run wholly across; so totally indeed did it appear to stop the passage, that they could not, as they approached, see where the water escaped, except that the current appeared to be drawn with greater velocity to the left of the rock, where there was a great roaring. Upon landing to survey it, they found that, for about half a mile, the river was confined within a channel of only forty-five yards wide, whirling, swelling, and boiling the whole way with the wildest agitation. Tremendous as the pass was, they ventured to attempt it, to the astonishment of the Indians, and accomplished it in safety.

A tribe called the Echeloots were settled here, with whom a new language began, not understood by any of the hordes above the Falls, but having some words in common with them all, and also what Captain Clarke calls a strange clucking or guttural sound. Is this cluck the Mexican or Aztec *tl*, which is certainly found at Nootka? Here also wooden buildings were seen, for the first time since the travellers left the Illinois country. The floors were sunk about six feet in the ground—a custom implying at the same time a cold and dry climate. Proceeding on their way they saw an Indian dressed in a round hat and a sailor's jacket, with his hair tied; jackets, brass kettles, and other European or American articles soon became common. These tribes are fond of ornamenting their boats and houses with rude sculptures and paintings—arts which,

in

in this stage, are widely diffused along the north-west coast of America. A chief here exhibited from his great medicine bag, fourteen fore-fingers, the trophies taken from as many enemies whom he had killed in war: this was the first time that the travellers had known any other trophy than the scalp preserved. The great medicine bag is a useful invention; for as it is deemed sacrilegious for any person except the owner to touch it, it serves the purpose of a strong box, in which the most valuable articles may safely be deposited. Smaller bags are kept in it, which they take out and wear round their waists or necks, as amulets against any real or imaginary evil. These tribes differ much in their mode of sepulture from the North American Indians, with whose manners we were before acquainted. They have common cemeteries, where the dead carefully wrapt in skins are laid on mats, in a direction east and west, in vaults or rather chambers made of pine or cedar, about eight feet square and six in height. The whole of the sides are covered with strange figures, cut and painted, and wooden images are also placed against them. On the top of these tomb chambers, and on poles attached to them, brass kettles were hung, old frying-pans, shells, skins, and baskets, pieces of cloth, hair, and other such offerings. Among some tribes the body is laid in one canoe and covered with another; every where the dead are carefully deposited, and with like marks of respect. Captain Clarke says it is obvious, from the different articles which are placed by the dead, that these people believe in a future state of existence; upon which the American editor observes in a note, that the act is much too equivocal to warrant an inference so important. This is a very silly note, if it be not something worse: it savours of a philosophical wish to find an exception to the common belief of the human race in a future state. And what if the exception had been found? (which however we utterly deny)—how beautifully has Burnet answered the question: *Proinde iniquum esset, ab his hominibus metiri genus humanum: ab his facibus hominum, et ipsius barbariei, reliquorum omnium vires et virtutes estimare! Siquis vellet alicujus herbe vim nativam inquirere, non staccidam et exsuccam colliget, e solo sterili: sed quævis nascitur in agris non malignis, et rore cæli, solisque radiis vegetatur, secundum usum ordinemque naturæ; et quod huic herbe competit, id ad suam speciem pertinere, aut toti generi proprium et naturale statuet. Vel si gemma nitorem ac inoleum scire velles, non tantum brutam, ut aiunt, inspicies; scabram et terræ sordibus obductam; sed electam et politam: et quid tum valeat, quam vibret lucem, aut virtutem emittat, id totum naturæ et viribus ipsius attribues, et exinde pretium lapidii constitues.**

* De Statu Mortuorum, Cap. 2.

On the 2d November, they perceived the first tide-water; four days afterwards they had the pleasure of hearing a few words of English from an Indian, who talked of a Mr. Haley as the principal trader on the coast; and on the 7th, a fog clearing off, gave them sight of the ocean. They suffered greatly at the mouth of the river: at one place where they were confined two nights by the wind, the waves broke over them, and large trees, which the stream had brought down, were drifted upon them, so that with their utmost vigilance, they could scarcely save the canoes from being dashed to pieces. Their next haven was still more perilous; the hills rose steep over their heads to the height of five hundred feet; and as the rain fell in torrents, the stones upon their crumpling sides loosened, and came rolling down upon them. The canoes were in one place at the mercy of the waves, the baggage in another, and the men scattered upon floating logs, or sheltering themselves in the crevices of the rocks and hill side. In this situation they had nothing but dried fish for food; this weather and these sufferings continued till their clothes and bedding were rotten. At length they reached the open coast, and having well reconnoitred it, encamped for the winter. This was no very exhilarating prospect. The natives subsisted chiefly on dried fish and roots: the explorers neither liked this diet, nor did there seem enough of it for their supply, nor had they sufficient store of merchandize left to purchase it: they must therefore trust to their hunters for subsistence, and game was not to be found with the same facility here as in the plains of the Missouri. But the sea enabled them to supply themselves with salt, and in about three months trading vessels were expected, from which, being well provided with letters of credit, they hoped to procure a supply of trinkets for their route homeward. In national expeditions of this nature nothing should be spared which can contribute to the safety and comfort of the persons employed; Captains Lewis and Clarke should not have been left to the contingency of obtaining supplies; a ship ought certainly to have been sent to meet them. For want of this they were exposed to great difficulties; game became scarce, and in January, nothing but elk was to be seen, which of all others was the most difficult to be caught; they could scarcely, they say, have subsisted but for the exertions of one of the party, Drewyer by name, the son of a Canadian Frenchman, and an Indian woman, who united in a wonderful degree the dexterous aim of the frontier huntsman, with the sagacity of the savage in pursuing the faintest tracks through the forest.

During the winter they sought for all the information in their power, concerning the country and the inhabitants, and obtained some account of the number of tribes, languages and population for about 360 miles southward along the coast; of those in an opposite

opposite direction they learnt little more than the names, their encampment being on the south of the Oregon. The four nations with whom they had the most intercourse, the Killamucks, Clatsops, Chinooks and Cathlamahs were diminutive and ill made; probably all the coast tribes to the south as far as California are of the same race; the language of the Killamucks was common to eight tribes out of twelve to which their knowledge extended. Their complexion is rather lighter than that of the North American Indians; the mouth wide, the lips thick, the nose broad and generally low between the eyes, though there are instances of high aquiline noses. All the tribes who were seen west of the Rocky Mountain flatten the forehead; the child, in order to be thus beautified, has its head placed, soon after birth, in what the writer calls a compressing machine, where it is kept for ten or twelve months, the females longer than the boys. The operation is gradual and seems to give no pain;—indeed if it produces head-ache the poor infant has no means of making it known. The head when released from its bandage, Captain Clarke says, is not more than two inches thick about the upper edge of the forehead, and still thinner above. Nothing can appear more wonderful than that the brain can have its shape thus altered without any apparent injury to its functions! The Americans judged favourably of their intellectual powers; ‘we find them,’ they say, ‘inquisitive and loquacious, by no means deficient in acuteness, and of very retentive memories. To all our inquiries they answer with great intelligence, and the conversation rarely slackens, since there is a constant discussion of the events, and trade, and politics, in the little but active circle of the adjoining tribes.’ ‘They employ,’ says Captain Clarke, ‘in all their bargains a dexterity and finesse, which if it be not learned from their foreign visitors, may shew how nearly the cunning of savages is allied to the little arts of more civilized trade.’ There is an extensive trade carried on upon the Oregon, which must have existed before the coast was frequented by foreign traders, but to which the foreign trade has given a new impulse. The great emporium of this trade is at the Falls, the Skilloots serving as carriers between the inhabitants above and below. The Indians of the Rocky Mountains bring down bear’s grease, horses, and a few skins, which they exchange for beads, pounded fish, and wappatoo, the two last being the staple article of commerce on the Oregon. Wappatoo is the common arrowhead, (*sagittaria sagittifolia*,) to the root of which is attached a bulb growing beneath it in the mud, and this is never out of season. It is found in an extensive valley about 30 miles in breadth between the mountainous country which borders the coast and the range of mountains which cross the river above the Falls; but it is not found

found farther eastward, and is produced with most abundance in a track of land between the Multnomah and a branch of the Oregon, about twenty miles long, and from five to ten in breadth. The mode of obtaining it is curious and painful;—a woman carries a canoe large enough to contain herself and several bushels of this root, to one of the ponds where the plant grows; she goes into the water breast high, feels out the root with her feet and separates the bulb from it with her toes, which on being freed from the mud floats; and these patient women continue in the water at this employment for several hours even in the depth of winter. The bulb they roast in the embers; it is about the size of a small potatoe, and said to be not less palatable.

The mode of curing salmon and preparing so portable and excellent a food, is practised only about the Falls. The tribes on the coast catch great quantities of salmon during the season, in the small creeks; but when this fails their chief resource is literally the bounty of the sea,—the sturgeon and other fish which are stranded by the heavy gales. Soon after the explorers arrived upon the coast a noble prize had been thrown up, a whale not less than 105 feet long. This event set the whole country in motion, and before the strangers could reach the spot, the skeleton alone was left. Sahcajaweah had her curiosity strongly excited upon this occasion. The winter quarters were about seven miles from the shore, and when she heard that a party was to set out in search of the whale, she and her husband requested that they might be permitted to accompany them; ‘the poor woman stated very earnestly,’ says Captain Clarke, ‘that she had travelled a great way with us to see the Great Water, yet she had never been down to the coast; and now that this monstrous fish was also to be seen, it seemed hard that she should neither be permitted to see the ocean nor the whale. So reasonable a request could not be denied,’—and Captain Clarke, therefore, took her in his company.

But these chance supplies are very precarious, game is not abundant, nor are the natives well armed for hunting; their arrows are not powerful,—it was found that in many instances where the barb had been left in an elk, the flesh had closed over it, and the animal suffered no permanent injury. The guns which they obtain from the traders are generally old American muskets, prepared for this market, and when once out of order they know not how to repair the slightest derangement. Langsdorff, indeed, notices a curious trade which the Americans carry on in this article. He says, they send out a gunsmith in every ship, to buy up at one place all the guns which want repairing, and sell them as new pieces at another! The coast tribes, therefore, being bad hunters, poor fishermen, and raising nothing from the soil, go to the Falls

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for pounded salmon and wappatoo, for which they pay a high price, owing to the greatness of the demand. It is supposed that about 30,000lbs. weight of salmon is annually cured for sale, exclusive of the home consumption. The coast tribes pay for this in such things as they obtain from the ships; a little of the salmon goes in traffic: but their chief article of barter with the whites is peltry, especially the skin of the sea otter, that unlucky animal being in fact the sole cause of any trade to the North-west coast of America, and having brought upon great part of the inhabitants as much misery as the mines of Hayti or Peru drew upon the devoted people of those countries. This guilt belongs to the Russians; the trade to the Oregon as yet has produced no evil, and perhaps this is the only instance in which a savage people has not been injured by its first commercial intercourse with Europeans.

Captain Clarke says they appear to possess no knowledge of spirituous liquors: as they gave him an account of no fewer than twelve ships which visited them in the spring and autumn, this seems little less than impossible; there can be no reason to imagine that they abstain from this poison like the Kaluschians, because they would not have the same evil to apprehend from intoxication. The explorers found no fermented, or intoxicating liquor of any kind, in use among any of the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains; and this is one of the most extraordinary things which they observed. Water is the universal beverage; this is the more remarkable, because some of the North American tribes never drink water: beef broth was the ordinary drink of those with whom Hennepin was conversant, and, as he believed, of all the hordes who had no intercourse with Europeans. These people, however, are very well pleased to intoxicate themselves in another way; they are excessively fond of smoking tobacco, swallowing, and, the writer says, inhaling the smoke, till they are full of it, and then sending it out in volumes from the mouth and nostrils. They are also desperate gamblers, and will play whole days and nights at one of the rudest games of chance, (merely guessing in which hand a stone is held,) till the losing gamester has played away the last article of his clothing, or his last blue bead. Small blue beads, which they call by way of distinction chief beads, are prized beyond all other articles which the ships bring for traffic. They are the favourite ornament, and serve as the great circulating medium among all the tribes on the Oregon.

They are a very ingenious race; even with their own imperfect tools; (for as yet they have obtained very few axes,) they make in a few weeks a canoe, which, with such implements, says Captain Clarke, might be thought the work of years; a canoe, however, is very highly prized; it is of equal value with a wife, and is what the
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lover generally gives a father in exchange for his daughter. The bow and stern are ornamented with a sort of comb, and with grotesque figures of men or animals, sometimes five feet high, composed of small pieces of wood skilfully inlaid and mortised, without a spike of any kind. These boats are admirably made, and conducted in the roughest weather with consummate dexterity. Their bowls or troughs are scooped out of a block of wood; in these they boil their food, by throwing hot stones into the water, and in the same manner they extract oil from different animals. But they perceive the advantages of a kettle, which is accordingly a good article of traffic. Their best manufacture is a sort of basket, or straw-work of cedar bark and bear-grass, so closely interwoven as to be water-tight without the aid of gum or resin; of this they make hats, some of which are sold to the sailors. Farther south the natives roast their corn and pulse in them, over a slow charcoal fire, moving the basket so that it is not injured, though every grain within is completely browned. Mackenzie saw them hang over the fire so as to receive the heat without being in reach of the blaze. The bear-grass being essential for this manufacture, forms, on that account, an article of considerable traffic. It grows only near the snowy region of the mountains.

They use combs, and are fond of using them; though we are told that they contrive even without this aid to keep their hair in very good order. They have therefore no occasion for that 'small stick hanging by a string from one of the locks,' which, as Sir Alexander Mackenzie tells us in choice phrase, the more northern tribes employ 'to alleviate any itching or irritation in the head.' But they have no other pretensions to cleanliness. The flea may almost be called the king of the land, as the ant is in Brazil:—these insects sometimes compel the natives to shift their quarters, and the travellers found them more tormenting than all the plagues of the Missouri country. What with her filth, natural ugliness, and artificial deformities, a beauty of their tribe in full attire is, according to Captain Clarke, one of the most disgusting objects of nature: and this, he says, fortunately conspired with the low diet and laborious exercise of his men to protect them from the persevering gallantry of the fair sex. They had indeed hardly pitched their first encampment at the mouth of the river, before an old woman, the wife of a Chinook chief, came with six young women who were her daughters and nieces, and deliberately encamping near them, proceeded, as the writer expresses it, to cultivate an intimacy between the men and her fair wards. She was so far successful as to put the existence of siphylis among these tribes beyond all doubt. It is not frequent: and whether it be imported or an original disease

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seems doubtful : they know of no specific for it, and never effect a cure, the disease ending only with life.

Women are let out for hire by their parents or husbands ; a young woman has no other property than her person, and therefore seeks to make the most of it : they are bold wooers ; to decline their offers is to disparage their charms, and therefore gives such offence, that although the party were sometimes obliged to treat the Indians with rigour, nothing seemed to irritate both sexes so much. Captain Clarke denies the position that the moral qualities of a savage tribe may be estimated by the manner in which they treat their women. Where women, he says, can aid in procuring subsistence for the tribe, they are treated with more equality, and their importance is proportioned to the share which they take in that labour ; while in countries where subsistence is chiefly procured by the exertion of the men, they are considered and treated as burdens. There is much plausibility in this, and it may perhaps be generally true, but there are many exceptions to it. Among the Orenoco tribes, for instance, all the agricultural processes are left to the women, for this whimsical reason, that because they themselves bring forth, they know how to make plants bring forth also ; yet no where is the condition of the sex more miserable : there is scarcely a more affecting speech to be found than that of the woman to Gumilla, justifying herself for having put to death her new-born daughter, and regretting, that, at her own birth, she had not received from the hands of her mother, the same proof of compassionate love !

Among these western tribes the women are well treated, and enjoy a degree of influence rarely found among Indians. On many subjects their opinions are respected ; in matters of trade their advice is generally asked and pursued ; sometimes they even take upon themselves a tone of authority, and the labours of the family are pretty equally divided. Is it the cause or the effect of the consideration which women possess here, that though the men may have as many wives as they please, very few have more than one ? Tattooing is little in use among them, and that little chiefly confined to the women, who ornament their arms and legs sometimes in this way : — the greatest piece of workmanship of this kind which these travellers observed, was the performance of a certain J. Bowman, who had stippled his name upon the arm of his favourite squaw. No account is given of their superstitions, and no inquiry seems to have been made concerning their religious belief. This is the more to be regretted, because what we know of the neighbouring mythology at Nootka, bears evident marks of Aztec origin ; the name of their creating deity Quautz being too similar to Quetzalcoat for a mere

a mere fortuitous resemblance, when the Mexican traces in the language are remembered. And here, in connection with this obscure, but important part of American history, a remarkable fact may be mentioned. Forster, in a note to his translation of Kalm's Travels, says, 'There is, if I am not mistaken, a great similarity between the figures of the Mexican idols, and those which are usual among the Tartars who embrace the doctrines and religion of the Dalai Lama, whose religion Kublai Khan first introduced among the Monguls or Moguls.' The resemblance is strikingly seen in the Calmuck idols, of which Dr. Clarke has given a print. It is by philosophical and antiquarian researches in Tartary, that the history of those civilized nations in North America, of whose great works only the wreck remains, must be elucidated.

These tribes, beside the arrowhead, (which the Chinese cultivate for food,) use the roots of a thistle, a fern, and a rush; the former is said to be the sweetest vegetable they are acquainted with, and to taste exactly like sugar. Captain Clarke says, 'one singular circumstance attends all the pine of this country, which is, that when burnt, it yields not the slightest particle of ashes.' Does this explain the miracles of the Fire-House, in Kildare, and the monastery of Nuestra Señora de Valvauera, in Rioja?—A doubt seems in one place to be implied, whether the horse were not originally a native of this country: certainly it was not. The abundance and cheapness of horses, it is said, will be extremely advantageous to those who may hereafter attempt the fur trade to the East Indies, by the way of the Oregon and the Pacific. If a nation required nothing more to make it great than the spirit of enterprize in the people, and ambition in its government, splendid indeed would be the prospects of the United States! Long as the arms of ambition are, we have seldom heard of a longer reach than from the city of Washington to the mouth of the Great River of the West. But it does not appear probable that this portion of that vast continent will fall to the share of the Americans.* Mackenzie's route to the Pacific is both easier and shorter than that of Lewis and Clarke, and the Canadian traders have as much of the spirit of adventure as their rivals, and more capital wherewith to support it. The Russians, from their previous establishments, possess greater facilities than both; and in fact Von Resanoff would have removed one of the establishments to this river, if, happily for the natives, he had not missed the entrance on his voyage. But any speculators, whether English, Russian, or American, who may

* It is much to be wished that the United States would adopt some national appellation for themselves, in place of a generic name which every day becomes more inconvenient;—being indeed as if one of the European nations were called *Europeans*, without any distinct designation.

think of establishing themselves here, would do well to remember the dispute concerning Nootka, the vicinity of Mexico, and the character of the Spaniards. It should also be remembered that the fur trade, by its very nature, destroys itself. The sea cow, formerly so numerous in the higher latitudes of this coast, has totally disappeared from all inhabited regions; and the sea otter, which alone has attracted so many traders to these parts, is every year becoming scarcer. Perhaps these shores are more likely to receive colonies from the Sandwich islands than from any other country. There is no spot upon the globe where the people are so rapidly improving as in those islands, and whenever they require elbow-room, this is the direction in which they will naturally seek it.

Captains Lewis and Clarke were very desirous of remaining on the coast till the ships arrived, that they might recruit their almost exhausted stores of merchandize; but though they were expected in April, it was found impossible to wait. The elk, on which they chiefly depended, had retreated to the mountains, and if the Indians could have sold food, they were too poor to purchase it. About the middle of March, therefore, they began their homeward way, the whole stock of goods on which they were to depend, either for the purchase of horses or of food, during a journey of nearly four thousand miles, being so diminished, that it might all be tied in two handkerchiefs. But their muskets were in excellent order, and they had plenty of powder and shot. Written papers were left among the natives, to be given to the ships, in hopes that some one might find its way to a civilized country. One of these papers travelled to Canton, and as a happy specimen of the way in which things are exaggerated, a letter written from thence to Philadelphia, described, upon the authority of this paper, the Falls of the Missouri as three hundred and sixty-two feet in perpendicular height!—On their way up the river they saw a skin of the mountain sheep, with the horns remaining on it;—an interesting circumstance, for no European had ever seen the animal, and the accounts which they had heard of its horns did not agree: these were black, smooth, erect, and pointed; rising from the middle of the forehead, a little above the eyes, to the height of four inches. The skin was as large as that of the common deer, and the wool fine, but mixed on the back, particularly on the top of the head, with many long straight hairs. These travellers thought the wool not so long as that of the domestic sheep: Langsdorff, who also saw many of the skins dressed with the wool, for clothing, calls it very long. This, and not the argali, is, without doubt, the parent of the domestic sheep.

The opinion which they had formed of the natives, on their way down the river, was not improved on their return. It was soon found

found that nothing but their numbers saved the explorers from being attacked. On one occasion, when Captain Clarke could not obtain food, he took a portfire match from his pocket, threw a small piece of it into the fire, and at the same time taking his pocket compass and a magnet, made the needle turn round very briskly. As soon as the match began to burn, the Indians were so terrified, that they brought a quantity of wappatoo and laid it at his feet, begging him to put out the bad fire. At another place they were compelled to make the Indians understand that whoever stole any of the baggage, or insulted any of the men, would be immediately shot. After some disputes, which ended, however, without bloodshed, and many difficulties, they came to the Chopunnish Indians, with whom they had left their horses; and here they had to wait till the mountains should be passable. One of the chiefs here wore a tippet made of human scalps, and adorned with the thumbs and fingers of men whom he had slain: after describing this tippet, Captain Clarke immediately adds, 'The Chopunnish are among the most amiable men we have seen.' The eulogium is unluckily placed; but they certainly proved themselves a friendly and honourable people to their visitors. Two things concerning them are worthy of notice. Though the men generally extract their beards, many of them do not; and these, the Americans say, if they had adopted the practice of shaving, would have been as well supplied as themselves. The absurd assertions concerning the beardlessness of the Indians have been long since exploded; and this decisive fact can now only be considered as a superabundant proof. They have high, and many of them, aquiline noses:—this was sometimes also, though rarely, seen among the coast tribes; it deserves to be remarked, because this feature is very observable in the Mexican paintings.

The manner of dressing meat, a luxury which seldom fell to their share, had not before been met with. A number of smooth stones from the river were thrown upon a large wood fire, and as soon as the fire went down, these stones were laid smooth like a floor upon the embers, and covered with pine branches: fitches of the bear were laid on the branches, and then on alternate layers of meat and branches, a thick layer of branches being on the top: a little water was then poured on the heap, and the whole covered with earth to the depth of four inches. In about three hours the meat was done; the travellers thought it more tender than if it had been either boiled or roasted; but they disliked the strong flavor which it had contracted from the pine. Provisions being scarce here, and the stock of merchandise very nearly exhausted, Captains Lewis and Clarke were by no means displeased to find, that they might practise physic as a resource: 'we cautiously abstain,' say

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they, 'from giving any but harmless medicines; and as we cannot possibly do harm, our prescriptions, though unsanctioned by the faculty, may be useful, and are entitled to some remuneration. They practiced, as eclects, with great success; but there is perhaps nothing more curious or more valuable in the copious volume, than the bold experiment which they made with the vapour bath. This must be related in their own words.

With one of the men we have ventured an experiment of a very robust nature. He has been for some time sick, but has now recovered his flesh, eats heartily, and digests well, but has so great a weakness in the limbs that he cannot walk, nor even sit upright without extreme pain. After we had in vain exhausted the resources of our art, one of the hunters mentioned that he had known persons in similar situations restored by violent sweats, and at the request of the patient we permitted the remedy to be applied. For this purpose, a hole about four feet deep and three in diameter, was dug in the earth, and heated well by a large fire in the bottom of it. The fire was then taken out, and an arch formed over the bottom of the hole by means of willow poles, and covered with several blankets, so as to make a perfect awning. The patient being stripped naked, was seated under this on a bench, with a piece of board for his feet, and with a jug of water we sprinkled the bottom and sides of the hole, so as to keep up as hot a steam as he could bear. After remaining twenty minutes in this situation he was taken out, immediately plunged twice in cold water, and brought back to the hole, where he resumed the vapour bath. During all this time he drank copiously a strong infusion of horsemint, which was used as a substitute for the seneca root, which our informant said he had seen employed on these occasions, but of which there is none in this country. At the end of three quarters of an hour, he was again withdrawn from the hole, carefully wrapped, and suffered to cool gradually. This operation was performed yesterday, and this morning he walked about, and is nearly free from pain.—p. 562.

Strange as this case is, it is less remarkable than that of one of the natives, a chief who, for three years, had so completely lost the use of his limbs, that he lay like a corpse in whatever position he was placed; and yet ate heartily, digested his food well, had a regular pulse, retained his flesh; and had he not been somewhat pale from lying so long out of the sun, might have been mistaken by his looks for a man in perfect health: this disease is said to be peculiar to the Chopunnish, among whom they saw three cases of it. The natives were very anxious for their chief's recovery, and these new doctors prescribed a better diet, the daily use of the cold bath, and an occasional dose of cream of tartar, or flower of sulphur. It will not be supposed that faith was wanting in the patient; he thought himself something better; they saw no amendment in him, and own that they concealed their ignorance by giving him a few drops

drops of landanum, and a little port wine soup. But as he was brought to them again, immediately after the success of their sweating experiment, they attempted to try the same process upon him. The trial was made, and he was found too weak either to sit up or to be supported in the hole. They therefore fairly gave him over, and desired the Indians to take him home; but his friends and his father still lingered there in that state of pining and believing hope, which it was distressing to behold. A second trial therefore was made to gratify them; the hole was enlarged, and the father went in with him, and held him in a proper position. They could not produce so complete a perspiration as was wished; and when he was taken out, he complained of suffering considerable pain; a few drops of landanum relieved him; he rested well, and the next day was able to use his arms. The second day he had recovered strength enough to wash his face. On the third the sweating was repeated with full effect, and he then moved one of his legs and some of his toes; and all that is said of him afterwards, is, that he gradually recovered.

This mode of treating disorders was practised by most of the American nations, when the new world was discovered. Lescarbot describes it in Canada, where it was performed as rudely as in this instance, a hole being dug for the purpose. The Mexicans built commodious stoves for the purpose, which they called *Temutcutti*, and which are particularly described by the Abate Olavigero. A note to Marchand's voyage says, that the Indians on the N. W. coast, about latitude $58^{\circ} 40'$, employ the hot sand bath, as the most efficacious cure for siphylis; and that Roblet, the surgeon, in this voyage, tried it, with success that appeared miraculous, in the scurvy. It is well known that our own sailors have used the earth bath for the same disease; a fact which led the notorious Dr. Graham, in the days of his insanity, to prescribe it in a manner which could hardly fail of sometimes proving fatal. We were present at two of his public exhibitions. The patients were buried up to the chin for four hours; during the two first they suffered severely from cold, as their countenances and chattering teeth would have plainly indicated, if they had not described their feelings. During the third hour they gradually recovered their warmth, and, for the last, were in so profuse a perspiration, that when they were released, the earth reeked like a fresh dung-hill. This is plainly the worst way of producing the effect common to all these methods. The vapour bath seems the best, and we cannot but think that it deserves to have a full trial given it in our hospitals.

On the 10th June they renewed their journey; but on the 17th they were convinced that it was not yet practicable to cross the mountains, and therefore were for the first time compelled to make

a retrograde movement. A week afterwards they attempted it again. In the course of that time, the snow had melted about four feet; they had good guides, and it was found better travelling over the snow, than over the fallen timber and rocks, which in summer obstructed the way. Having surmounted the difficulties of this passage, the party separated on the mountain: Captain Lewis went with nine men by the most direct route to the Falls of the Missouri, from whence he was to ascend Maria river, and ascertain if any branch of it reached as far south as latitude 50° . Captain Clarke, with the rest of the party, made for the head of the Jefferson; there they divided again: Serjeant Ordway and nine men went from thence in the canoes down the Missouri; and Captain Clarke proceeded to the Yellowstone river, at its nearest approach to the Three Forks of the Missouri, and there built canoes to explore that important stream along the whole of its course. The junction of these two great rivers was the appointed place of meeting.

Captain Lewis's route was much shorter than that which they had taken on their outward journey. He got once more into the land of mosquitos; the horses suffered so much from these insects that they were obliged to kindle large fires and place the poor animals in the midst of the smoke: in such myriads were they that they frequently drew them in with their breath; and the very dog howled with the torture they gave him. Is there no odour which would repel this plague? He who should discover one would be a benefactor to his species. They came also among their old enemies the bears; but the abundance of buffaloes after their short commons made amends for all. These animals seemed to prefer pools, which were so strongly impregnated with salt as to be unfit for the use of man, to the water of the river. Captain Lewis proceeded far enough to ascertain that no branch of the Maria extended as far north as 50° ; and consequently that it would not make the desired boundary. He fell in with a party of Minnetarees of the north; the tribe bore a bad character, and these men did not believe; for after meeting in apparent friendship and encamping together for the night, they endeavoured to rob the Americans of their horses and guns. In the scuffle that ensued one of the Indians was stabbed through the heart, and Captain Lewis shot another in the belly; the man, however, rose and fired in return, and Captain Lewis felt the wind of the ball. He was destined to a narrower escape a few days afterwards; when one of his own men mistook him for an elk and shot him through the thigh. When they came to the appointed place of meeting they saw that Captain Clarke had been encamped there, but found no letter. These words, however, were traced in the sand, "W. C. a few miles farther down" on the right hand side. Captain Clarke had not intended to trust to a writing in

in the land; but another division of the party arriving before Captain Lewis, and thinking that he had preceded them, removed his letter.

Captain Clarke, on his part, had reached the Yellowstone a little below the place where it issues from the Rocky Mountains. It now appeared that the communication between these great rivers was short and easy. From the Three Forks of the Missouri to this place was 48 miles, chiefly over a level plain; and from the Forks of the eastern branch of the Gallatin, which is there navigable for small canoes, it is only 18, with an excellent road over a high dry country. The Yellowstone here is a bold, deep, and rapid stream 120 yards wide. As no large timber could be found, Captain Clarke made two small canoes and lashed them together; they were 28 feet long, about 18 inches deep, and from 16 to 24 inches wide. Serjeant Pryor, with two companions, was then entrusted with the horses to take them to the Mandans, and the rest of the party began their voyage. The buffaloes were here in such numbers that a herd of them one day crossing the river stopt the canoe for an hour; the river, including an island over which they passed, was a mile in width, and the herd stretched as thick as they could swim from one side to another during the whole of that time. The course of this river, from the point where they reached it till its junction with the Missouri, was computed at more than 800 miles, navigable the whole way, without any falls or any moving sand bars, (which are very frequent in the Missouri,) and only one ledge of rocks, and that not difficult to pass. The point of junction was considered to be one of the best places for an establishment for the western fur trade. It was impossible to wait here for Captain Lewis because of the mosquitos; they were in such multitudes that the men could not shoot for them; they could not be kept from the barrel of the rifle long enough for a man to take aim. Pryor and his party soon followed; the horses were stolen from them by some Indians; they then struck for the river, and made skin canoes, or rather coracles, such as they had seen among the Mandans and Ricaras. These vessels were perfect basins, seven feet in diameter, sixteen inches deep; made of skins stretched over a wooden skeleton; each capable of carrying six or eight men with their loads. They made two that they might divide their guns and ammunition, lest, in case of accident, all should be lost. But in these frail vessels they passed, with perfect security, all the shoals and rapids of the river without taking in water even during the highest winds. Where a boat is to be committed to the stream, probably no other shape could be so safe.

On the 12th August the whole party were once more collected. They found on their return that great changes had taken place in

the bed of the Missouri since they ascended it, so shifting are its sands; and they observed that in the course of 1000 miles though it had received above twenty rivers, some of them of considerable width, besides many smaller streams, its waters were not augmented, — so great is the evaporation. When they came to the first village and saw some cows feeding on the bank, the whole party, with an involuntary impulse, raised a shout of joy. Several settlements had been made in this direction during their absence; so fast is the progress of civilization of America, where it is extended by the very eagerness with which men recede from civilized life. On the 22d September they reached the spot from whence they had set out, after having travelled nearly 9000 miles, and performed with equal ability, perseverance, and success, one of the most arduous journeys that ever was undertaken. They had been given up as lost. Captain Lewis, we are sorry to say, died while this work was preparing for the press.

Little is now wanting to complete the geography of North America and our knowledge of its native tribes. It might have been thought this expedition would have put an end to the fables respecting the Missouri; there is, however, a noble one in the Evangelical Magazine for January last. We are told there, upon the authority of an American publication, that about 1000 miles up the river there is a mountain said to be 180 miles in length and 45 in width, composed entirely of solid rock salt; several bushels of which (O most admirable evidence!) had been brought to St. Louis, and a specimen sent to Marietta. 'Should the existence of such a mountain,' the writer gravely adds, 'be fully verified by further evidence, it must be numbered among the most wonderful productions of nature, or rather of the God of Nature!'

ART. III. *The Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq. with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, composed by himself; illustrated from his Letters, with occasional Notes and Narrative by the Right Hon. John, Lord Sheffield. A new Edition, with considerable Additions. In 5 vols. 8vo. London. 1815.*

AMONG the prodigious improvements which, during the last half century, have taken place in British literature, none is more conspicuous than the appearance of three historians, the least of whom may be entitled to rank with the first writers of antiquity.

This island, though from the spirit, the vigour, and the intelligence of its inhabitants, ever fruitful in memorable events, and from the mixed nature of its government, ever prone to those civil commotions, which

which more agitate the passions and call forth the power of eloquent and impassioned narrative; than transactions with foreign enemies, had been distinguished rather by the number and the bulk, than by the elegance and finished composition of the volumes, which constitute its historical library. The noble historian, indeed, of one most interesting period will never be read by any man of taste without feeling without the most lively emotions; more than intimately acquainted, even identified with the transactions which he records of the clearest head, the warmest heart, the sincerest probity, the most unaffected piety, with an intuition into the views of men never suppressed, and a faculty of delineating characters perhaps never equalled, Lord Clarendon will always remain the pride and delight of Englishmen who love the language of the heart. But this narrow period which his history embraces, the peculiar and fugitive, though picturesque system of manners which he describes, and above all, that air of an advocate which, in despite of his integrity and himself, the irresistible bias of party compelled him to wear, while they leave him in possession of all, and more than all the praise which belonged to his archetype Thucydides, would, perhaps even by his own suffrage, permit the describers of entire dynasties and empires, when illuminated by genius and invigorated by labor of rare investigation, to assume higher riches in the temple of historic fame.

After an interval of little less than a century, when the written dialect of the northern and southern parts of this island had been nearly assimilated, we have had the satisfaction of beholding from those opposite quarters the rise and full splendour of three historical luminaries who, in different ways, and on different subjects, have at least attained to an equality with their greatest rival in antiquity. Of these, Hume, the most contracted in his subject, is the most finished in execution—the nameless, numberless graces of his style; the apparent absence of elaboration, yet the real effect produced by efforts the most elaborate; the simplicity of his sentences, the perspicuity of his ideas, the purity of his expression, entitle him to the name, and to the praises of another Xenophon. Robertson never attained to the same graceful ease, or the same unbounded variety of expression; with a fine ear and exact judgment in the construction of his sentences, and with an absence of Scottishisms truly wonderful in one who had never ceased to converse with Scotsmen, there is in the sentences of this historian something resembling the pace of an animal disciplined by assiduous practice to the curb, and never moving but in conformity to the rules of the manager. The taste of Hume was Greek, Attic Greek—he had, as far as the genius of the two languages would permit, concocted the very juice and flavour of their style; and transfused it into his own.

Robertson,

Robertson; we suspect, though a good was never a profound scholar; from the peculiar nature of his education and his early engagement in the duties of his profession, he had little leisure to be learned. Both, in their several ways, were men of the world: but Hume, polished by long intercourse with the best society in France, as well as his own country, transferred some portion of easy high breeding from his manners to his writings; while his friend, though no man was ever more completely emancipated from the bigotry of a Scots minister, or from the pedantry of the head of a college, in his intercourse (which he assiduously courted) with the great, did not catch that last grace and polish, which intercourse without equality will never produce; and which, for that reason, more savans rarely acquire from society more liberal or more dignified than what is found in their own rank: Mr. Hume in the best company was treated like a man of birth and of letters.

In the meridian of the reputation of the two former, and without forging himself upon either of their models, arose a young Englishman of feeble frame and of irregular and neglected education, who, without the defect of a style less chaste and simple, surpassed both them and all preceding historians in the extent and variety of his researches, and produced a work which, from the dignity of its subject, the amplitude of its range, and the lofty tone assumed and maintained by its author, has no rival in ancient or modern times.

Great indeed would have been the pride of Britain in such a constellation, had its brightness beamed with a benignant aspect on the best interests of mankind! But to the unspeakable grief of the friends of revealed religion, the event has been far otherwise; and the posthumous publication of some free and confidential correspondence has disclosed a painful truth, long before suspected, that, while Hume and Gibbon were avowed infidels, their friend and rival, a minister of a reformed church, could endure to spend his days in the public exercise of a religion, of the truth of which he doubted, at best; and, regarding the common tie of genius, elegance, and similar pursuits, as more than sufficient to unite those whom the great bar of profession of faith and unbelief ought for ever to have disjoined, could receive into his bosom the bitterest enemies of that Revelation, which he was commissioned to teach and to maintain.

In an age, which claims beyond all that went before it the prerogative of reflecting and judging for itself, mankind are as much led by names and authority as ever, and the example of such writers, none of whom had the common inducement of profligacy for wishing Revelation an imposture has, among the higher ranks of society at least in this country, produced to a certain degree that unhappy prejudice against the religion of their forefathers, which, about the

same

same period, the alliance of wit and genius with infidelity had operated in France. It has been urged, that if men of the profoundest research, of approved probity and good faith, with no inducement from any apprehension of consequences to believe revelation a falsehood, have nevertheless doubted concerning it, some error, or at least a suspension of judgment at least may be indulged to those, who possess neither the same leisure nor faculties for inquiry; and, provided that their lives do not impugn the precepts of religion, they may be excused in declining to labour after a faith, which, after all, it may not be in their power to attain. On the contrary, let its evidences be defended with what subtlety, soever by little prejudices of profession, or by the anxiety of interest, this does not raise the same antecedent presumption in its favour, which the conduct of its virtuous and disinterested adversaries has excited against it.

History is a vehicle peculiarly adapted in an age like the present to the purpose for which it has been studiously applied by Gibbon. Infidelity does not there present itself in its old and repulsive garb of propositions, syllogisms, objections, and replies; it makes no formal claim on the time and attention of the readers; it steals upon hours devoted to amusement and relaxation by its insinuable and ever successful art, it engages taste and elegance on the side of irreligion; displays in all the pomp of gorgeous eloquence the attractions of the heathen ritual, its alliance with statuary, architecture, and song, and celebrates, however falsely, its mild and tolerant spirit, which, uniting under its gentle and comprehensive protection a thousand modes of faith and worship, scarcely withheld its toleration from one dark and fanatical superstition; and that because it was itself intolerant. From this superstition, the object of mixed detestation and contempt to a polished and philosophical people, a new mode of fanaticism is represented as having sprung, more pernicious than its parent, inasmuch as the one, from the nature of its institutions, was national and exclusive; whereas the other, after bursting forth with incalculable force and rapidity, in no long period of time established itself on the ruins of every religion professed in the civilized world. The progress and final success of this religion, after an oblique and passing hint at its claim of a divine origin, is next attempted to be accounted for by the operation of second causes: the faults and follies of its professors, their unskilful controversies, fictitious miracles, intolerant zeal, and mutual persecutions, are placed in the strongest and most invidious point of view, and the unwary reader is, with matchless dexterity, conducted to the intended conclusion—that all these abuses are parts of the system, and that therefore such a system could not have come from God.

It is not true that the Jews were altogether exempt from persecution, properly so called, under their Roman masters.

Such

Such is the delinquency which, with all our respect for the genius and learning of Mr. Gibbon, we are compelled to impute to him as an historian; a delinquency which, were we honest infidels ourselves, would in our estimation be little diminished. For even then, we should be compelled to disclaim this insidious and dishonest mode of warfare. We should say—You have never met your enemy front to front, you have never attempted to argue the cause upon its merits: you cannot be ignorant (or if you are, we are compelled to pronounce you an incompetent judge of the subject) that, in addition to the internal evidence in favour of this religion—its purity and moral excellence, which it is impossible to deny—there has been urged in its behalf a vast body of external testimony, to which we are compelled to acknowledge, that nothing similar, at least nothing similarly supported, occurs in the pretensions of any other mode of superstition. You must be aware, that by skilful arrangement of facts and testimonies, by acute and powerful argument, and by all the aids of scholastic erudition, these evidences have been so embodied and so enforced as to carry conviction to the understandings of many enlightened and disinterested men—Christianity is not the superstition of a dark and uninquiring age. Have you refuted, have you attempted to refute by fair and direct ratiocination one, even the weakest of these arguments? Can it be proved that you have ever seriously weighed them? Have you even diligently perused the volume in which all these extraordinary things are contained? If you have not, as honest men and fair disputants, we cannot receive you as an ally. Were we indeed perfectly indifferent about the means, we should hail and applaud your success—it is true that you have shaken the faith of many in the Christian imposture—but such accessions to the cause of infidelity are of no more value than they were heretofore to that of superstition—they believed they knew not why—they doubt as the believed. You sneer, you hesitate, you insinuate—you expose failings and follies, prove that confessors may be weak and controvertists absurd, and for such understandings, it must be acknowledged that the means are adapted to the end; but in these modes of refutation we, even we, are unable to acquiesce. The same arts of controversy might be retorted upon ourselves; and though one of our own corps once maintained that ridicule is the test of truth, we have since been assured that by this rule it is as easy to confute truth as error—And if natural religion itself rested on the wisdom and consistency, the purity and the tolerance of its votaries, what must be the event?—You have called your idol Voltaire a bigot, an intolerant bigot—by what harsher name could you have noted the persecutor of Servetus? Who was more intolerant than Marcus Aurelius, who more fanatical than Julian?

Julian?—Yet in a Pagan you conceive these qualities to be capable of uniting with every virtue but their opposites; in a Christian they are alike destructive of all. On an attentive survey of our own species, we have been taught that persecution and intolerance are parts of human nature, and it is the province of philosophy, divine philosophy, to purge the heart of these foul defilements. You seem to think that, if not confined to the Jewish and Christian superstitions, such enormities are at least inflamed by them. In attacking Christianity, let us not become the advocates of polytheism, nor forget that, under its most plausible and attractive forms, human victims (while the sacrifice of the meanest animal never polluted a Christian altar) were occasionally offered to their gods. Of all the inventions by which the religion of nature has been superseded, the religion of the Gospel, notwithstanding all the incredible things which it requires to be believed, is the mildest, the purest, and the least injurious to the liberties and the interests of mankind. For your oblique and disingenuous mode of assailing Christianity, we are at a loss to account. The mild administration of the laws of your country left you nothing to dread from the most direct and open exposition of your sentiments. The age of Woolston is past. In your instance there was no valour in being honest; and, for the martyrdom of opinion in a worse cause, you have most inconsistently and unhappily braved it. In defiance of an age and country surpassing in delicacy, perhaps in virtue, all which went before it—you have polluted your pages, you have injured your reputation, by the unnecessary and disgusting exhibition of all the filth which your knowledge of antiquity enabled you to rake together.

Such are the accusations which an honest deist might justly prefer against the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. To us, as Christians, these offences are aggravated by higher considerations. They have however received their chastisement, and though not precisely such as might have been wished, yet powerful enough to shew, under all the disguises of scorn and contempt, that they had inflicted some agonizing feelings on the author.

With this great and polluted work, however, we are no otherwise in contact at present, than as the publication of Mr. Gibbon's posthumous works enables us to account for its excellencies and deformities, by tracing under his own direction the progress of a powerful and ill-directed mind from ignorance to credulity, and from credulity to a cool, contemptuous, and incurable scepticism.

The original matter contained in this impression is at once so curious and so little exceptionable that it would require some ingenuity to conjecture for what reason it was suppressed in the former edition. Out of this mass we select the following hints, which may serve to ascertain the turn and progress of the author's mind, while,

in a course of severe and systematic study and reflection, he was forming in himself the powers of a philosophical historian.

Historians, friends to virtue?—Yes—with exceptions.—(Alas! what historian ever formed so deplorable an exception as himself!)—Henry III. (of France) studied politics with an Italian Abbé—Vanity of that science—Ignorance why we *have* acted, how we *shall* act, how others *will* act—Our sense, eloquence, secrecy assisted by the confidence of others—Example of Henry III, his inactivity, his violence—Of Henry IV.—The proper time for changing his religion—How very nice—If too soon, the Catholics would be suspicious, if too late, grown desperate—Effect of civil wars upon the minds of men—A general ferment of fanaticism, discord, and faction—Two singular exceptions—Montaigne in his retirement—Henry IV. on his throne—He loved and trusted mankind—How different from Charles II!—Religious wars—Persecution inspires union, obstinacy, and at last resentment—(Is not resentment the first feeling instead of the last?)—‘A sect becomes a party—Why Christianity suffered so long?’—(Had he expanded the last hint how differently would this interesting subject have been treated at this early period from the two famous chapters!)—‘Connexion of Religion and Politics—The leaders seldom free from enthusiasm, or the followers from ambition—The ruling passion very rare—Most passions confined to times, place, persons, circumstances—Patriotism seldom even a passion—Ambition generally mixed with other passions—Often subservient to them—When pure, as in Cæsar, Richelieu, must succeed or perish—Avarice perhaps the only ruling permanent passion.

‘The popish worship like the pagan? Certainly—Huetius’s Ode will serve either for Mary or Diana—But this resemblance probably without imitation.—Reason.—1st. Images, ornaments, garlands, lights, odours, music, affect the senses of all men—are found in the worship of the Indians, Chinese, Americans, &c. 2d. Images opposed while the Pagans subsisted—Received as soon as they were extinct.—Freedom of thought—1st. Infallible authority allows not the mind fair play—May be just and happy, but is a yoke—Faith of the Pagan, light and easy—Of the Christian, binding and comprehensive—Of the Papist, variable.—(This we do not understand.)—Plutarch, Tillotson, and Bellarmine. 2d. Authority of doctors—A voluntary slavery under the name of reason—The ancient sects—Professed philosophers, how bigoted. 3d. Authority of our own system—Men of imagination dogmatic.—(A curious and profound remark.)—‘True freedom and scepticism—Ease and pleasantry—Bayle and a student of Salamanca—A freethinker may be rational or wild, superficial or profound—However the road is open before him and his sight clear.’

If the word ‘clear’ be understood in its usual sense, the remark is not true. His sight indeed may be unobstructed by external objects, but the sense itself may be defective. This was Mr. Gibbon’s own case. As a portion of the history of a great mind, the progress and aberrations of which we are anxious to trace with exactness, it is a

misfortune

misfortune that the foregoing extracts want a date; they speak a language sufficiently explicit, but we are anxious to learn when they spoke it. The hints, however, from which they are abstracted are not the mere memoranda of a reader; they are pregnant with original reflection; they contain the germ of a plant which, when arrived at maturity, may indeed drop poison from a fair and specious fruit, but the trunk is majestic and the branches vigorous and elastic. How different from the dry details which have been so lately disclosed from another quarter!

Who does not feel an anxious interest in the reflections of Milton 'long choosing and beginning late' his mighty work? A portion of the same interest will surely be experienced in perusing the following sentences written in the camp near Winchester in the year 1761.

'Am I worthy of pursuing a walk of literature which Tacitus thought worthy of him, and of which Pliny doubted whether he was himself worthy? The part of an historian is as honourable as that of a chronicler or compiler is contemptible. For which task I am fit, it is impossible to know, until I have tried my strength, and to make the experiment I ought soon to choose some subject of history which may do me credit, if well treated, and whose importance, even though my work should be unsuccessful, may console me for employing too much time in a species of composition for which I was not well qualified. I proceed therefore to review some subjects for history, to indicate their advantages and defects, and to point out that subject which I may think fit to prefer. The History of Richard I. of England and his Crusade against the Saracens is alluring.'

It was thus that King Arthur had nearly allured Milton from the *Pastorale* to the *Paradise Lost*.

With Mr. Gibbon's character as his own biographer the public is already acquainted: but in the present edition of his posthumous works the Life has been very properly reprinted, that it may be compared with the curious and original journal of his time and studies at a most interesting period of his life. It is perhaps the best specimen of *auto-biography* in the English language.—Descending from the lofty level of his history, and relaxing the stately march which he maintains throughout that work, into a more natural and easy pace, this enchanting writer, with an ease, a spirit, and a vigour peculiar to himself, conducts his readers through a sickly childhood, a neglected and desultory education, and a youth wasted in the unpromising and unscholarlike occupation of a militia officer, to the period, when he resolutely applied the energies of his genius to a severe course of voluntary study, which in the space of a few years rendered him a consummate master of Roman antiquity, and lastly produced the history of the decline and fall of that mighty empire.

There

suaviter...

There are few scholars who in their later days look back on their early academical life without some portion of melancholy fondness and regret. Mr. Gibbon spent fourteen months in Magdalen College, Oxford, to which he had been sent at a premature age and without a due portion of preparatory learning; and he may fairly be excused if he felt none of those regards, if he expresses none of those regrets. We cannot doubt his veracity, though we must impute something to his prejudices; but the picture of his academical life, which he displays in a most eloquent and elaborate invective against his mother university, is truly portentous. Without a guide to direct his studies, without a friend to fix his principles, without a rival to excite his emulation, an ardent and inquisitive mind, weary of vacuity and disgusted by indifference, drove him, at the age of little more than fifteen, into the bosom of the Church of Rome.

The astonishing reformation, which in point of institution and of discipline has since taken place in that university, leaves us at liberty to comment with freedom on a representation which is nothing less than a panegyric on the present habits of the place. This appears to have been the turning point of Mr. Gibbon's life and character. Had his active and elastic understanding, at the moment when it first began to expand itself, been furnished with an increase of force by compression, had he been taught the art of induction on the principles either of Aristotle or of Locke, and above all, had his attention been directed to the New Testament, and to the great body of evidences on which its authority rests; had he been taught to distinguish the genuine miracles recorded in the Gospels, the simplicity, the originality of the evidence in their favour, the benevolent and important ends for which they were wrought, together with the unaffected dignity and independent power of their author, from the best attested and most striking wonders of the Christian church in the succeeding centuries, he would not have been at a loss to draw the broad line of separation between the two, nor would he have complained 'that after so recent experience the world were not habituated to the hand of the divine artist.'

Neglected as he was and left to the consequences of his own desultory inquiries, it is most evident that, at a time when he had never systematically studied the Gospels, or the evidence of the Gospel miracles, he entered with the fervour and curiosity, which were natural to him, on the study of ecclesiastical history under the worst master who could be found. This was Dr. Middleton, the acute and malignant adversary of all claims to miraculous powers in the primitive church. But this impulse was strengthened by the force of a violent recoil. His undisciplined and untutored genius

genius had reasoned itself into a temporary submission to all the demands which the Church of Rome presumes to make on the faith and reason of her votaries, and it was not till after a violent struggle and by the help of a rapidly strengthening understanding that he was enabled to discard the absolute authority of the church and the doctrine of the real presence. Thus emancipated, however, from the obligation of believing on authority, he was well prepared to pass the time, and, under the influence of such a guide, to refuse his assent to reasonable evidence. A declared Catholic, however, was no longer a proper inmate for Magdalen College, and the son of an English Protestant gentleman must at all events be cured of popery. For this purpose the method employed by his father, who appears to have been a capricious and ill-judging man, resembles the unskillful process in medicine by which a painful disorder, after being dislodged from the extremities, is thrown upon the vital parts. Young Gibbon was placed under the care of Mallet, the publisher of the works of Bolingbroke, a deist at best—but probably something more and worse. Now this was a worshipful society. But the young man, still adhering with the pertinacity of a confessor to his Catholic principles, was, after some months, removed into the family of a Swiss minister, where he beheld christianity under a third modification, poor and gloomy and squeaking, instead of what he accounted either the decent and gentlemanly indifference of the Church of England, or the gorgeous and imposing exterior of that of Rome.

Before we proceed to verify this short statement by extracts from his *Life* or *Journal*, let us be permitted to pause for an instant, and to reflect on the irreparable injury inflicted on a great genius, and through him upon the Christian world, by such an education. Whatever pain such a thought may cost in the retrospect, there are those to whom it will be profitable to reflect that on the institutions and discipline of their own foundations will always depend this tremendous possibility, that out of the herd of their pupils may arise a genius which, according to the direction he there receives, is to become a blessing or curse to his species, a Bolingbroke, an Hume, a Gibbon, or a Beattie, an Addison, or a Boyle.

It is not given to ordinary talents to be extensively mischievous, and another century may elapse before the same inattention will be productive of the same consequences. But for consequences, however remote and unforeseen, broad and wilful negligence must always be responsible, and, when we take into the account the widely ramifying nature of consequences, more especially such as flow from the energies of misdirected genius circulated and perpetuated by the press, that must be a light or an hard nature which is not appalled by the consideration.

To counteract the poison of Mr. Gibbon's writings a most injudicious method was taken by the advocates of the religion which he had insulted—his talents were decried, his accuracy was questioned, his erudition was arraigned. This conduct recoiled upon themselves: for to the vigour, the splendour, the universality of his genius, the great work, which he had so foully prostituted, bore unequivocal testimony, while the *Journal* of his studies, which is now for the first time given to the public, attests with equal clearness the industry of his researches and the compass and originality of his information. On one subject, and on one alone, the native candour of his mind was stained with prejudice originally contracted by the unhappy circumstances of his education, and gradually exasperated into obstinacy and hatred. There was indeed a difficulty in conducting the warfare against an enemy like Mr. Gibbon, which would have perplexed abler men than the best of those who encountered him. The artifices of his style and manner, the nicety of distinguishing between irony and serious assertion, of ascertaining when he was speaking in the person of an adversary, or when in his own, together with the impossibility of removing that general effect and impression which, independently of any specific conclusion, almost involuntarily adheres to the mind after the perusal of his history, while it placed him out of the reach of fair and legitimate reasoning, hindered his readers from perceiving that, after all, no doctrine had been confuted and no fact disproved. But the great artifice which runs through the whole work is that of making christianity responsible for all the crimes and all the absurdities which in succeeding times (and those too times of increasing barbarism) had been made to adhere to it.—The unfairness of such a procedure may best be shewn by an illustration.—In some remote and elevated region a pure and copious spring bursts forth, which, receiving many accessions and passing over many strata in its course, is sometimes defiled by torrents and sometimes poisoned by mineral impregnations: a chemist proceeds to analyze the waters of this stream in the midst of its course, and instead of discovering, as his art, if honestly employed, would have taught him, that, adulterated as it is, a portion of the parent fountain runs through the whole, and is capable of being separated in its original purity, leaves it to be inferred from an artful and partial analysis that the source is itself polluted.—Such was Mr. Gibbon's conduct towards the religion of the Gospel.

Of Mr. Gibbon's *Life*, which, through the zeal of his noble friend has long been in the possession of the public, we shall make no farther use than by an occasional comparison with his *Journal*, in which he has happily recorded the process of his studies, and, with one exception, of his opinions, at that critical period which determined

determined the character of his future life. We say with one exception, for though, at this early period, without any systematic inquiry into the evidences of Christianity, he evidently declined into a settled disbelief of all revealed religion; yet in his life, where every other even the minutest shade of difference is marked with precision, and even in the rough sketch of his thoughts and studies, which he appears otherwise to have drawn with great simplicity from day to day, this unhappy change is left to be inferred, partly from the character of the books which he read, but principally from oblique and disingenuous hints, which prove nothing but that, at that early period of reflection, he had contracted from timidity, from uncertainty, and perhaps from want of candour, that characteristic and sarcastic manner, which has robbed him of the fairer fame to which the general probity of his nature might have led him to aspire,—that of an open and generous enemy of Revelation; GIBBON

To those who are still disposed to give credit to Mr. Gibbon for his affected though oblique comparison of his own progressive emancipation from prejudice and popery with that of the acute and subtle Chillingworth, we recommend the following argument, which appears to have operated powerfully upon his mind against the arguments for transubstantiation:

‘I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation: that the text of Scripture which seems to inculcate the real presence is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses—the sight, the touch, and the taste.’

Chillingworth would not thus unskilfully and illogically have confounded the evidence of sense, as applied to testimony, with its application to the original object. Happily however, or, as some of our readers may think, unhappily, this doughty argument prevailed; and the result was, ‘that the various articles of the Church of Rome disappeared like a dream, and, after full conviction, on Christmas-day, 1754, I received the sacrament in the church of Lausanne. It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants,’ or, in other words, carrying with him into his new profession of religion one of the most pernicious principles belonging to that which he had abandoned, namely, implicit submission to authority.

It was at Lausanne, however, and during this period, that Mr. Gibbon, placed under the directions of a well-meaning man, whose powers and attainments he soon outstripped, became a severe and habitual student, conscious of his own genius, and probably anticipating the high distinction to which he afterwards attained. He had passed his fourteen months of indolence and vacuity at Oxford

without a knowledge even of the Greek alphabet: under M. Pavillard, he not only remedied that defect, but by pertinacious study laid the foundation of a critical knowledge of that language which his labours and his prejudices afterwards turned to so good and to so bad account. Here too he entered on the study of mathematics; which he discontinued for a reason which, perhaps without knowing it, was common to Warburton and himself. 'As soon as I understood the principles, I relinquished for ever the pursuit of the mathematics, nor can I lament that I desisted before my mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstration, so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must however determine the actions and opinions of our lives.' That rigid demonstration, of which the object is mathematical certainty, incapacitates the mind from estimating the innumerable shades of probability, from moral certainty down to the lowest conceivable possibility, is an opinion more specious than solid. The practice of mathematical investigation tends to strengthen the reasoning faculties in general, and, though the habit of requiring certainty may lead the reasoner to undervalue moral evidence, it can by no conceivable process incapacitate him from comprehending it. Almost all the best judges of moral evidence, and particularly the great modern advocates for the evidences of Christianity, have been mathematicians, and happy would it have been for Mr. Gibbon and his admirers, had his 'finer feeling' of this species of induction led him to form an acquaintance with their writings. His acquaintances however, and the exercises of his understanding at this period, were of another sort: in the society of a Swiss minister,* who was scarcely a concealed infidel, Mr. Gibbon acquired some dexterity in the use of his philosophical weapons; but he was still the slave of education and prejudice. Soon after, however, these chains appear to have been removed by a hand which, about twenty years later, was equally successful in breaking the chains of education and prejudice which had fettered a whole nation:—the world is pretty well acquainted with the success of that experiment.

'Before I was recalled from Switzerland, I had the satisfaction of seeing the most extraordinary man of the age: a poet, an historian, a philosopher, who has filled thirty quartos of prose and verse with his various productions, often excellent, and always entertaining. Need I add the name of Voltaire?—A decent theatre was fitted up (by Voltaire) at Monrepos, &c.—My ardour, which soon became conspicuous, seldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The habits of pleasure fortified my taste for the French theatre, and that taste has perhaps abated my

* This must be understood not of M. Pavillard, but another minister of the same church—a man of much higher attainments and much less sincerity.

idolatry for the gigantic genius of Shakspeare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the first duty of an Englishman.'

Alas! the same taste abated his reverence for some more serious things, which, with all our national admiration of Shakspeare, are, we trust, and long will be, inculcated as the first duties of Englishmen. The following confession is at once ingenuous and important:

'The rigid course of discipline and abstinence to which I was condemned (at Lausanne) invigorated the constitution of my mind and body; pride and poverty estranged me from my countrymen. One mischief, however, and in their eyes (we may add in our own) a serious and irreparable mischief, was derived from the success of my Swiss education: I had ceased to be an Englishman; (had he chosen to speak out, he would have added—a Christian.) At the flexible period of youth from the age of sixteen to twenty-one, my opinions, habits, and sentiments, were cast in a foreign mould; the faint and distant remembrance of England was almost obliterated: my native language was grown less familiar, and I should have cheerfully accepted the offer of a moderate independence on the terms of perpetual exile.'

We insert here an abstract from a very curious letter, written about a year and a half after Mr. Gibbon first left England, in order not only to shew what was the state of his religious opinions at that period, but after how short a disuse a young man of the most tenacious memory could have adopted a foreign idiom, and have lost his mother tongue. It will also account for another fact, namely, the stately uniformity of his historical style. It was not only wrought for a great purpose by long elaboration, but the materials of it were formed out of a language which had long ceased to be vernacular to the writer.

'I am now good Protestant, and am extremely glad of it. I have in all my letters taken notice of the different movements of my mind, entirely Catholic when I came to Lausanne, wavering long time between the two systems, and at last fixed for the Protestant. I had still another difficulty. Brought up with all the ideas of the church of England, I could scarcely resolve to *communion* with Presbyterians, as all the people of this country are. I at last got over it, for *considering* that whatever difference there may be between their churches and ours in the government and discipline, they still regard us as brethren, and profess the same faith as us—determined then in this design, I declared it to the ministers of the town, who having examined me, permitted me to receive it with them, which I did Christmas day,' &c.

A comparison between this piebald jargon and some of the magnificent sentences of the *Decline and Fall*, would afford a signal triumph to external testimony over the probabilities of internal evidence. 'From mere inequality,' said Dr. Johnson, 'what can be
inferred?'

inferred? Embracing distant periods of the same life, we may dare to ask the same question concerning dissimilarity.

“Were it not that in strong minds decayed and almost extinguished affections are capable of sudden and violent resuscitation, and interrupted acquirements easily and completely restored, who would have suspected that this extraordinary youth should, on his return to his country, become a great, though not an easy writer, in that language which had so nearly perished from his recollection; that, after the faint and distant remembrance of England had been almost obliterated, the glow of patriotism should be kindled in his breast, and that, during the many years of his last exile, he should cherish the laws and civil institutions of England with all the fondness of a man who had never quitted its shores?

But we turn to his *Journal*, which commences in the year 1761, and embraces about two years, during which the writer was resident at his father's house, and in the midst of the engagements of a country life and the duties of a militia officer, was pursuing a diligent and systematic course of study, the objects of which he has accurately recorded.

In the ardour of these pursuits, carefully and distinctly recorded by himself, it is very material to observe, that he only read St. John's Gospel, and one chapter of St. Luke, in the original Greek. This appears to have been the sum of his scriptural studies, at a time when his opinions on the subject of revelation were settling for life, and for the result of which he claims the same credit, which is allowed by him to the acute and indefatigable, the deeply read and scriptural Chillingworth. After such an investigation, preceded by little more than the pious instructions of the nursery, and the common details of Christianity, which he had casually picked up at the parish church of his family, or from the discourses of his Swiss tutor, did this man, who brought all the powers of his understanding to minor inquiries, who weighed every doubt, stopped short at every difficulty, and never quitted the most abstruse subject till he had mastered it, think himself entitled not only to reject all revealed religion in a mass, but, as if the matter were already decided among all but a few ignorant and interested bigots, contemptuously assign it a place among other absurd and antiquated superstitions, which had had their day and were forgotten. Now this is the proper ground of Mr. Gibbon's delinquency as an ecclesiastical historian and a controvertist. It was not incompetence only, but voluntary incompetence, and that on the most important of all subjects. It was therefore dishonesty: and to this cause is probably to be assigned that spirit, not of levity and scorn only, but of the bitterest rancour, with which he rarely fails to speak of Christianity. Secretly conscious of his own unfairness, he hated, because he had injured,

injured, a religion which, had it been supported by no external testimony, would, from its own intrinsic excellence, have been entitled, at the hands of every honest and moral man, to tenderness and respect.

With all his confidence, however, in his own powers, Gibbon was evidently appalled by the burst of public indignation with which, in the midst of all the applause excited by their learning and eloquence, the first volumes of his elaborate history were received. He appears to have reckoned upon the indifference of one part of his countrymen to his infidelity, and of another to his indecencies—happily for the faith and morals of England, at that period, he was mistaken. He had indeed the consolation and the triumph of some feeble antagonists; but he would secretly despise the baseness of some private correspondents, who, to flatter his genius, betrayed the cause of religion. The unfaithfulness of some of these was disclosed in the first edition of his posthumous works; and the reputation of Robertson, in particular, has been ‘shot dead’ by a single letter. Mr. Hayley, a poet, a layman, a man of the world, and a devoted admirer of the historian, had honestly remonstrated with him on his treatment of Christianity, while the principal of the University of Edinburgh, the first clergyman of the national church of Scotland, speaks with cool derision of some persons (alluding to Mr. Hayley) as ‘outrageously Christian.’ The present publication bears testimony to the fidelity of Dr. Vincent, but we are extremely indebted to the noble editor for a letter from the well-known author of the *History of Manchester*, which is every way characteristic and worthy of the writer. This ingenious, learned, fanciful, and positive man was too honest to compliment away his faith, either to taste or friendship; and the following manly remonstrance, which has hitherto, as it appears, from oversight, lain neglected among Mr. Gibbon’s papers, dissolved a connexion, which genius, perhaps equal genius, and similar pursuits, had once cemented between the writer and himself, of whom, in such a cause, the one was too spirited to withhold reproof, and the other too proud to endure it.

‘You never speak feebly except when you come upon British ground, and never weakly, except when you attack Christianity. In the former case, you seem to want information; in the latter, you plainly want the common candour of a citizen of the world, for the religious system of your country. Pardon me, sir, but I cannot bear without indignation your sarcastic slyness upon Christianity, and cannot see without pity your determined hostility to the Gospel.

‘These, however, are trifles light as air in my estimation, when they are compared with what I think the great blot of your work. You have there exhibited deism in a new shape, and in one that is more likely to affect the uninstructed million, than the reasoning form which she has usually worn. You seem to me like another Tacitus, revived with all his animosity

against Christianity, his strong philosophical spirit of sentiment—and you will have the dishonour (pardon me, sir) of being ranked by the folly of scepticism, which is working so powerfully at present, among the most distinguished sceptics of the age. I have long suspected the tendency of your opinions: I once took the liberty of hinting my suspicions—But I did not think the poison had spread so universally through your frame. And I can only deplore the misfortune, and a very great one I consider it, to the highest and dearest interests of man, among your readers. I remain, with an equal mixture of regret and regard, &c. &c.’

Let the manly indignation, the wounded and afflicted friendship expressed in the last letter be compared with the courtly baseness, for it is nothing better, of that which, unfortunately for the writer, immediately follows.

‘I cannot forbear expressing my thanks to you for the very great pleasure and instruction I have met with in your excellent work. I protest to you, I know of no history in our language written with equal purity, precision, and elegance of style. I presume you have heard that offence is taken at some passages that are thought unfavourable to the truth of Christianity. I hope you will proceed to finish your plan, and gratify the eager wishes of the public to see the whole of your work. May I ever hope for the honour of seeing you at this place? It would give me the most real pleasure. I am, with the truest regard, &c.’

JOS. WARTON.’

Of his two ecclesiastical correspondents, which did the author of the *Decline and Fall* despise, and which respect?

On the style and spirit of Mr. Gibbon's own letters it were vain to comment. They rank in the first class of epistolary composition, equally honourable to the head and heart of the writer. Ease, vigour, spirit, and the very soul of friendship, pervade the whole. On the subject of religion, they maintain a general silence, which was obviously the effect of indifference; and on another subject they contain nothing that would put a Vestal to the blush. On one or two occasions, however, enough is disclosed to shew, that with the proofs of Revelation, Gibbon rejected the probabilities of natural religion. Born with a constitution naturally incredulous, he had refined it into a systematic rejection of almost every thing beyond the reach of the senses; and this state of the understanding, after the example of his school, he dignified with the name of Philosophy. In this spirit, death appears to have been contemplated by him with sullen acquiescence, as the physical law and end of his existence; and, by a dreadful consistency, the *Memoirs* of his Life, written very near its termination, close with the following horrible sentence,

‘In old age, the consolation of hope is reserved for the tenderness of parents who commence a new life in their children, the faith of enthusiasts
who

who sing hallelujahs above the clouds, and the vanity of authors, who presume the immortality of their name and writings.

This is sufficiently explicit—all religious hope is the faith of enthusiasts! Such are the comforts which philosophy administers in the decline of life. But were death, as these men pretend, really, the end of human existence, it might yet be inquired, who was the wiser man, he who had disarmed it of its terrors by the hope of a joyful immortality, or he who, in contravention of the general understanding and feelings of mankind, had made it to differ from the extinction of a brute, no otherwise, than, as the one was accompanied by anticipation and the other not—that is, to differ infinitely for the worse?

The former publication of his *Memoirs*, and the present one of his more artless and contemporary *Journal*, have enabled those who had heretofore contemplated Mr. Gibbon in the distant and dignified character of the historian, to form a nearer and more familiar estimate of his character as a scholar and a man. He was at once a severe student, a man of pleasure, and a man of fashion. Without profession, without the cares of a family, and with a noble friend, who relieved him from the burden of his own private concerns, he divided the day between the labour of reading, reflecting, and composing, and the relaxation of elegant and polished society. Though bred a country-gentleman, his constitution rendered him incapable of athletic sports, or even vigorous exercise; and at that early and active period of life, when his equals were pursuing the boisterous diversions of the field, young Gibbon was anxiously settling some point of ancient chronology, or laboriously working his way through the difficulties of the Greek language.

With talents in every respect but one, of the highest order, he was the artificer of his own vast erudition, and he was one of the favoured few who, in point of mere attainments, may seem to have been eventually benefited by a neglected education. The calumnies of his enemies, with respect to the originality of his researches, may safely be despised. With a degree of perseverance never, perhaps, equalled in the compilation of a single work, he systematically pursued his way through that ocean of literature which intervenes between the second and sixteenth centuries of the Christian era. By nature and by cultivation endowed with the most exquisite and classical taste, he endured, though not without many a sarcastic sneer, the pomp and tumour of the Byzantine, and the figurative sententiousness of the Arabic historians. He had embarked on a voyage of discovery and experiment more comprehensive and more difficult than had ever been undertaken by any single adventurer, and he had made up his mind to the toils and discouragements which awaited him. He read with great rapidity,
and

and in his earlier years of study, (a practice which may be commended to the imitation of every systematic student,) he abstracted and reasoned upon whatever he read: he records, (and we give him full credit for the anecdote,) that he devoured an hundred pages of Cluver's *Italy*, a closely printed folio, abounding with Greek quotations, in a single day. Of oriental literature he had not a tincture, nor, with accurate versions of their original writers at hand, would he have been improved by it. Though born and partly educated in England, the French language, which he wrote with an ease and elegance never attained by him in the dialect of his native country, must finally be regarded as his vernacular idiom. He loved its facility, its clearness, its fitness for conversation, while the peculiar associations which connected its first acquirement with the interesting period of early life, commended it to the affection of his maturer age. For the habits of that highly polished and lively people, he early imbibed a similar attachment; and, in attending to those oblique and ironical hints of which he was so fond, it is not difficult to discover, that, on his return, accomplished and elegant, and fastidious, to his native country, he felt not a little of the remaining Teutonic character in the manners and conversation of all but the highest ranks in England. Yet with an happy inconsistency, he loved her constitution and government; he discerned that the perfection of civil wisdom might be found where perhaps the last grace and polish of life was wanting; and in an arduous struggle, the American war, he supported, by a silent vote in parliament, (for nature had withheld from him the gift of oratory,) the interests of government against her revolted colonies.

The strong Epicurean tendency of his constitution led him to abhor change as the greatest of political evils, and, upon this principle, sometimes in jest and sometimes in earnest, he was wont to defend whatever was established, because it was so. He considered the progress of Christianity as a disturbance of the quiet and established rights of paganism; and the Reformation, though he allowed, to a certain extent, its beneficial influence on mental freedom, as another invasion of the quiet and settled claims of popery. His serious (if in such a writer it be possible to discover what is serious and what is not, but his apparently serious) and strong partiality for Mahommedism, was a singular phenomenon. Insulting and discarding Christianity for the follies and inconsistencies of its professors, which, at worst, were no more than a recoil of human passions upon its genuine influence, he could endure, nay, he could applaud the Mohammedan imposture, though slaughter, devastation, and military fanaticism were parts of its constitution. But the secret (a secret, perhaps, to himself) was, that the objects on which those terrible qualities were exercised, happened to be Jews and

and Christians, against whom intolerance itself was to be tolerated, and every licence was lawful. In his insidious attacks upon the Gospel, he had reckoned too securely upon the apathy and indifference of his countrymen; but shocked and confounded, as he owns himself to have been, by the consequences of his mistake, he put forth all his powers of sarcasm, irony, and vindictive scorn, on his indiscreet and unfortunate adversaries. In him, the man and the writer (it is no unusual inconsistency) were two different creatures. Affectionate and even piously attentive to relatives, who could contribute little to his entertainment, and nothing to his emolument, constant in unequal friendships, and grateful to fallen greatness, it is impossible not to pronounce him so far an amiable man.

It is difficult to discover how it came to pass, that a man who delighted in the conversation of chaste and accomplished women, and whose correspondence with friends even of his own sex is wholly untinged with pruriency of imagination, should, in the great work on which his reputation was embarked, have had so little regard for the public and himself, as to pour out such torrents of ancient indecency. It is no apology for this insult upon the public morals, (a systematic and persevering insult of many years continuance,) that the poison was confined to his notes, and enveloped in the cover of a dead and difficult language. It did more mischief than his infidelity: it addressed itself to the imagination and the passions of an age which needed not to be inflamed by intellectual incentives—to the youth of our great schools and universities, who, captivated by the seductive charms of his text, would be farther attracted by the learned semblance of his notes, to descend to the polluted margin, where they might decipher Greek, and drink in vice and profligacy by the same effort. We had once formed the impracticable resolution of expunging the offensive passages, of both descriptions, from our copy of the *Decline and Fall*. The ribaldry, indeed, of the notes might, by a due degree of perseverance, have been expelled, and a blotted page might have well been atoned for by the comparative purity of what remained: but the sneers and sarcasms, the hints and allusions, the sly, depreciating associations and comparisons of the text could by no art or effort be removed.

Quinque palæstritæ licet hæc plantaria vellant,
Haud tamen ista filix ullo mansuescit aratro.—PERS.

So incorporated indeed are these vices with the very texture and tissue of the work, that it would be as easy to extract, thread by thread, the offensive and hideous figures sometimes interwoven into a piece of ancient tapestry, as to detach those parts from Gibbon's History, and leave any thing but the *trama figura* behind. This maturity in intellectual vice, he appears to have attained only in his

pressed by a peculiar distemper which, though not the effect of debauchery, probably reduced him to the state here described, it is impossible not to acknowledge the penetration, it is difficult to blame the spite by which this just and cutting rebuke was dictated.

But the ultimate cause of the evil lay still deeper; principles and practice, operating alternately as cause and effect, are generally observed to corrupt each other. The understanding of Mr. Gibbon was first perverted—his imagination was next debauched—and, lastly, his respect for himself and for mankind was destroyed. There is an ancient Greek writer, whose works, had they found a place in Mr. Gibbon's library, might possibly have directed him to the following passage: Διολί γνόντες τον θεον εχ ως θεον εδοξασαν, η αυταριστησαν, αλλ' αμαλιωθησαν εν τοις διαλογισμοις αυτων, και επαυλωθη η ασυνεπεια αυτων καρδια—Διο και παρεδωκεν αυτους ο θεος εν ταις επιθυμiais αυτων εις ακαθαρσιαν.

Though the infidelity of Gibbon was, doubtless, in a great degree, a creature of the heart, yet a single defect, in a noble understanding, may have contributed to produce it. With taste, invention, imagination, and memory, in greater perfection than those qualities are for the most part singly bestowed upon man, Mr. Gibbon's reasoning powers were not of the first order. Quick in apprehending, and eager in exposing single flaws and defects in evidence, he appears to have been incapable of comprehending a great and complicated body of proofs, external and internal, such as must have been weighed with care and candour before a man is entitled to reject the Gospel, and much more so before he is justified in attempting to unsettle the faith of others. But his offences have been visited upon his own head by a partial privation, at least, of those posthumous honours, to which, in despair of a better immortality, he eagerly aspired; and it is to the honour of the English nation, that genius and erudition, such as those of Gibbon, have not been able to preserve his memory from reproach, or, what to him would have been more galling, from compassion. For a season, indeed, like his neglected or forgotten predecessors, he might subvert the faith of the shallow, and the morals of the young; but he is an English classic who now begins to sleep upon the shelf, and Paley has more readers than the infidel historian. On the whole, as a champion who sallied forth to the destruction of what he deemed the equal bigotry and fanaticism of all religions, his arm was unquestionably powerful, his lance sharp and glittering; he may have successfully transpierced many pernicious superstitions; he may have chased before him many dark and hideous phantoms of the middle ages; but when he attacks the basis of Christianity, he tilts against a rock, and his bruised and pointed weapon recoils upon himself.

To

To the noble and highly respectable editor of these volumes we have in the last place to express our obligations for a collection no less pure and inoffensive, than it is, in its different parts, learned, acute and elegant. But perhaps we are not acquainted with the full extent of these obligations. Perhaps, (and the character of Gibbon entitles his memory to no exemption from such a suspicion,) perhaps we have to be grateful alike for what has been withheld and for what has been bestowed. It is not improbable that in this edition his friend may have exercised towards his remains a kind severity, which he wanted the virtue to exercise upon himself. It is scarcely to be believed that all his stores of, poison, moral and intellectual, had been exhausted on his great work. After a discharge however copious, an understanding and imagination like his, had the power of reproducing such secretions with great rapidity:—should this conjecture have any foundation, we entreat, we adjure Lord Sheffield, as a lover of the best interests of mankind, not to think his duty discharged by the suppression of such evils, without their extinction. After his decease, his bureaux may be rifled by some needy and unprincipled wretch, who, with ostentatious and interested impiety, may draw forth the last dregs of Gibbon, which are now perchance quietly settled upon their lees. In Italy, where the nudities of ancient statuary are endured by both sexes, there are however some groups of the most exquisite workmanship, on subjects so abominable, that even the lax morality of that country has condemned them to a strict concealment—had they been the work of Praxiteles himself, they ought to have been broken to pieces.

ART. IV. *Marie; ou, Les Hollandaises*. A Paris. 1814. 3 vols. pp. 705.

THIS is, we are inclined to think, the worst novel we have ever read; we are sure it is the worst we have been obliged to review. Others may be found more indelicate, a few more tiresome, half a dozen more absurd, and one or two more trite and childish: but it would not be possible, we believe, to name any single work which possesses within itself so great an aggregate share of all these bad qualities as '*Marie*.' Why then do we condescend to waste our own and our readers' time upon it? only, we confess, for the sake of its author's name or rather names: this farrago of dulness, folly and bad taste being the work of that polyonymous personage the Count de St. Leu, alias the Ex-Constable of France, alias the ci-devant King of Holland, alias Louis Bonaparte, alias Luigi Buonaparte.

We

We had always heard that this poor man (and he has now one title more to the epithet of poor) possessed little of the ferocious abilities of his brother, but we gave him credit for talents and tastes of a more amiable kind; and we confess that we felt all the interest and respect which we expressed in our last number* for his person and character. We had not attributed his moderation to the meanness of his talents; nor did we consider his love of private life as a proof of his imbecility, but were charitably inclined to believe that Luigi was an anomaly in the Buonaparte tribe; and, as the French song says that his mother—

‘————— à vingt ans
Avait un mari et dix amans,’

we were speculating on the theory of his being really the son of old Carlo, who had the character of being a worthy and not un-informed man.

But this unhappy work has destroyed all ‘prestige’ about Luigi, as Elba has done that of Napoleone:—the author of Marie must be a person of indelicate mind, of false morals, of bad taste, and of the meanest abilities. Nor can it be pleaded for him that this is a hasty and inconsiderate production, for the edition before us purports to be the second; and to contain, even to *scrupulosity*, all the amendments which the ingenious author has been able to make, since the first publication of his work in 1812.

‘The first edition of “*Mary, or the Pains of Love*,” which was printed at Gratz in 1812, having reached France, I authorize Mr. Arthur Bertrand to publish a second edition under the title of ‘*Mary, or the Dutchwomen*,’ on the express condition that he shall follow *scrupulously* all the alterations which I have lately made, and of which the original manuscript has been transmitted to him: and I disavow any other edition than that of Mr. Arthur Bertrand.—Signed L. DE ST. LEU.’ (*Advertisement*.)

We have not had the good fortune of seeing the edition of Gratz, but we can easily imagine what kind of alterations the royal author has made in his immortal work, when we find that one of them, in so important a part as the title, has been to change the gentle description of the *Pains of Love*, into the more melodious and moving title of the *Dutchwomen*!

The plot of this delectable tale may be collected from the following summary.

A widow lady, who is still young and handsome, but who is also, *inconceivably* virtuous and prudent, has educated her own brother Julius, and a female cousin Mary, whom she intends in due time to unite.—Julius, on the occasion of the approaching nuptials, is

obliged to proceed from his sister's house (which is, we are told, *delightfully* situated between two dykes on the marsh which divides the Leck and Waal) to Lille 'en Flandre,' as Julius carefully and geographically describes it, to perform some formalities relative to his and Mary's fortune, which happens, we know not how, to be in certain funds at Lille—on his arrival there, about the commencement of the French revolution, he is laid hold of, though a Dutchman, by the military requisition, and sent to the French army of Italy. This well imagined and probable incident is followed by another almost as likely; his sister and his cousin proceed to Paris to solicit his discharge; he in the meanwhile is wounded, taken, and sent into Poland as a prisoner of war, where he is made a prisoner of love by a Polish countess, who invites or rather forces him to an illicit intercourse: in the meanwhile Hermacinte, the *inconceivable* sister, and Mary, suffer all the danger of the reign of terror at Paris. Hermacinte is sent to Nantes to be 'déportée' to Cayenne, and Mary is obliged to marry a certain Duke of Ast, to extricate herself from the effects of a revolutionary law, which obliged all young women of family to marry either soldiers or good citizens. We are not told how, at that critical time, the duke contrived not only to escape himself, but to be able to protect a wife under the law; but no sooner is the marriage consummated and the plot thus thickened, than the reign of terror passes, and Julius escapes from his Polish countess and prison, and returns to witness Mary's pining misery, and the Duke's husband-like indifference. After a train of absurd incidents and everlasting arguments between the three virtuous persons, Julius, Mary, and Hermacinte, (the latter acting as duenna to the others,)—after slender hopes, strong wishes, and finally deep despair, the duke is so obliging as to go off, one fine morning, with a woman of the town, and shortly after to unravel all the perplexities of Julius, Mary, Hermacinte and the author, by shooting himself out of *mère* 'gaieté de cœur,' and thus enable M. de St. Leu to finish his novel, according to the old formula, with the wedding of the true lovers.

As this excellent work is in that most lively and entertaining form, a series of letters, a few other characters were necessary to maintain the correspondence, and accordingly we are brought acquainted with a young gentleman called Adolphus, a great friend of Julius; these youths mutually confide to each other the stories of their innocent loves, and sometimes, 'pour égayer la matière,' of some little adventures which happen not to be quite so innocent. Adolphus, however, quits his loose way of life,—casts off his mistresses, and marries a certain Dutch Adelaide, from the province of East Friesland, with whom he lives very happily in a

close intimacy with Julius and Mary, who, besides a fine rising family of their own, bring up with great care and affection a little child which Mary had by the Duke of Ast.

Such is the story with which the King of Holland has ornamented modern literature, and we hope our readers are already satisfied with the profound knowledge of human nature, and the vivid force and originality which characterize every circumstance of this agreeable invention: but if we descend a little into the details of expression, incident, and character, they will be still more astonished and delighted.

Julius, to most readers, would appear to be little better than what is vulgarly called a nincumpoop—his *incomparable* sister has him in complete subjection, and he does not dare take a walk without her permission; yet to our great surprize and comfort we find that he is, at a very early period of the story, an admired author! a circumstance, however, which was quite as surprising to his sweetheart and his guardian-sister as to us, when the ingenious Julius contrived to make them select from a great packet of books his '*Essai sur le Bonheur, deux petits volumes in-12.*' At this excellent little work Hermacincthe is quite '*émue*,' Mary is quite '*enchantée*,' and the old Swiss governess cried out, '*avec sa naïveté Suisse, J'ai éprouvée tout cela.*'—Julius could no longer keep his secret—'*il était aux anges*,' and throwing himself at his cousin's feet, made her an offer of his book and his heart.—'*Quel tableau!*' he exclaims; and we are ready to admit that the whole scene, in M. de St. Leu's own words, exceeds any thing we have ever before stared at. We cannot refuse to our readers the satisfaction of knowing the immediate consequence to Julius of this great discovery—his own sister,—in whose house he had lived all his life, actually invites him to breakfast! 'tis literally so.

'Since then,' he writes, 'Hermacincthe pays me more respect, and seems to think seriously about me; every thing announces it to me.—To-morrow she will give us a breakfast: strange and wonderful event! I shall be in the company of those ladies!'—p. 19.

Of Hermacincthe, who is the goddess of wisdom in human shape, our readers will be glad to know a little more. The account she gives of herself and her husband is so natural, so reasonable, and so delightfully expressed, that we shall make a few extracts. We almost tremble at undertaking the task of translating these exquisite passages, as our readers will suspect that we do injustice to the inimitable original; all that we can say is, that we shall endeavour to be as faithful as possible.

We beg our readers to observe, that it is to her brother and her cousin, who never have been out of her house, that she thinks it necessary to explain the following interesting particulars.

'Though

‘ Though extremely young, I am, nevertheless, a widow—all cold and inaccessible to love as I am believed to be, I have felt sentiments as lively as your’s.

‘ You have often heard tell (*entendu parler*) of the illustrious Fædor. Hardly had I contracted the habit of thinking daily of my chimæra of the man whom I fancied to myself as made for me, when Fædor appeared to my eyes, and so fulfilled my wishes and my expectations, that my astonishment at this *inconceivable* conformity will last all my life.’—p. 23.

We hope our female readers understand this exposition of the lady’s everlasting sentiments on the subject of *inconceivable* conformity; we confess we find it rather abstruse, and hardly less incomprehensible than a matter of *fact* which she proceeds to relate of the precocity of this *inconceivable* husband, which we really dare not pretend to translate.

‘ Il était parvenu au grade d’amiral *presqu’au sortir de l’adolescence!* Il paraissait avoir pris à tâche, dès son enfance, d’essayer jusqu’à quel point de *perfection* morale l’homme peut parvenir—quelle aimable et joyeuse raison que la sienne! quelle facile et agréable vertu!’—p. 24.

This picture of a Dutchman, promoted to the rank of an admiral just as he outgrew his first jacket and trowsers—of a Dutch admiral exhibiting, even in his childhood, the perfectibility of human nature—of a Dutch admiral, whose mind and character exhibited the union of the most amiable good sense with the most elegant gaiety, is, we believe, altogether original, and as ingenious as it is credible. What follows is still more delightful, and at any risk we shall venture to transfer it to our own language.

‘ Unhappily the States-General chose my Fædor to command a fleet, which, in circumnavigating the globe, should augment our possessions and the number of our establishments, and by the solution of several important problems, advance the progress of astronomy and geography.’—p. 25.

This is a very important passage, and in reading it we cannot but bless our stars that Luigi is no longer king of Holland. What might not England have had to dread from a monarch so powerful at sea, and of such sound and enlightened views!—who, we may perceive, would not have hesitated to send a *fleet* under his greatest admiral on a voyage of discovery, who would have united an expedition for colonial conquest with the circumnavigation of the globe, and who would have made the whole subservient to the advancement of astronomy and geography by the solution of certain important problems!

‘ Thank heaven! Louis is no longer the director of the enterprises of the Dutch navy: and if the Prince of Orange should be inclined to make any such attempts, we trust he has no admiral of the con-

summate perfection of Fædor,—who, as we shall see, died early in this famous voyage. The account of his departure and his death cannot fail to excite in the feeling heart, even of a British rival, the tenderest emotions.

‘He set out. On the dyke of the Helder, we made a solemn vow never to contract any other alliance—these were his last words. He set out in a *hunting-jacket*, fancied for his voyage, (*il partit en habit de chasse imaginé pour le voyage.*) I see him still, at the helm of his barge, (the admiral had no coxwain, it seems,) exhibiting the greatest emotion, putting aside his floating flag with an air at once martial and melancholy, pressing my picture to his heart, and repeating these words, which for ever resound in my ears, ‘*to thee or to it*,’—he raised at the same time his looks to the sky, pure but brilliant with a dazzling obscurity, (*éclatante obscurité.*) His words were a prophecy; I never saw him more.—Six months after he was attacked by a terrible storm—his vessel dismasted, *s’entravauit*,—he immediately ordered the boats out—placed every body in them and on rafts, except one single pilot who had remained in the hold—no one dared to go and seek him—Fædor returns to the ship, flies to him, brings him upon the deck, and has hardly thrown the old man into the boat which received him, than the vessel foundered under Fædor’s feet;—half-drowned, he exclaimed, “God, *Hermacincthe* and *Holland*!”—Let’s dry our tears, my friends.”—p. 27.

We hope our readers require no farther proofs of the power of just observation and accurate delineation of the quondam king. We admit we can produce nothing superior to the foregoing passages, yet an additional extract or two will maintain his Majesty’s reputation. Adolphus is invited, *for the first time*, to an evening assembly at the house of a lady in Paris—she pleases him, he pleases her; the company retires—her uncle, a nobleman in a *cordón bleu*, falls asleep—Adolphus makes love to the lady, the uncle awakens, and Adolphus must go; he wishes good night, but, instead of leaving the house shrinks back and hides himself behind the window curtain of the drawing-room.

‘I there fell asleep, without project or design; but I was soon awakened by the noise of opening the door, and I saw a chamber-maid coming out of her mistress’s room, she was going for a very *pretty* watch-light, with which she soon returned. I stirred my chair; the maid, alarmed, dropped the lamp, which went out, and while she returned to re-light it I crept into the bed-chamber on tip-toe, and very silently established myself in a great arm-chair, which I found by groping; the maid returned, placed the watch-light in the chimney, and retired without seeing me. Behold me then in the chamber of Corinna, who slept tranquilly, and believed herself to be alone.’—p. 47.

We dare not conclude the scene—but again beg our readers to observe, that it occurred in a house in which all the fashion of Paris had

had been collected at an assembly, and the mistress of which this modest and excellent young man ('that is his character') never saw before in his life. This trait of morals is only to be excelled by the physical anomaly of the lady's being, while she was *fast asleep*, so far *awake*, as to believe that she was alone.

Of Julius, our hero, an *author* and a *soldier*, the following picture, drawn by his own hand, and describing his departure from Paris, to join his regiment, will satisfy our readers.

'My post-chaise was stopped on the Boulevards—with regret and grief I alighted, and sitting down on the grass (quere, on what part of the Boulevards does grass grow?) I looked with sorrow at the house you inhabit, and which I was about to quit. I felt my head grow heavy, and lying on the earth, my eyes turned up to heaven, the immensity and depth of the celestial vault and the rapid passage of the clouds struck me with a new sensation. The thoughts of the nothingness of all human things suddenly came over me,—struck for the *first time* with this terrible idea, I thought I discovered in it a frightful abyss. What, said I to myself, life is but a shadow, it flies more quickly than clouds driven by impetuous winds—every instant, however little it be, carries away with it a portion of our existence. It passes quicker than the quickest arrow, since *that only arrives after it has departed*; whatever be its celerity, time always precedes it. It (quere, time or the arrow?) is a torrent which flows incessantly with incommensurable swiftness.'—p. 145.

In this style our literary warrior proceeds at great length to expatiate on the extraordinary discovery which he has made on the fragility of human life—'Moi qui croyais la vie, sinon une *chose* sûre, stable, interminable, au moins d'une longueur prodigieuse, je découvre qu'elle est incertaine et fragile.' It is much to be regretted that this ingenious young gentleman had not discovered this fact before he wrote his 'Essai sur le Bonheur, en deux petits volumes in-12,' as the subject would have been worthy of a discussion in that interesting work.

Mr. Julius and his *inconceivable* sister get into a correspondence on the subject of the French, their poetry, manners, and character—Julius objects to them several very grave offences:—he asserts, that, as to poetry, they never will have, he will not say a Virgil, a Homer, but a Klopstock;—they have no tragedians like the immortal Shakspeare;—and Iphigenia, in Racine's best play, calls Achilles Seigneur, and Achilles answers her with a Madame, p. 157. The wise Hermacrinthe, however, soon pulverises all Julius's objections, and concludes a long defence raisonnée, (very generous in a Dutchwoman, who had been sentenced to transportation for life,) with a tolerably comprehensive assertion, 'que, placée sur le plus heureux sol, douée des qualités les plus aimables et les plus en harmonie avec sa position, la France est, de toutes les nations, la première

première par la grandeur, l'éclat, la perfection humaine, comme la nôtre (la Hollande) l'est pour le bonheur.'

We need not proceed any farther with our extracts from this dull and disgusting trash; we will only add, that the language is every where of the lowest scale, and the only merit the book has, is the vulgar consistency of its matter, its personages, and its style.

We long hesitated to believe that the advertisement which we have quoted was not a forgery; it seemed impossible that a man, however ill educated or ill endowed, should have passed through such a life as Mr. Louis Buonaparte has lived, and such stations as he has filled, without acquiring, if not more literature, at least more knowledge of the world; if not more good taste, at least more discretion; if not more talents, at least more judgment than to write, and above all to publish, such a wretched performance as this.—

We cannot but suspect that the greater part of Napoleone's kings, princes, dukes, marshals, counts, barons, and chevaliers, may be fairly estimated by a comparison with King Louis. *What must the nation be where a monkey is the god?*—When the flower of the Buonaparte dynasty is the author of *Marie*, what must be the Savarys, Clarks, Fontanes, and Marets?

ART. VI.—*A Treatise on the Wealth, Power, and Resources of the British Empire, in every Quarter of the World, including the East Indies; the Rise and Progress of the Funding System explained; with Observations on the National Resources for the beneficial Employment of a redundant Population; and for rewarding the Military and Naval Officers, Soldiers, and Seamen, for their Services to their Country during the late War: illustrated by copious Statistical Tables, &c.—*
By P. Colquhoun, LL.D. London, 1814.

MR. COLQUHOUN contrives to arrest the attention of his readers, rather by the magnitude and distribution of his subjects, than by their novelty. The objects exhibited in his 'Police of the Metropolis' were familiar to every reader. No inhabitant of this great town could be ignorant that its vast population was mixed up with swindlers and pickpockets, thieves, vagrants, beggars, and prostitutes; but Mr. Colquhoun enabled us to trace them to their lurking-places:—he gave to each class a 'local habitation';—he brought them to our view in groups amounting to thousands, and their pilfering and plunder to millions. Familiar as such objects must have been to him, from his official situation, the systematic villainy which he disclosed was so monstrous, and at the same time

so methodically planned, the scale of operations was so extensive, that the truth of his statements was called in question; we believe, however, it has been pretty well ascertained, that there was more foundation for them than the superficial observer had ever imagined.

Mr. Colquhoun has now taken a bolder flight, and entered upon a research of a much wider range. With uncommon labour, and some ingenuity, he has attempted to collect into one great mass, the sum total of the 'wealth, power, and resources, of the British empire, in every quarter of the world.' This splendid view is exhibited in four Tables, elucidated by explanatory notes; and the principles on which they are constructed are explained in four corresponding chapters. These tables and chapters occupy about one-fourth part of the volume; the remainder being employed on historical accounts of the public revenue and expenditure, and the public debt; on the settlements and colonies of Great Britain; and the territories under the management of the East India Company.

The first chapter is dedicated to the interesting and important subject of population. The increase in that of Great Britain, according to the census taken in 1801 and 1811, appears to be as under:—

	England and Wales	Scotland.	Total in Great Britain.
In 1801 - - - -	8,872,980	1,599,068	10,472,048
In 1811 - - - -	10,150,615	1,805,688	11,956,303
Increase in 10 years -	1,277,635	206,620	1,484,255

The extraordinary addition of nearly a million and a half to the population of Great Britain in the period of ten years, and in the midst of a widely extended war, created some doubt as to the accuracy of the returns made in 1801. It was objected, that the novelty of the measure necessarily produced imperfect returns; and some affected to say, that the apprehension of an intention on the part of government to lay on a poll-tax influenced those returns, and that many concealed the real number of their families. There are, however, several facts, which, coupled with collateral circumstances, amount almost to proof, that the increase is not more than might be expected. It is true, that in great towns, false returns might easily be made without fear of detection—a man might sink a part of his family, though he would not find it quite so feasible to bury his house out of sight. Now, it appears from the same returns, that the houses in Great Britain had increased from 1,037,489 in 1801 to 2,163,946, in 1811, being 226,457 in the same

same period of ten years : which gives pretty nearly the same increase of population, as stated in the returns. *

A variety of causes have co-operated to this progressive increase. No one will deny that the wealth of the country has very much increased ; it is equally certain that this must have occasioned an increased demand for labour ; this demand would as certainly raise the price of labour, as well as require additional hands to supply it. The change too in the manners and habits of the people has been favourable to an increasing population. The upper and middling classes of society are more abstemious, especially in the article of wine ; and the tradesmen, mechanics, and lower orders, generally, in the use of spirituous liquors. The almost universal use which the article of tea has obtained, is, perhaps, one of the greatest blessings, both to the rich and poor, that was ever conferred on the nation, not even the potatoe root excepted : the habitual use of this beverage has contributed in no small degree to the health and comfort of every class of society ; yet we have heard, that a supposed increase of the number of insane persons has been absurdly ascribed to the frequent use of tea. The visionaries, who entertain such fancies, would do well, before they propagate them, to inquire whether madness is a prevailing disease among the Chinese, who may be said, ' to eat their tea, drink their tea, and sleep on their tea.' The potatoe was, for a long time, held to be an unwholesome and poisonous root.†

A habit of cleanliness, which for some years has gained considerable ground in all ranks of society, and the almost universal use of vegetable clothing, either linen or cotton, next to the skin, to the exclusion of animal substances, as silks and woollens, have produced the most beneficial effects, in preserving health, and add-

* For Ireland, the returns have not yet been received ; but in 1812 a census was ordered to be taken of its population, which, there is reason to think, has increased in a more extraordinary degree than in Great Britain. In 1695, as appears from the rolls for collecting a poll-tax, its population amounted to 1,034,000 ; but, allowing for the usual evasions, it was, unquestionably, much higher. Mr. Rickman, who collected and arranged the census taken in Great Britain, assumes that of Ireland, at the commencement of the last century, at 1,500,000, and that, in 111 years, it has reached 4,000,000 ; but Mr. Newenham extends it to a still greater number. Mr. Colquhoun, in his tables, takes the middle path, and sets it down at 4,500,000.

† The labouring people of Scotland live chiefly on potatoes and oatmeal ; in the northern counties of England, these furnish the principal part of every meal ; and it is well known, that nine-tenths of the population of Ireland subsist almost entirely upon them. The enormously increasing population of Ireland is an unequivocal proof of the wholesome and nutritive quality of this root. ' When I see,' says Arthur Young, ' the people of a country with well-formed vigorous bodies, and their cottages swarming with children—when I see their men athletic, and their women beautiful, I know not how to believe them subsisting on unwholesome food.'

ing to length of days.* The improvements that have taken place in the treatment of diseases, and the perfection to which the surgical art has been brought, have considerably abridged the usual mortality; and the invaluable discovery of vaccination has annually saved thousands from an early grave, and would, no doubt, soon exterminate one of the most destructive diseases that afflict mankind, if prejudice and envy, or interested and other unworthy motives, did not shed their malignant influence, and keep alive the variolous infection.

Of the favourable operation of those changes in our habits which have contributed to the improvement of health, we have a proof in the report on the population returns compiled by Mr. Rickman, in which it is stated, 'that the annual number of burials, as collected in pursuance of the population acts of 1801 and 1811, authorizes a satisfactory diminishing mortality in England since the year 1780.' The result was as follows:—

In 1780, one person in 40 died annually.	
1790, one do. in 45 do.	
1800, one do. in 47 do.	
1810, one do. in 49 or 50 do.	

The same good effects, by a regular system of management, and by timely precautions in preventing or destroying contagion by white-washing, fumigation, dry air, and cleanliness, have been experienced in those great national institutions where disease and mortality once most prevailed; namely, in prisons, in hospitals, and in the army and navy.

If the jail fever, as it is usually called, once so common and so fatal, should by chance now show itself, it is subdued immediately. The prison-ships and establishments on shore for prisoners of war, who are, of all others, most difficult to manage, were, nevertheless, kept in such clean, dry, and excellent order, that, though more than 70,000 prisoners were at one time in confinement, no contagious fever was known in any of them. A petition from certain prisoners at Dartmoor was sent to Mr. Whitbread, complaining, among other grievances, of the sick being neglected. A commission, composed of Lieutenant-General Stephens, Rear Admiral Martin, and Mr. Hawker, a justice of the peace of Plymouth, was in consequence deputed to inquire into the truth of the alleged grievances; the petition was disowned instantly by the body of the prisoners, amounting then to 8000; and the three who had

* Nothing but the most rigid cleanliness will prevent animal matter from creating cutaneous disorders, and, we believe, even worse complaints. The upper classes of Chinese, whose silken vests contiguous to the skin are seldom changed till worn out, are, almost to a man, either infected with the itch or the leprosy, or swarming with vermin; which, we believe too, flannel is equally efficacious in promoting.

sent it were ashamed and repentant, and denied that they had any cause of complaint. 'We observed,' says the report, 'in passing through the three first prisons, that the men had a very striking appearance of good health; and, with the exception of the fourth, which contains the prisoners who call themselves *Romans*,* their health is universally good.' Previously to this complaint, a person, who has since fled from justice, attempted to raise a clamour against the prison, by representing it as a scene of wretchedness and mortality. In consequence of this, it was visited by a member of the Transport Board in 1811. The number of prisoners then in confinement amounted to 6572, of whom 36 only were in the hospital, and one had died in the course of the week; an example of health not to be found, perhaps, in an equal population, either in this or any other country.

It is well known, that in Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, into which are admitted only worn-out, disabled, and helpless seamen and soldiers, there are to be found more instances of longevity than in any other bodies of men whatever.

That part of the army which has been serving abroad has suffered much from battle and disease; but, in the navy, the mortality has been incredibly small; and, as very erroneous ideas are entertained on this subject, our readers will be gratified to see the result of the official returns, which is as curious as it is satisfactory.

Seamen and Marines.

Seamen and Marines.

There were on board the ships of war in all parts of the world,	<div> <div> On 1st Jan. 1811—138,581 1st Jan. 1812—136,778 1st Jan. 1813—138,324 </div> <div> Died of disease, and killed in battle. </div> </div>	<div> In 1810—5,183 1811—4,265 1812—4,211 </div>
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Thus it appears that the average number of the crews of His Majesty's ships, taken for three years, amounted to 137,894: and that the average deaths in the year by disease, accident, and battle, amounted to 4,554, being one in 30,277, or little more than one

* These persons, to the amount of some hundreds, exhibited a striking and detestable scene of depravity. These wretches, who were headed by a person calling himself 'General of the Romans,' are thus described:—'Regardless of every principle of religion, they absolutely forfeit all claim to be considered as human beings, by the practice of the most detestable and abominable vices; they go nearly naked, some of them quite so, from gambling away their clothes. Some have been starved to death by gambling away their provisions, a practice which has been discovered to extend even to their provisions for months to come; and the countenances of many whom we saw denoted a degree of wretchedness that exceeds all description.' It appears, that the experiment of placing armed soldiers over them, to compel them to eat their food, was resorted to, but this was soon found to be unsafe, with a people as ferocious as they were infamous.

man

man in 304.* The returns do not distinguish those who died from accident and from disease, but there are good grounds for stating the latter at not more than one in 60.

Compare these, and many other benefits which the present generation enjoys, with the havoc formerly made by 'plague, pestilence, and famine,' by infectious fevers, the nature of which, was but ill-understood, by leprosy, scurvy, and small-pox, and we shall no longer be surprised at the rapidly progressive increase of the population of the British islands. The rate at which this increase took place, prior to 1801, cannot be ascertained with any degree of accuracy; but from all the data that could be collected from the number of births, marriages, and burials, it has been calculated, that from 1700 to 1811, being a period of 111 years, the population of Great Britain has nearly doubled itself; and that, in the same period, the population of Ireland has increased more than 160 per cent.

On the accuracy of the population of the different dependencies in Europe, and the foreign colonies, (amounting, by Mr. Colquhoun's account, to fifty-three in number,) exclusive of the territorial possessions under the management of the East-India Company, it will be obvious that no reliance can be placed. There are no official returns, and the documents afforded by those who have incidentally written on the colonies cannot be considered as authentic. The following, however, is a summary view of the details, exhibited in the copious table annexed to this chapter:—

	Europeans.	Free Persons of colour.	Negro Labourers.	Total
Population (in 1811) of Great Britain and Ireland, exclu- sive of the army and navy	16,456,303	—	—	16,456,303
British subjects in the different de- pendencies in Eu- rope	180,300	—	—	180,300
Ditto, in the British possessions in North America	486,146	—	—	486,146

* These returns are worthy the attention of Mr. Morgan, the intelligent actuary of the 'Equitable Assurance Office for Lives.' He will perceive from them, that it is not equitable to make the officers of the Navy, who may be desirous of providing for their families, pay premiums so disproportionate to the actual risk; the less so, as the additional per centage for military and sea risk is raised on the premium, whether it be 2 per cent. or 6 per cent.; though these extra risks of a man of 60 and a man of 20 must be precisely the same.

British

	Europeans.	Free Persons of colour.	Negro Labourers.	Total.
British subjects in the West India Co- lonies - - -	64,994	33,081	634,096	732,171
Ditto, in the con- quered countries, ditto - - -	35,829	26,253	372,800	434,882
Ditto, in the British settlements in Af- rica - - -	20,678	108,299	—	128,977
Ditto, in colonies, dependencies in Asia - - -	61,059	1,807,496	140,450	2,009,005
East-India Compa- ny's territorial pos- sessions - - -	25,246	40,033,162	—	40,058,408
British navy, army, marines, and naval adamen in regis- tered vessels, in- cluding foreign corps in the Bri- tish service -	671,241	—	—	671,241
Total amount of the population of the British empire	18,001,796	42,008,291	1,147,346	61,157,433

Although population is the source from which all wealth and power must be derived, it does not therefore necessarily follow that all populous countries should be wealthy or powerful: this consequence must depend much on local circumstances, and still more on the nature of the government and the genius and habits of the people. France is a populous and a powerful nation, but not wealthy. Holland and Hamburgh, Venice, Genoa, and some of the smaller states, were once populous and wealthy, without being powerful; and India and China swarm with population, without being either rich or powerful. Great Britain, throughout the long and arduous struggle in which she has been engaged, has exhibited to the world the singular example of uniting within herself the three attributes of wealth, power, and population, acting reciprocally on one another, and mutually tending to aggrandizement. It is here that the desire of acquiring property receives an additional impulse from a conviction of the perfect security which the laws afford to it when acquired—it is here that capital is thrown into active circulation by a perfect confidence in the faith of

of the government, which has never yet been broken with the subject.

To discover what the materials are that compose the public and private property of the British dominions; that accumulation of wealth, which, aided by credit and character, has raised this favoured nation to the highest pitch of grandeur, and set her on an eminence far above all other empires, forms the subject of the second chapter of Mr. Colquhoun's volume, and its corresponding table. He sets out with observing, that the same rules and principles, to which individuals resort, on all emergencies, will apply to the affairs of nations; that the object of both is to have recourse to an accurate view of the resources in possession, and to the means of rendering those resources as productive as possible; that the resources of nations are derived from the productive labour of the people; and that this labour is augmented or diminished according to forms of government, and the intelligence, ability, and zeal, or the want of them, in those who direct the affairs of states and empires; implying, however, we take for granted, a corresponding capital and expenditure for the maintenance of that labour. Our author also thinks, and in this we are disposed to concur with him, that, considering the limited territory and population of the British islands, when compared with those of many other states and kingdoms in the world, we may legitimately conclude, that the rapid strides it has made towards wealth and power, may fairly be attributed to the form of its government, and the wisdom of its councils;—we would add, however, to the solid good sense of the people at large, who have co-operated in giving effect to those councils which they judged to be conducive to the public good.

The simple fact of our rapid progress to a state of wealth, power, and prosperity, unparalleled in the history of nations; the noble stand which, with our seventeen millions of people we have been able to make against a population of more than one hundred millions;—the conquests we have made of every foreign possession and dependency of our most deadly and inveterate foe, who had the persons and property of all these millions at his disposal;—the annihilation of his navy and his commerce,—are invincible proofs of the unexampled power and prosperity of the British nation.

To ascertain what the vast resources are which have enabled this nation to accomplish such great and extraordinary events; to trace the elements of which they consist, and to estimate their value upon the same principle as commercial men estimate their stock in trade, is, indeed, an 'arduous task;' and though, as Mr. Colquhoun observes, accuracy, to a point, in so extensive and complicated a range, is impracticable, yet, on a subject of such importance, an approximation to the truth, if attainable, we agree with him, must be very valuable.

'In

‘In forming the estimates,’ says Mr. Colquhoun, ‘which are exhibited in the Tables annexed, the ablest writers in this branch of political economy have been consulted, and copious notes have been introduced, calculated to elucidate, as far as elucidation has been practicable, the grounds upon which the author has proceeded. From the scarcity of materials, much has been left to the exertion of the mind, and to laborious and intricate calculations, when information could not be derived from books or public documents.’—(p. 51.)

The Table No. 2, which is annexed to this chapter, contains the estimate of the public and private property in Great Britain and Ireland, with its dependencies, and is divided into eight general sections, as under :—

1. Exhibiting the value of landed and other public and private property, in Great Britain and Ireland, amounting to	£2736,640,000
2. — in 9 dependencies in Europe	22,161,330
3. — in 7 colonies and settlements in North America	46,574,360
4. — in 14 colonies and settlements in the West Indies	100,014,864
5. — in 14 conquered colonies in the West Indies	75,220,000
6. — in 4 settlements in Africa	4,770,500
7. — in 5 settlements and colonies in Asia	38,721,090
Total 53 colonies and dependencies	£3024,108,144
8. Territory of India under the control and management of the East India Company	1072,427,751
Total estimated value of the landed and public and private property of the British empire in all parts of the world	£4096,530,895

It would be too long for us to enter into a detail of the particulars on which Mr. Colquhoun has constructed the table of which this is an abstract; we must therefore content ourselves with briefly stating the component parts of the first and most important article in that abstract. They are classed, in the first place, under the three general heads, of 1. *Productive private property*; 2. *Unproductive private property*; 3. *Public property*. These classes are again subdivided into a variety of branches, and the value of each branch is set down in four columns, one for England and Wales, the second for Scotland, the third for Ireland, and the fourth for Great Britain and Ireland. At the end of the line, enumerating the subdivisions of property, is a reference to ‘explanatory notes,’ shewing the authority from which the several sums have been taken or the principle upon which the computations have been made. Our readers may wish to see, and it is all we can afford

ford to extract, that column which exhibits the total value in Great Britain and Ireland of each distinct branch of property.

1. Productive Private Property.

* Lands cultivated in grain of all sorts, grass, hops, nurseries, gardens, &c. -	1200,640,000
Tythes belonging to the laity exclusive of those in possession of the clergy -	80,000,000
Mines and minerals -	75,000,000
Canals, tolls, and timber -	50,000,000
Dwelling-houses, including warehouses and manufactories -	400,000,000
Manufactured goods in progress to maturity and in a finished state, deposited in manufactories, warehouses, and shops for sale -	140,000,000
Foreign merchandize, deposited in warehouses, shops, &c. either paid for, or virtually paid for, by debts owing to this country by foreigners -	40,000,000
British shipping of every description, employed in trade, including vessels on the stocks -	27,000,000
Agricultural property, consisting of grain, hay, straw, cheese, butter, and other productions of farms, including implements of husbandry -	45,000,000
Animals, namely, horses, horned cattle, sheep, hogs, goats, asses, deer, wild animals, and poultry -	183,000,000
Fisheries round the coast of Great Britain and Ireland, including inland fisheries -	10,000,000
Total of Productive Private Property -	£2250,640,000

* As a specimen of Mr. Colquhoun's 'Explanatory Notes,' we extract the following :

It appears, from the returns to the Tax Office for the year ending 5th April, 1804, that the rental of real property in England and Wales, including mines, canals, &c. calculated on 37,334,400 statute acres, amounted to 38,000,000 : it is, however, known to have much increased since that period. The cultivated lands may be distributed as follows—

	Acres.	L.	L.
Gardens and nurseries, - - - - - about	20,000	at 70	1,400,000
Lands highly cultivated in the vicinity of } large towns	500,000	50	25,000,000
Hop grounds - - - - -	100,000	40	4,000,000
Lands cultivated of a superior quality - -	12,000,000	30	360,000,000
Lands cultivated of an inferior quality - -	18,000,000	20	360,000,000
Total of cultivated lands in England and Wales	30,620,000 acres,		
	estimated at -		750,400,000
Lands cultivated in Scotland, estimated at one-fifth of England and } Wales			150,080,000
Lands cultivated in Ireland, estimated at two-fifths - - - - -			300,160,000
Making a total for Great Britain and Ireland, of			1,200,640,000

2. Unpro-

2. *Unproductive Private Property.*

Waste lands, at present unproductive, after including all such as are incapable of any improvement adequate to the expense, including ways and waters	132,000,000
Household furniture in dwelling houses	185,000,000
Wearing apparel in dwelling houses	20,800,000
Plate, jewels, and other ornamental articles in dwelling-houses	44,200,000
Specie in circulation and hoarded, namely, gold, silver, and copper coin, including Bank dollars and tokens	15,000,000
Total of Unproductive Private Property	<u>£397,000,000</u>

3. *Public Property.*

Public buildings, as palaces, churches, hospitals, prisons, bridges, &c.	27,000,000
Public arsenals, castles, forts, and all other places of defence, with the artillery, stores, &c. thereunto belonging	17,000,000
Dock-yards and all materials for ship-building and repairs	10,000,000
Ships of war, in number about 1000, of which 261 are of the line, in employment, including those in ordinary and building	25,000,000
Military and naval ordnance, and other public stores	10,000,000
Total of public property	<u>£89,000,000</u>

Aggregate value of every species of property, public and private, in Great Britain and Ireland, as mentioned in the first of the eight general heads into which the Table, No. 2, is divided - £2736,640,000

Of the immense property of 4081,530,895*l.*, Mr Colquhoun estimates the colonies and dependencies taken from the enemy during the late war, exclusive of ships and other floating property captured since 1792, to amount to 106,917,190*l.*; and the captures by sea and land, he thinks, may amount to fifty or sixty millions more: but of these we surrendered at the peace of Europe, colonies to the value of 87,707,130*l.* This will reduce the amount of the national property to 3993,823,765*l.*, which, he says, will be found on the strictest examination to fall considerably short of its real value. 'It exhibits,' says Mr. Colquhoun, 'in glowing colours, the proud height to which this great empire has arrived in the scale of nations. It proves incontestably the immense resources of the state, and the rapid growth of the wealth of the people; and what is of more importance, the facility

lity and power of rendering this wealth productive to a greater extent than prevails in any other nation of the world.' To what extent this productive capital is carried, it is the object of the third chapter and its accompanying table to explain.

This chapter professes to be 'an attempt to estimate the new property annually created in the British empire, by the labour of the people employed in agriculture, manufactures, trade, commerce, navigation, fisheries, and other branches of productive industry.' The attempt is certainly a bold one; but the author entertains a confident hope, that the estimates will be found, in all the different branches of productive labour, to fall short of the actual value of the new property created.' He tells us fairly upon what principle the different calculations have proceeded; and he endeavours to elucidate them by copious explanatory notes; so that every one may judge for himself how far the author is borne out in his conclusions. In the pursuit of a species of statistical knowledge interesting to all nations, and particularly to the British nation, he laments that the official materials are so scanty; but he assures us, that no labour, on his part, has been wanting to supply this deficiency, by obtaining the best information that could be had on each particular branch of the subject, and that the aid of official documents has been called in wherever they could be rendered available.

This curious inquiry commences, as indeed it ought to do, with *agriculture*, that being the most important branch of national industry; which, in Great Britain and Ireland, is presumed to give employment and afford support to 5,500,000 of the population or nearly one-third of the united empire. The population of Great Britain and Ireland, including the army and navy, was estimated, in 1811, at 17,096,803
Estimated increase in three years, since that time . . . 903,197

Probable population in 1814 . 18,000,000
depending principally on the soil of the British islands for subsistence.*

It is calculated that the grain, potatoes, hops, fruit and vegetables, butter and cheese, grain, hay, turnips, &c., for cattle, poultry, &c. will amount to . £ 127,690,541
For the food of horses, horned cattle, sheep, hogs, goats, &c., and labour in feeding and attending . 75,117,376

* We wish the British islands were made to produce this subsistence, of which they are surely capable—yet in the year 1802, the value of corn, flour, and other grain imported, amounted to the enormous sum of ten millions sterling, which, after all, was little more than one month's consumption. In 1810, the value of corn, &c. imported, amounted to nearly five millions sterling.

Brought up	202,807,917
Wool, hemp, flax, timber, for manufactures; nurseries and miscellaneous	14,009,707
Making the amount of new property, created by the cultivation of the land	£ 216,817,624*

The next branch is the yearly revenue derived from *mines* and *minerals*, which, moderately enough we think, is estimated at nine millions sterling: we should have thought on a rough guess that the important articles of iron, salt, and coals, would have amounted nearly to that sum, exclusive of the valuable products of the copper, lead, and tin mines. It must be observed, however, that this is the value only of the raw material.

Next follows the important head of *manufactures*, whose rapid progress, within the last thirty years, almost exceeds credibility. The astonishing improvement of the steam-engine, and the various machinery to which it is now applied, for facilitating some of the most important branches of our manufactures, has, by the number of workmen displaced, fully counterbalanced the excess of the price of manual labour in this country above that of the continent. Some idea may be formed of the value of machinery from the simple fact, that cotton twist spun in England may be carried to India and there sold, at a profit, under the price of the twist manufactured by hand in that country, where the wages are not more than twopence or threepence a day. Hitherto it is very certain that no foreign nation possesses either the skill or capital which the British manufacturers have acquired, though we must not disguise the truth, that the French are, in some particular branches, as in the cotton manufactures for instance, treading closely on our heels, though generally they are far behind us in skill, and at an infinite distance in point of capital. We have heard of apprehensions that they will be able to cut us off from the foreign markets, from the low prices of labour which they pay to the manufacturers; but in truth, there is little to be feared on this score. The application of machinery is become so extensive in Great Britain, that the high price of labour is now but a secondary consideration. If the French had iron as plentiful and as cheap, and could work it as well as ourselves; if they had coals in equal abundance to allow them to substitute steam-engines for horses and men, then indeed

* We can only refer to the Table No. 3 for the several items which make up this amount. The quantity of wheat, barley, oats, rye, beans and peas, consumed by man, is estimated at 18,750,000 quarters; by animals, at 14,829,000; in beer and spirits, 4,250,000; in various manufactures, 171,000; making a total of 35,000,000 quarters, estimated (wheat at 70s. per quarter, and oats at 29s. per quarter,) at 73,734,291l.—Horses in Great Britain and Ireland, 1,800,000; horned cattle, 10,000,000; sheep and lambs, 42,000,000, consume in hay, grass, straw, vetches, turnips, &c. 103,400,000l., &c. &c.

there

there might be some grounds for apprehension; but the possession even of these would still require something else to enable them to rival us in the foreign markets—there must be capital to set them in motion; and we may be perfectly well assured that whenever the French shall possess that capital and can afford a proportionate expenditure to ours, the wages of labour will be just as high in France as in England.

The different kinds of manufactures are stated by Mr. Colquhoun to give employment to more than 3,000,000 of the population of the united kingdom, including their families; of which fabrics the cotton, woollen, leather, linen, fabricated metals, glass, and porcelain are the most extensive.

The various manufactures are estimated to produce, from labour alone, after deducting the raw materials, 114,230,000*l.* yearly: of this sum the British and Irish produce and manufactures exported on an average for the last three years, according to the public accounts, amounted to 54,571,054*l.*; but as this sum includes the produce of the mines (9,000,000*l.*) the remainder, 68,658,946*l.*, may be considered as consumed at home, and by the army and navy in different parts of the world.*

The next branch into which Mr. Colquhoun has divided his subject is that of *inland trade*, from which the property of the individual is increased, though it does not appear to add to the general public stock of the nation: by enriching the individual, however, the resources and the revenues of the state are augmented. The sum annually created under this head he estimates at 31,500,000*l.*, which being raised principally by productive labour, from comparatively small capital, is supposed to employ 4,500,000 individuals, including their families. These consist principally of warehousemen and shopkeepers of all descriptions, employed in collecting and vending British manufactures of all kinds; to the consumer or the merchant; and under this head are included the labour and profits of innkeepers and publicans; the profits of proprietors of barges

* Forty-four different branches of manufacture are enumerated in the table, of which the highest annual produce is that of cotton, being 23,000,000*l.*, the lowest, that of the labour employed on floor-cloths, oil-cloths, &c. being estimated at 30,000*l.*; woollens amount to 18,000,000*l.*, and straw hats, bonnets, toys, &c. to 500,000*l.*—We transcribe the 'Explanatory note' on 'Woollens.'

A respectable and intelligent manufacturer, who was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1800, estimated the produce of the woollen manufacture at 19,000,000*l.* a year, and Mr. M^rArthur, in 1803, valued the whole, including the fine fabrics from foreign wool, at 25,560,000*l.* We see by Lord Sheffield's printed report at the meeting at Lewes wool fair on the 27th July, 1812, that on a medium of the six years, from 1806 to 1811, both inclusive, there were imported 7,329,795 pounds of Spanish wool; the average price of which, on the 16th July, was 7*s.* 9*d.* a pound. The manufactures from British wool may be estimated at 20,000,000*l.*, and those from Spanish wool at perhaps 6,000,000*l.* Total, 26,000,000*l.*—Allowing 8,000,000*l.* for the raw materials, the net value will be 18,000,000*l.*

and other small craft, employed in rivers and canals; the labour performed on rivers and canals; the profits of the proprietors of coaches and waggons; &c.

Foreign Commerce and Shipping are stated to have produced new property to the enormous amount of £ 46,373,748 in the year 1812, and to have given employment to 406,350 individuals, including their families; consisting of ship-owners, merchants, agents, consignees, brokers, clerks, and labourers. The magnitude of this commerce is apparent from the official returns of the value of imports and exports for the year above-mentioned, which, in the aggregate, stood thus:

Exported to all countries	-	-	-	£ 73,725,603
Imported from all countries	-	-	-	60,424,876
Total				£ 134,150,478

The ships and vessels engaged in this immense commerce are stated in the table at 28,061, carrying 3,160,293 tons, and employing 184,352 men.

Next follows the *Coasting Trade*, which is stated to employ at least 3000 vessels of every description, which are classed as under:

	Vessels.	Annual Voyages.
From the outports to London	-	700 making 6,920
From Newcastle and Sunderland, with coals to London	-	450 3,750
From ditto to other ports	-	470 4,000
From Whitehaven, in the coal trade	-	250 2,700
Coasting vessels conveying produce and merchandize	1,200	10,000
Total	3,070	27,370

'Estimating these vessels to average 100 tons each, which is somewhat less than an official return made in 1798, of the coasting trade to the port of London, the number of tons conveyed from one port to another of produce, including coals and merchandize of all kinds, would amount to 2,737,000 tons, outwards; and, supposing only half a cargo homewards, on an average, the total would be 4,105,500 tons, which, taken at ten shillings a ton, would give a profit, arising from labour and capital, amounting to the sum of two millions, estimated to be the new property created annually from this trade.'

We consider this estimate as far too low. The voyages performed may perhaps be fewer, but the number of vessels employed, we are quite certain, is underrated.

We now come to the *Fisheries*, and we confess our regret that an object of such vast national importance should make so poor and insignificant an appearance in the list of 'resources,' from which

which the national wealth is derived. It is really disgraceful to this great maritime nation that, surrounded as the British islands are with fish of the most nutritive and wholesome description, swarming on banks of many leagues in extent, each acre of which is far more productive of food than the richest acre of land, the article of fish should nevertheless be a luxury, in all the great cities and towns of the empire, confined to the upper ranks of society. It has been proved, by direct and positive facts, that, with a due portion of encouragement, the finest mackerel and herring may be sold in London, and millions of them actually have been so sold with a reasonable profit, at one penny a-piece; instead of which, the usual price is from 8*d.* to 18*d.* Such indeed is the productive nature of the fisheries, and so easy would it be to render them a source of nutritious food for general consumption, not only in the maritime towns, but in all the inland districts of Great Britain and Ireland, that an adequate supply might be and has been furnished at 2*d.* a pound, or about £17 a ton, when the price of butchers' meat was £70 a ton. This difference in the price is much more than sufficient to purchase the accompaniments of potatoes and butter, which would reconcile the mass of the people to the use of fish, and afford them a better and more relishing meal than a scanty portion of butchers' meat with bread. On this subject we have lifted up our voice already, but we fear in vain. We hear no more of the 'Fish Association,' nor of the worthy baronet at the head of it, who is not apt, on slight grounds, to give up the pursuit of any object of which he may undertake the management; and we therefore are reluctantly compelled to suppose, that the case is hopeless:—we know, indeed, that the imposition in London, far from being checked, is more flagrant than before; and that the most infamous arts are put in practice to enhance the price. How can it be otherwise? the trading in fish is a complete monopoly; there is but one market, and the salesmen and the owners of the fishing-smacks being joint proprietors, that market is just fed to keep it alive; but good care is taken that it shall not die of a surfeit. The distance too of that market, and its approaches, which are not the most convenient, are against its ever being troubled by three-fourths of London; but these difficulties may be the very reason why the Lord Mayor and Aldermen are so tenacious of the privilege of confining the sale of fish to that precious spot called Billingsgate.

We understand that a suggestion was made in the proper quarter, of the expediency of bringing in a bill for establishing another market towards the west end of the town, which, by creating a competition, might break up the present scandalous monopoly,

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and that the answer was, What will the city of London say? We should be glad to know what the city of London has done to entitle it to this or any other exclusive privilege, at the expense of the rest of the community in this great metropolis? There is an act, indeed, which empowers the establishment of a new fish-market in some part of Westminster; and which, as we apprehend, requires only the appointment of new commissioners to carry it into effect. The finest situation imaginable for such a market is that on the Surry side of the new Strand bridge, the more convenient from its contiguity to Covent Garden market; and as profit is the great stimulus to exertion, and several of the directors and proprietors of that magnificent undertaking, which does honour to the spirit and enterprize of individuals, are members of the House of Commons, we do not despair of seeing this desirable object accomplished. The increase of the foot-tolls alone, in consequence of such a market, would amount at least to £ 5000 a year.

Well may Mr. Colquhoun say, 'it is lamentable to reflect, that while £ 45,000,000 sterling is estimated as the value of butchers' meat, and other animal food consumed annually, the property created by the labour employed in the coast and river fisheries can only be estimated at £ 1,500,000, including the herrings and pilchards exported.' The value of the labour of the people employed in the northern and southern whale and seal fisheries, is estimated at £ 600,000 a year, which makes the total of the new property annually created by the fisheries, £ 2,100,000. The Dutch, when they first emerged out of their mud banks, far exceeded, in their fisheries, the greatest efforts that this country has yet made in the height of its prosperity; and even now, after years of unparalleled oppression, 'one hundred and ten herring-busses,' says their secretary of state, 'have sailed this season to the Great fishery, that source of Dutch prosperity.'

Want of example, of encouragement, of capital and skill, have hitherto retarded the progress of the fisheries; yet we should think that a small portion of each would be sufficient to ensure the success of an object which, in every point of view, is of such national importance. While it increased the public wealth, it would add most abundantly to the stock of subsistence; and train up a body of hardy seamen. It would at once give employment, on their own element, to the seventy-five thousand seamen and marines who have been, and half as many more who are about to be, discharged from the navy,* many of whom must either seek employment in foreign countries, or become a burthen to their own.

* The number of seamen and marines voted for the navy in 1813 was 145,000
In 1814 70,000

Discharged 75,000
The

The next subject which engages the attention of Mr. Colquhoun in his endeavours to trace the wealth of the nation through all its ramifications, is the business of the Banker, through the intervention of whom a certain quantity of circulating medium is made to perform the functions of ten, fifty, or a hundred times its value; and the use of the precious metals, and what is of far more importance in mercantile transactions, time, are greatly economized. Millions of money may be paid and received with a degree of facility and security which specie could never perform. Mr. Colquhoun states, that the money paid and received daily, in the metropolis, amounts, on an average, to five millions sterling, or one thousand five hundred and fifty millions in a year, through the medium of bankers only. To count five millions of guineas, at the rate of a guinea every second, and to work twelve hours a day, would employ one person nearly four months, or 120 persons a whole day, or occupy two clerks in every banking house in London. But all the specie in the world would not suffice in the present state of the commerce of the country, to carry it on without a large circulation of bank notes, aided by the drafts or checks of private bankers. By discounting bills of exchange, which otherwise would not be convertible to mercantile purposes for weeks or months, they accommodate the trader, and accelerate business. And such is the facility with which the immense circulation of the checks or drafts given by the bankers, and the notes that pass through their hands, is settled among themselves, that by a clerk from each banking-house meeting at a particular spot, which they call the 'Clearing House,' at a fixed hour every day, millions are paid and received in the course of an hour by an exchange of checks, and the balances are finally settled by a general assemblage of the collecting clerks of the respective bankers. It appeared in the report of the Bullion Committee, that of the 71 private bankers of the metropolis, 46 were in the habit of settling their accounts in this manner; that the daily payments made to them amount, on an average, to £4,700,000, or yearly to one thousand four hundred and fifty-seven millions; yet the whole of these payments are adjusted daily, by means of £220,000, this sum being about the average differences, which are paid by bank notes. If we extend our inquiries a little farther, and take into consideration the payments made by the remaining bankers, by individuals to each other, by the Bank of England, besides the notes issued for the loans, the dividends and Exchequer bills, we shall probably find, that the annual payments in paper, in the metropolis alone, do not fall far short of three thousand millions sterling; while the whole amount of bank notes in circulation does not exceed twenty-seven millions and a-half.

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Mr. Colquhoun therefore is justified in saying, that 'in no country in the world is this velocity of circulation carried to such a degree of perfection as in the British metropolis.' It is the result, as he observes, of *public credit* supported by *punctuality*, in the transactions between man and man, which generates unbounded confidence, and gives energy to commercial enterprize—a character almost peculiar to Great Britain, which distinguishes her from all the nations of the earth.

		Capitals.
There are 5 chartered banks, one in England, three in Scotland, and one in Ireland, whose united capitals are estimated at		£ 30,500,000
72 private bankers in London	-	4,000,000
659 country bankers in England	-	4,000,000
72 banking establishments in Scotland	-	800,000
63 banking houses in Ireland	-	1,400,000
871 banking establishments, with a capital of		£ 40,700,000

Upon which capital he reckons the profits to amount annually to £ 3,500,000.

The last branch of property annually created which engages the attention of our author is the *Amount of remittances* made to this country, from the *colonies* annexed to the British crown. The amount of property, arising from land and labour in those colonies, is valued, exclusive of the territories under the direction of the East India Company, at £ 50,740,470 sterling a year; and that part of the surplus profits of this land and labour remitted to England annually, is estimated at £ 5,000,000, though Mr. Colquhoun thinks there are strong grounds to believe, that it considerably exceeds this sum.

The account then of *property created in Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1812-13*, will, according to Mr. Colquhoun, stand thus:

Agriculture and all its branches	-	£ 216,817,624
Mines and minerals, coals, &c.	-	9,000,000
Manufactures in every branch	-	114,230,000
Inland trade in all its branches	-	31,500,000
Foreign commerce and shipping	-	46,373,748
Coasting trade	-	2,000,000
Fisheries, exclusive of the colonial fisheries of Newfoundland	-	2,100,000
Chartered and private bankers	-	3,500,000
Foreign income remitted	-	5,000,000
Total in Great Britain and Ireland		£ 430,521,372
		In

	Brought over	-	£ 430,521,372
In fifty-three colonies and dependencies,			
‘ annual produce of labour	-	£ 50,740,470	
Possessions in India	-	211,966,494	
			<hr/> 262,706,964
	Total		£ 693,228,336

‘ The magnitude and splendour,’ says Mr. Colquhoun, ‘ of the resources which have been thus developed, cannot fail to fill the mind of every British subject with exultation, and gratitude to the Supreme Being for the numerous blessings conferred on this highly favoured nation.’

The next chapter is, we believe, quite original. Having, as we see, taken a general view of the population—the capital or wealth—and the new property annually acquired from land and labour—Mr. Colquhoun now attempts ‘ to discover, as far as discovery is practicable, by approximating details, in what manner, and in what proportions, this property is divided among the various classes of society in Great Britain and Ireland.’ And with this view a Table (No. 4.) is annexed to the chapter, being, as he calls it, ‘ a map of civil society, exhibiting in one view the proportions of created wealth which is allotted annually to every class of the community, from the sovereign, in regular gradation, down to the pauper.’ The inquiry is certainly curious, and not wanting in interest; and though it cannot be otherwise than inaccurate, Mr. Colquhoun’s ingenious divisions and subdivisions, with their several allotments, serve to shew, at one glance, what classes of the community, by their labour, tend to increase the national capital, and what other classes consume it. If Mr. Colquhoun be at all near the truth, in stating the new property created annually from the different manufactures of this country, at 114 millions, and that this addition to our wealth is created by the labour of three millions of the population, it will require no extraordinary skill in political arithmetic to discover that the profit of manufacturing labour is, in proportion to the numbers employed, nearly as great as that derived from the produce of the soil, which, according to Mr. Colquhoun, amounts to an aggregate of 216 millions created by the labour of five millions and a half of the population. We would not, however, be understood to insinuate, that if the manufactures of the country contributed to the national capital and the national revenue in an equal degree with agriculture, and with half the number of hands, they ought to be held in equal estimation. The real intrinsic value, power, and independence of a nation must ultimately be found in its soil.

In exhibiting a view of the population of the United Kingdom
of

of Great Britain and Ireland, as separated into eight distinct classes, Mr. Colquhoun mixes up into one class the labourers of every description; after which, however, we are presented with a summary view of a classification into productive and unproductive labourers. His first division is as follows:

Class.	Heads of families.	Total persons composing their families.
1st. The royal family, the lords spiritual and temporal, the great officers of state, and all above the degree of a baronet, with their families	576	2,880
2d. Baronets, knights, country gentlemen, and others, having large incomes, with their families	46,861	234,305
3d. Dignified clergy, persons holding considerable employments in the state, elevated situations in the law, eminent practitioners in physic, considerable merchants, manufacturers upon a large scale, and bankers of the first order, with their families	12,200	61,000
4th. Persons holding inferior situations in church and state, respectable clergymen of different persuasions, practitioners in law and physic, teachers of youth of the superior order, respectable freeholders, ship owners, merchants and manufacturers of the second class, warehousemen and respectable shopkeepers, artists, respectable builders, mechanics, and persons living on moderate incomes, with their families	233,650	1,168,250
5th. Lesser freeholders, shopkeepers of the second order, innkeepers, publicans, and persons engaged in miscellaneous occupations, or living on moderate incomes, with their families	564,799	2,798,475
6th. Working mechanics, artisans, handicrafts, agricultural labourers, and others who subsist by labour in various employments, with their families	2,126,095	8,792,800
Menial servants		1,279,923
7th. Paupers and their families, vagrants, gipsies, rogues, vagabonds, and idle and disorderly persons supported by criminal delinquency	387,100	1,828,170
	3,371,281	16,165,803
		<i>Separate</i>

Brought over - 3,371,281 16,165,803

Separate Class.

Army, navy, and marines, in- half-pay and superan-		
Families -	10,500	69,000
Officers in the army, Lieutenants, seamen and Officers of the army,		
-	120,000	862,000

Grand total 3,501,781 17,096,803

The distribution made by Mr. Colquhoun is of the productive and unproductive labourers; and this he may be correct 'as far as approximating facts could be ascertained.' It is as follows:

'Productive labourers, by whose exertions a new property is created every year.

	Families.	Persons.	Income.
Agriculture, mines, &c.	1,302,151	6,129,142	£ 107,246,795
Foreign commerce, ship- ping, trade, manufac- tures, fisheries, &c.	1,506,774	7,071,989	183,908,352
Fine arts -	5,000	25,000	1,400,000
Total	2,813,925	13,226,131	£ 292,555,147

'Unproductive labourers, whose exertions do not create any new property.

	Families.	Persons.	Income.
Royalty, nobility and gentry	47,434	416,835	£ 58,923,590
State and revenue, army and navy, half-pay and pen- sioners -	152,000	1,056,000	34,036,280
Clergy, law, physic -	56,000	281,500	17,580,000
Universities, schools, and mis- cellaneous -	45,319	567,937	17,555,355
Paupers -	387,100	1,548,400	9,871,000
Total	687,856	3,870,672	£ 137,966,225

If this statement be correct, or if it approaches to the truth, the conclusion is, that about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the population are productive labourers, and divide somewhat more than $\frac{1}{3}$ of their gains among themselves; that the other fourth part of the community are unproductive labourers, and that this class consumes nearly the other half of the annual produce.

Political economists are not quite agreed as to the precise line to

to be drawn between productive and unproductive labourers, some classing the liberal and military professions with the former, and others considering them to belong to the latter class. The truth perhaps lies in this, as in most disputed points, in the middle. They form of themselves an intermediate class, that may with great propriety be denominated useful labourers; men who, though they do not immediately add to the actual stock of national wealth, contribute at least to the security and protection of property from fraud and violence, and to the improvement of the health and morals of society. Men of talent and ingenuity, though not themselves efficient labourers, add to the stock of wealth in giving the proper direction, by their superior skill and intelligence, to productive labour; for without intelligence to direct, the mere labourer might exhaust his strength to very little purpose.

For a more detailed account of Mr. Colquhoun's partition of society, and its various subdivisions, we must refer the reader to the table itself, wherein are specified the different pursuits and occupations of the whole community, their numbers, and their means of subsistence. Such a table, if constructed from official returns, might, it is true, as Mr. Colquhoun observes, 'suggest many useful hints to the statesman and politician;' but that these 'hints' would 'lead to arrangements highly beneficial to the nation,' we may be permitted to entertain very strong doubts. No measure that is injurious to individual interests can be beneficial to the nation; and it is very certain, that the limited degree of inquisitorial power, which is given to the commissioners for inspecting the returns under the property-tax act, might be rendered not only obnoxious, but ruinous to individuals. Such meddling with and prying into the private concerns of families, would be inconsistent with the spirit of the British constitution, incompatible with the national character, and the greatest inroad that has yet been made upon the independence of the subject—and for these reasons we cannot join in the 'confident hope' of Mr. Colquhoun, 'that the period is not far distant, when such a measure will be adopted by the legislature.' Our hope on the contrary is, that such a period may never arrive, though we have no objection to ingenious men, like our author, speculating on such subjects, and constructing tables for their own amusement, and for general information.

It would be too much to expect, that the splendid and magnificent picture which Mr. Colquhoun has exhibited of the wealth, power, and resources of the British empire, should be free from blemishes. Of this description may be reckoned the maintenance of the poor—the paper currency—the public debt and taxes—faults, it is true, which every one conceives himself to be at liberty

to

to censure—with the exception of our author who, on the contrary, is gifted with the happy disposition of finding ‘good in every thing.’

The system of the poor laws founded on the 43d of Elizabeth, is, we think, right in principle, however it may be condemned in practice. By this act the justices are empowered to levy whatever assessments they may think necessary for the relief of the poor, and to judge who are fit objects of public charity. The meaning is obvious, though there may be too much latitude in the expression;—the justices may abuse the trust by making the assessments unequal and oppressive in extending relief to persons who are unfit, and by an improper distribution of that relief; perhaps there may be some too, who, like Gil Blas's friend in Madrid, ‘become rich by taking care of the poor’—these are evils that affect not the general principle of the laws. The act is sufficiently clear in the intention of limiting the relief to the indigent and helpless; for in the same act the justices are directed to do what, indeed, might be difficult and even impossible for them to do—to set poor children to work, and to find employment for those who are capable of it. The distinction, however, between the capable, the idle, and the indigent, perhaps could not be always attended to. Circumstances have occurred to prevent it, such as a sudden rise in the necessities of life, or a supply of labourers beyond the demand for work; and sickness or other calamity may throw out of employ, for a time, many workmen with the best disposition to be industrious. It would be cruel and unjust to withhold relief from persons so circumstanced. They have, indeed, the strongest claims on all those classes of society whose incomes are derived from their labour, when from any calamity or misfortune, more especially from those which no prudence nor foresight could prevent, they are unable to continue that labour.

Of the various plans which, at different times, have been brought forward for the amendment of the poor laws, for improving the condition of the poor, and reducing the number of those who receive parochial relief, none have yet produced the desired effect. Some have been too indulgent, and liable to abuse—others, too inhuman for civilized society to tolerate—and others too speculative to be carried into practice. They have each figured their day and departed, and we shall not rake up their ashes; but we cannot let the subject pass without a few cursory remarks.

It is a very general and we think a very erroneous opinion, that the increase of pauperism is mostly to be attributed to the high prices of the necessities of life. It would perhaps be more correct to say, that it is the necessary consequence of an increased population and active capital; but after all is it greater than ought
to

to be expected?—we think not. When the number of poor persons receiving parochial relief in England and Wales amounted to 500,000; when the funds levied for their maintenance were one million; and when the price of day labour was six-pence, the burden of maintaining the poor was just as oppressive to the nation, and as loudly complained of, as when the number receiving parish relief had increased, as in 1803, to one million persons, and the funds raised for their support, to ten millions sterling: but be the amount what it may, we cannot deny their claim to a maintenance from the public. We give a considerable share of the national income to those whose duty it is to direct the morals, and to protect the public and private property of the nation—where then would be the justice of excluding the unfortunate and helpless of that part of the community from whose labour that income is derived?

The general introduction of machinery into our manufactures, by abridging the demand for labour, and the great and rapid improvements that have taken place in husbandry, requiring fewer hands, might occasion a temporary increase of the number of paupers; but the fluctuation in the prices of the necessaries of life has been, in our estimation, a far more fertile source. This is a question so nearly allied to a measure of vital importance to the future prosperity of the nation, now under the consideration of the legislature, that it would be unpardonable to pass it over:—we allude to the framing of a law for keeping steady the price of corn, which, in fact, will have the effect of keeping steady the price of labour, and thereby conduce more to the comfort of the poor, than the too prevailing delusion of having bread *cheap*—a vague and indefinite term, which has no meaning, unless when used in comparison with the wages of labour.

Wheat may be *cheap* at 90s. the quarter, and dear at 30s.; and the labouring poor may be wretched with the quartern loaf at six-pence, and comfortable when it is at sixteen-pence; the active capital and the expenditure of a nation will determine the demand for labour, and this demand will regulate the wages of that labour, so as to bear a just proportion to the price of the necessaries of life. For it will be found that where the supply of labourers is nearly balanced with the demand, there will the wages of labour be regulated by the price of provisions, and especially by the price of corn. A sudden rise or fall of the prices of articles of the first necessity must very severely affect the condition of the labouring poor, but those prices and the wages of labour will gradually tend to a level.

We have lately heard a great deal of the cheapness of living on the continent. In France, we are told that beef and mutton may be

be had from 3½d. to 4d. a pound, and that the quartern loaf is not above seven-pence; but then those who wish to extol the cheapness of living in France do not tell us that the wages of a common labourer are a *franc* or *ten-pence*, and that a weaver or other mechanic may earn, by close application, from thirteen to eighteen-pence a day: the common labourer in England, who earns from two shillings to half-a-crown a day, and who gets his pound of good meat for eight-pence, and his quartern loaf for a shilling, has nothing to envy the labourer of France; much less has the manufacturer and mechanic of England, whose daily wages amount to five shillings and from that sum to half-a-guinea. If the delusion of the word *cheapness* is to seduce any one from his native country, we should recommend him to take up his abode in Russia, where he may purchase as much beef as he can devour for about three half-pence, drink as much *quass* as he can swallow for a penny, and get plenty of garlic for nothing; and he may probably earn by hard labour about three-pence a day: or if he extends his journey to China, he may purchase as much rice as he can eat for a penny, an inch of fat pork to season it for a halfpenny, and a cup of *seau-chew* to wash it down for another halfpenny, and by working like a Chinese, he may perhaps earn two-pence halfpenny a day.

The wages of labour, in point of fact, are higher in England at this time, when compared with the price of corn, than they are in any other country, and at least equal to what they were at any former period in this. When wheat was sold in the market at 52s. the quarter, the quartern loaf was six-pence halfpenny; and when this was the price of wheat corn, the price of labour was from six-pence to nine-pence a day. Take the present price of corn at 66s. the quarter, the quartern loaf ought to be 8½d. (why it is 11d. we leave the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London to explain,*) and the wages of a common day-labourer are from two shillings and upwards: that is, the labourer in the former period earned little more than his quartern loaf by a day's work, whereas he now earns more than two quartern loaves; and yet we are for ever reminded of the happy condition of the poor in former days.

The condition of the labouring poor, as connected with the price of grain, and the policy of affording an equal degree of protection to the agricultural and the manufacturing interests of

* The prices of provisions in London are shamefully kept up by monopolies, arising out of overgrown capitals. When that ridiculous remnant of corporation-meddling, known by the name of 'Assize,' shall be abolished; when the baker becomes independent of the mealman, the publican of the brewer, the coal dealer of the coal carrier or ship-owner, the fishmonger of the Billingsgate salesman, and not till then, we shall have bread, porter, coals and fish at reasonable prices.

Great Britain, are well argued in a speech, now before us, of the Honourable Mr. Baron Hepburn,* of Smeaton, on the subject of the corn laws, delivered at a numerous and respectable meeting of the county of East Lothian, 'to consider of a petition to the House of Commons,' on this important question.

In examining the history of the Saxon kings, he finds, that corn was a regular article of commercial export; that however under the Norman race of kings a contrary policy was adopted, and the export of every denomination of food, even down to *cured herrings*, prohibited; and what was the consequence? 'the quarter of wheat, the year after this prohibition, (a very favourable and productive season,) was at *three shillings*, and a large surplus beyond the consumption remained an useless incumbrance upon the hands of the husbandman; but 'in the course of two or three years thereafter,' adds the baron, 'you will find the quarter of wheat as high, one writer says, as *nineteen pounds*, and another *twenty-two pounds* sterling of our money; and historians tell us, that several thousands of people died in London of absolute want, and many went into the country and gathered and eat the ears of green corn, merely to preserve themselves in existence.'

This woeful change, then considered as 'a severe visitation of God for the sins of the people,' was the natural consequence of the farmer ceasing to grow wheat for which there was no market; and ploughing only as much land as would produce grain for his own consumption; turning the rest into pasture for the support of that stock which would not spoil a few years longer.

The same mistaken policy produced similar results in France. When its affairs were directed by that able and upright statesman, Sully, who used to say, that 'agriculture and pasture were the two great breasts of nature,' every facility was afforded to the transport and export of corn; and the consequence was, that France became so flourishing and productive, as to enable her, after paying freight and all other charges, to undersel the English farmer in his own market. But mark the difference when Richelieu became minister! Weakly aspiring to eclipse the glory of Sully, by doing something greater for France than Sully had done, he began his operations by establishing the manufacture of silk in the city of Lyons. To encourage this manufacture, under the absurd idea of lowering the price of corn, and with it that of labour, he not only prohibited the export of corn from France, but forbade the transport of it, under severe penalties, from one province to another; the unavoidable consequence was, as Baron Hepburn observes,

* Baron Hepburn is an excellent practical farmer in a district of Great Britain which confessedly yields to none in the perfection to which the agricultural art has been carried.

‘that, in populous provinces, such as those round Paris, the price of bread rose to an enormous rate; and, across an ideal line, corn was a cumbrous, useless load, for the want of a market; and agriculture, thus trammelled and shackled, soon languished, and died.’

Under these regulations of Richelieu, France remained for more than a century, until the report of M. Turgot on the depressed state of her agriculture brought that nation to its senses; and, as we know to our cost, she has again become an exporter of corn.

The French economists considered agriculture as the only productive employment. If they had known to what pitch of improvement manufactures could be carried by the aid of machinery, they must have confessed the absurdity of their theory. In England we have felt the importance of manufactures, and afforded them a degree of protection and encouragement which, if popular clamour were attended to, would now be withheld from agriculture; yet, as the author whom we have just been quoting observes, ‘it is the clearest of all clear propositions, that they are most intimately connected together; for the manufacturers eat what the agriculturists grow; and the latter wear what the former weave, and if one thrive, the other must thrive.’ This is the true way of viewing the subject, and this necessarily leads to the conclusion, that the same protection ought to be given to the manufacture of corn, that is given to the manufacture of woollens and cottons: the prices of all the necessaries of life, which are regulated by the price of corn, would then become steady, and ‘*steady prices* (as the baron observes) are always *cheap*, because they fix and keep equally *steady*, the price of labour,’—and we may safely add, they tend to diminish the number of paupers.

This, we are aware, is not the popular doctrine—the man who professes it must not expect to be gratified by seeing his name emblazoned in chalk on every blank wall. If such be his ambition he will better succeed by preaching up ‘no corn laws’—‘lower your rents,’ &c. It is not rent, we apprehend, that occasions the high price of corn. Those who are most conversant on the subject declare that, even at the present prices, full one-third part of the land now under cultivation, consisting of the high, the light, and the poor soils, would do little more, even if rent free, than repay the expenses; they require all the labour that the richer lands do, greater expense of manure, pay all parochial and parliamentary taxes, and after all yield but a scanty crop.* The delay of some

* It is stated in more than one of the petitions to parliament, that the average of rents does not exceed one-sixth part of the annual expenses laid out on the lands; and that ten or twelve pounds an acre are frequently bestowed on one crop on land the rent of which does not exceed twenty shillings an acre.

legislative provision—the doubts that exist, lest a suitable protection may not be afforded to agriculture, have already put a stop to the inclosing of wastes and the improvement of poor lands; but if by bringing those into a high state of cultivation, Great Britain can be made, as is generally admitted, capable of yielding a sufficient supply for its own consumption, it would appear to be little short of madness to continue to send yearly from three to ten millions sterling *in specie* to buy corn in foreign countries, instead of expending it in the improvement of agriculture at home.

Whatever importance may be attached to our manufactures, and none will deny their importance, they are, nevertheless, not without their concomitant evils. By the general introduction of working by the task or job, the best workmen earn in four days more than is sufficient for the week; and the consequence too frequently is, that the other three days are spent in idleness and dissipation: while the sudden stoppage of any particular branch of manufacture, whether through the caprice of fashion, or the decrees of an enemy, usually send multitudes to the poorhouse, whose subsistence had been derived solely from that branch. Among the crowds, too, that large manufacturing towns and districts draw together there must be a number of idle and depraved characters, whose pernicious example infects but too generally the younger part of the community.

And yet, extraordinary as it may appear, the proportion of persons who have received parish relief, in some of the first manufacturing counties, is much less than in some of the richest agricultural counties. Thus it appears from the return to parliament, in 1803, of the number of paupers in England, that in the great manufacturing county of Lancashire, the number of paupers was about 7 in the 100, or about one-fourteenth part of the population; while in Oxford they amounted to 20 and in Berkshire to 21 in the 100, or one-fifth of the inhabitants of those highly cultivated counties.

This singular fact can only be explained by the practice which has recently prevailed in all the great towns, and more especially in manufacturing towns, of the labouring poor and the artisans forming themselves into benefit societies, whose funds are applied to the support of those whom sickness or a temporary want of work may have deprived of their usual earnings.

Mr. Colquhoun observes that

‘Wherever oatmeal, barleymeal, potatoes and milk form the chief part of the food of the labouring people, as in the several counties of England north of the Trent, and in the whole of Wales, Scotland and Ireland, a greater abundance prevails; and that wherever the country exhibits the greatest and most general attributes of fertility; wherever the surface is covered with the most abundant crops, and the

finest

finest verdure, there generally is to be found the greatest portion of indigence.

and he instances the returns abovementioned, wherein it appears, that in Sussex and Wiltshire the number of paupers average 23 per cent. or nearly one-fourth part of the population, whereas in Cumberland they do not exceed 5 per cent. or one-twentieth part of the population.

We have no doubt, indeed, that if potatoes were made the principal article of food, in the southern and middle, as they are in the northern counties and in Scotland, the number of paupers would be diminished, and the expense of their maintenance greatly reduced. For while we admit the indigent and helpless to have a right to a maintenance at the expense of the rest of the community, we cannot consent to the propriety of dealing out to them the best meat or the best bread, or to proportion the quantum of relief to the existing price of corn. A regulation of this kind, which, however, has been adopted, is a sort of premium for raising paupers; it is equally unjust to the public by increasing the burden beyond what is necessary, and to the industrious labourer, who sees the idle and dissolute better fed than himself. The indigent consist of a variety of classes, which are separated by Mr. Colquhoun into various divisions, and we do not see why they should not be as variously treated, in the quality as well as the quantity of food assigned to them; this would tend more than any thing else to get rid of a great portion of those who have been admitted as objects of parochial relief, not from unavoidable but some of the 'culpable causes of indigence,' enumerated by Mr. Colquhoun.

It is but too true we fear, that, within the last thirty years, a considerable degradation of moral character has been observable among the lower ranks of society; we wish we could say that it mounted no higher. The ostentatious display of charitable donations, posted in the front of the public newspapers, would seem to have subdued that pride and independence of feeling, which would once have shrunk from being held up as the objects of such charity; but now an address to the 'charitable and humane,' from 'a reduced officer, an unfortunate tradesman, or a gentleman who has seen better days,' is an easy and elegant way of acquainting the purchasers of charitable fame, at what banking houses their names and subscriptions will be registered.

We do not agree with Mr. Colquhoun and many very worthy people that this moral debasement had its origin in the French revolution. It is the natural consequence, we fear, of the general diffusion of wealth, of the increased population of manufacturing towns and villages, and above all of the want of education to check and restrain the propensity to vice.

Considerable improvements have taken place within the last thirty years in the condition of the great body of the people, who ever is in the habit of travelling must be sensible how much the comforts of the lower classes have been extended; he sees them better fed, better clothed, and better housed than they were at any former period—more cleanly in their persons and dwellings, themselves and their children more healthy and vigorous. He will observe the avenues to every town enlivened with comfortable small villas and neat cottages; and in the manufacturing districts whole towns erected, where not a dwelling-house stood before. Instead of miserable mud hovels, by the sides of the public roads, choked up as they still are in Ireland and in France, with a dung-hill in front and a puddle behind—instead of a few listless beings covered with dirt and rags, whose squalid looks bespeak not merely a state of poverty, but of extreme indigence and misery, once too common a sight in this country—he will now observe the humblest cottage clean and comfortable, its little garden laid out in beds of herbs and flowers; and the woodbine and the jessamine overspreading the doors and windows; these are indications of comfort and plenty; for when men plant roses they are not in want of the necessities of life, and on this subject too many.

The next blot, on what many will consider as false colouring, in Mr. Colquhoun's picture, is the paper-currency of Great Britain. The late bullion question, which occupied the attention, and employed the pens, of many able men, showed how much opinions were at variance. The merchants entertained one idea respecting the paper-currency, the bankers another, and the money-dealers a third; and the resolutions of a committee of the House of Commons, who had taken great pains to ascertain the truth, were set aside by resolutions of a contrary tendency, passed by the whole house.

The general opinion, however, was, that the paper currency was depreciated, and consequently that the circulation of it, while unjust to individuals, was injurious to the national credit. This depreciation was supposed to arise from an excessive issue, which made paper, like every other article in the market whose supply exceeds the demand, to fall in value; and the evil thereby occasioned was a rise in the price of every necessary of life; an effect, however, which would have been precisely the same and to the same extent, from an excess of any circulating medium, no matter whether it were gold, or silver, or paper. In foreign countries the evil arising from an excessive issue of paper would be the loss of credit by the loss of confidence in the paper itself. In consequence of the passing of the Bank restriction bill in 1797,

balance of trade, therefore, but the whole amount of trade that was against England.

That the high price of bullion and the great depreciation of the foreign exchanges were in a great degree occasioned by the magnitude of our expenditure on the continent, is obvious from the following facts. Soon after the peace with France was concluded, the price of bullion fell from £5:10s. to £4:10s. the ounce, or 22 per cent. and the exchange with Hamburgh became more favourable and gradually rose 22 per cent. or approached as near to par as the market price of bullion had subsided to the mint price of gold.

The experiment of suspending all cash payments, it must be confessed, was a bold one; and, as Lord Liverpool pronounced it, in his reply to Lord Grenville's crimination of a measure which he himself had been a humble instrument in promoting,

‘one of the most memorable among the whole number of the eminent services of that great man whom we all deplore—one that was characteristic of his genius—one that bore the strongest impression of that magnanimous spirit which, knowing the evil interpretation and the obloquy that would be thrown upon the measure, was yet fully prepared to encounter prejudice for the public welfare. He knew the alarm which it must create in its commencement—the strong prejudices that must be excited—the dark forebodings to which so new and formidable a step must give rise; and,’ continues his lordship, ‘while I cannot sufficiently admire and applaud the spirit which, anticipating all those consequences, boldly resolved at once upon the measure, I cannot but regard it as the source of our most successful efforts in the general cause,—as, in no slight degree, the very means of national salvation.’

We verily believe, indeed, on looking back to that portentous time, that had not Mr. Pitt's comprehensive mind anticipated, what afterwards happened, with regard to the disappearance of specie, but delayed the measure till the evil day came, no expedients, no exertions, no sacrifices on the part of individuals could by any possibility have enabled us to struggle through a war unexampled in its duration and expenditure. Every new alarm would have occasioned a run upon the bank; every guinea drawn from thence would have been hoarded, melted, or exported; public credit would have been shaken—all trade and commerce at a stand, and a peace been submitted to on any terms.

On the national debt, loans, and taxes, our observations must be very brief; but we wish to notice the erroneous opinions which many entertain of them. When Mr. Hume predicted the bankruptcy of Great Britain whenever her public debt should amount to one hundred millions, we have no doubt a majority of his readers acquiesced in the truth of the prophecy. If any one had then ventured

tured to maintain that ten times that sum would one day have been raised by individuals for the exigencies of the state, he would have incurred the suspicion of being a visionary or a madman. A thousand and a thousand times have we been told that this debt could be carried no higher; that it loads, and clogs, and presses down the energies of the nation, and yet in spite of all those ponderous epithets, its weight has increased from year to year, and still the nation is buoyant! It has been represented as the greatest of national evils, and yet none can deny that the nation has continued to flourish. That it has a limit is most certain; but it is as certain that none will pretend to fix the point where that limit is to be placed.*

The

	Principal.	Interest.
* Its progress is thus stated by Mr. Colquhoun: The national debt at the revolution	664,263	39,855
Increase in the reign of King William	15,780,439	1,071,067
Debt at the accession of Queen Anne	16,394,702	1,510,942
Increase during the reign of Queen Anne	37,750,661	2,040,416
Debt at the accession of George I.	54,145,363	3,351,352
Decrease during the reign of George I.	2,053,128	1,133,907
Debt at the accession of George II.	52,092,235	2,917,551
Decrease during the peace	5,137,618	253,526
Debt at the commencement of the Spanish war 1759.	46,954,625	1,964,025
Increase during the war	31,338,689	1,096,979
Debt at the end of the Spanish war	78,293,313	3,061,004
Decrease during the peace	3,721,472	664,287
Debt at the commencement of the war 1755	74,571,840	2,396,717
Increase during the war	72,111,004	2,444,104
Debt at the conclusion of the peace 1762	146,682,844	4,840,821
Decrease during the peace	10,739,793	364,000
Debt at the commencement of the American war 1776	135,943,051	4,476,821
Increase during the war	102,541,819	3,843,084
Debt at the conclusion of the American war 1783	238,484,870	8,319,905
Decrease during the peace	4,751,261	143,669
Debt at the commencement of the Revolutionary war 1793	233,733,609	8,176,336
Increase during the war	327,469,665	11,252,152
Debt at the conclusion of the Revolutionary war 1801	561,203,274	20,428,488
Increase during the peace	40,207,806	307,478
Debt at the commencement of the French war in 1803	601,411,080	20,735,966
Increase during the war	341,784,871	9,683,468
Total	943,195,951	30,419,434

The establishment of the sinking fund for the redemption of this debt was another proof of that consummate wisdom which will immortalise the memory of Mr Pitt. Such was the effect of this measure that the 3 per cent stock, which at the close of the last war in 1784, was at 100 per cent, in the course of 1796 at 76 per cent, and in 1798 reached 96 per cent. Of this sinking fund was first fixed at a million a year; it was afterwards raised to £200,000, and in 1793 was still farther increased by the addition of one per cent on all loans raised subsequent to that period. And as a sinking fund of one per cent will redeem the principal in 37, 41, or 47 years, according as the rate of interest shall be 5, 4, or 3 per cent, to the amount borrowed will always be redeemed in a determined number of years. This circumstance alone should disarm the national debt of its terrors; its practical effects have indeed been satisfactorily proved by a solemn declaration of the legislature, 'that the total capital of the funded debt of Great Britain amounting on the 5th of January 1786, to £238,231,248, 5s. 2½d. had, on or before the 1st of March 1813, been wholly satisfied and discharged; the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt having actually purchased £238,350,443:18s. 1d., exceeding the aforementioned sum by £118,893:18s. 10½d.' The objection to loans, that they divert capital from a more beneficial employment in agriculture, trade, and manufactures, is, in some degree, founded. But when we have witnessed the progressive growth of all these branches of our national wealth and power, under the pressure of this very heavy loan, which the late contest has compelled us to raise, we find in this circumstance the strongest and most gratifying evidence of the extent of our resources; and that the annual drain on capital already accumulated, great as it has been, has been more than replaced in each succeeding year of war, by the still greater influx of capital created by the productive and renovating powers of this mighty empire.

But the evil may be said to consist in the taxes required to pay the interest of the national debt arising from these accumulated loans; and that taxes are evils, very few, we believe, will be disposed to deny—every one feels their effect—many are grievously

Total funded and unfunded debt 1st of Feb, 1813	943,195,951	30,429,434
Debt redeemed	236,801,742	7,718,568
Debt 1st of Feb, 1813	706,394,209	22,680,872

If to this be added the vast sums that were raised in 1813, amounting to more than 64 millions, together with that raised in the course of the present year, and the whole reduced to stock at 5 per cent, stock on each £100, the total of the national debt now redeemed may be taken at £600,000,000, bearing an interest of nearly £25,000,000 sterling.

oppressed

oppressed by them; and the pressure must grow with the growing amount to be raised. But even the amount of taxation gives a spur to the national industry, and calls forth national energies. It is true that taxes increase the price of labour and many of that account, in a certain degree, check the export of manufactures; they affect also the amiables, or those who have a fixed income; but these are partial evils, from which, even a universal good cannot be exempt.

Though something odious attaches itself to the very name of a tax, yet a nation without taxes can have reached only a very low degree of civilization, or power. Thomas Jefferson, in his *philosophical Message to Congress*, boastingly demanded who had ever seen a tax-gatherer in America? Professing ourselves among the number of those who experience no very particular degree of affection for our transatlantic brethren, we are not disposed to rejoice that this wretched impostor has lived long enough to answer the question himself: we could rather have wished (as far as we are concerned) that our loving-kindred had been still permitted to feed on Johnny-cake, and honey, without molestation from the tax-gatherer.

The *Message* of Jefferson was merely foolish, but the speech of an English Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which it was declared that taxation had nearly reached its limits, was both unwise and hurtful—unwise because it was known not to be true—and hurtful because, whether true or false, it tended to lower the public credit and the public confidence, by which this country has been enabled to struggle through the contest, and without which all the wealth of the nation would not have availed it at the trying moment when the bank withheld its cash payments. It was not by planting the seeds of despondency that Mr. Pitt taught the people of England to weather the storm. The pilot at the helm should be the last man to hint at danger.

ART. VI. *The Velvet Cushion.* By J. W. Cunningham, A. M. Vicar of Harrow. 8vo. pp. 186. London. Cadell and Davies. 1814.

THE very limited opportunity for the introduction of humour into serious subjects, has amounted almost to a total exclusion of it from religion; for where the matter enforces the most solemn attention, we revolt at the impropriety of grotesque illustration: and this forbearance, in unison with our best feelings, has been established as a principle of taste, acknowledged by those who are most capable of judging, and respected by all who are influenced by received opinion. Immediately after the Reformation, when polemic

divinity appeared in its lower walks, in defence of the cap and surplice, and the proper postures of devotion, the pulpit became the organ of loud and railing disputation; nor was the same spirit entirely subdued, when controversy was diverted to more important subjects: the infidel was to be combated with his own weapons; and if ridicule, as in later times, prescribed the method of attack and supplied the want of argument, the sneers were retorted with a quaintness of wit, too nearly allied to petulance and scurrility. And here we may principally boast the improvement of modern controversy;—with the same arguments to enforce, we have felt the dignity of the subject, and forborne to sport with the solemnity of truth, or even to appear in her defence with unconsecrated armour.

But though the subject of divinity is thus secured from profanation, connected as religion externally is with the world, it must create incidental topics of general allusion; and while its ministers are distinguished by situation, by peculiar habits or acquirements, they are exhibited to closer observation in their lives and manners. Few therefore are the representations of dramatic life, in which the clerical character escapes an introduction: it furnishes a ready advocate of virtue, or an enemy of vice; sometimes, as in Richardson, wandering into grave discussions, which, however useful for discipline, are prejudicial to the interest of the narrative; but more generally moralizing with traits of caricature, which, artfully placing the best intentions at variance with common sense, provoke a smile at honest simplicity, or broader laughter at ill-judged preciseness. The memory, we fear, of Mr. Abraham Adams is more fondly cherished in his distresses, as the incendiary of his own manuscript *Æschylus*, or as the half-drowned king of Bohemia, than as the intrepid guardian of innocence and virtue. It is hardly to be expected that the writer should withhold the exercise of a favourite talent, that he should conduct us into the tract of merriment, and suddenly shift the humour for the sake of moral consistency, or in exchange for personal eccentricity, preserve the dull propriety of character.

With these prepossessions against the application of wit to religious subjects, and with this scepticism on the practicable union of serious morality with humorous story, we read the little publication before us. It is an effort to introduce, in a light and cheerful narrative, the important objects of religion, and without any perplexing descant on immaterial controversies, to point out the distinguishing merits of that church which, after all the cavils at the envied opulence of its establishment, after all the imputation on the bigoted protection of the state, owes its principal support

to common sense and feeling, the zealous and unshaken advocates of truth.

'The Velvet Cushion,' from the reign of Mary to the present times, surviving the vicissitudes of Catholic, Protestant, and Dissenting worship in public, and of individual devotion in private, and finally devolving to the pulpit of a retired parish in Westmoreland, becomes, rather awkwardly, its own historian to a vicar in the forty-fifth year of his incumbency. Of its object we give the following account.

'From the Pissah of the pulpit I have seen most of the great men of successive ages, whom piety, custom, accident, or their wives, have brought to church. In the same commanding situation I have heard all the best preachers of three centuries. Thus all the grand questions in religion and morality, and by dint of fasts and thanksgivings, in politics, have been submitted to my consideration. And when conveyed for warmth during the week, from the pulpit to the vestry, I have heard all sorts of questions discussed, in all sorts of tempers by all sorts of men. The clerks, sextons and pew-openers also, a class of persons falsely thought to have little to do with the affairs of the church, except to take one fee for burying the dead, and sometimes another for digging them up again, have given me much information. They play, indeed, inferior parts in the ecclesiastical drama; but as far as free and fluent elocution goes to form an actor, they have probably few superiors. Amidst such privileges, I trust, I have not been altogether idle. And if you are curious to see the result of my cogitations, and to compare them with your own, you have now the opportunity. The paper in your hands contains an account of much that I have heard and seen, with my own comments upon it.'—p. 12.

The worthy vicar, to whom this is addressed, is the truly pastoral divine. A pinch of snuff, rarely a pipe, an occasional nap and a trifling complaint, compose his frugal stock of bodily indulgence and mortification; and except a digressive leaning to loyalty and tythes, his whole mind is concentrated in the spiritual welfare of the church, and more particularly of his own flock. Of his mode of life we give the following extract:

'It was a rule with him always to follow up his morning petitions to his Father in heaven, by resuming the study of that blessed book with which he had closed the day. After this he called together his circle of grey-headed servants, to join him in devout supplication for blessings upon his family and upon the world. Then he breakfasted. Then, chiefly, though not exclusively, by devout reading, he laid up materials for the sermon of the next Sunday. Then he visited, perhaps, some cottages in his village, instructed the ignorant, rebuked the careless, or bound up the wounds of the broken-hearted, and taught them, without appealing to his own case, though no one who saw him could help making the application, how "happy is the people, who have the Lord for their God."—p. 28.

Having

Having introduced the Vicar, we cannot in courtesy neglect his partner.

There was one bosom which shared all his joys and sorrows. He had a wife who was the pillar of his little fabric of worldly comforts. (p. 9.)

She had taught herself to love whatever he loved. Indeed fifty years of faithful companionship were not likely to leave much difference of taste. They were like the strings of two finely tuned instruments brought into contact—such the one and the other vibrated in

In this echo of all his sentiments, this reflection of all his feelings, there are still discoverable the distinguishing features of female affection: that minute superintendence over his trifling habits, those admonitions on his bodily health, and the sly practices on his diet, which mark the faithful wife, and which, whether, in this instance, they were considered as the overflowings of love, or the trials of patience, were submitted to with equal resignation. If he read aloud, he was reminded of the mortal texture of his lungs; if he drank his tea, his nerves were consulted by the unequal mixture of black; and if his fancy ever wandered in the regions of theology, it was recalled by a memento of the hour of bed. We were particularly pleased with the essential difference of character in this worthy couple; with those contrasts in trifles which offer no interruption to the strictest unison, and yet mark the distinguishing properties of their minds. The vicar, indignant at the holes with which the puritanical halbert had pierced his cushion, is transported to the controversies of other centuries; the careful lady reflects on the wasteful consumption of cotton in repairs: he foresees, in the contempt of his surplice, the insult to religion itself; she exhausts her sensibility on the neglect of her own handy-work: he demands the consequence of a successful rebellion of the branches against the stem; she hurries to gather her young chicken, straying from the dam: lastly, the vicar prognosticates the suffocation of popery by the general diffusion of the Bible. ‘Suppose, my love,’ (said the old lady,) to whom the mere name of the Bible always suggested her own duties with regard to it, ‘we now read our own chapter and go to bed.’ (p. 26.) To complete this picture of harmony, the influence of religion was always over them. In earlier youth, when life engages by its own attractions, and the mind, buoyant with happiness, flies from the feeling of mortality, they checked the thoughtless rapture, with the hallowed thought of God: in their later day, when, with the decaying senses, enjoyments fade, and nature grows sad and weary, there was for them a steady ray of setting light, which softened the abruptness of the decline, strengthened resignation, and gave assurance to hope. ‘They did read their chapter and rose from it, as I have heard them say they always did.

did; loving God and one another even better than they did before. We have only to wish that the picture of the lady had been more consistent; sometimes she is in danger of drivelling, and sometimes she discourses on subjects apparently beyond her reach quite as well as the Vicar himself.

Although we have thus largely entered into the peculiarities of this worthy couple, we feel a demand upon our attention to other figures in the back-ground of the picture; *Vetusta* and *Selina*, *Munster* and *Berkley*. If the reader should have formed his taste of portraiture in writing from the character of *Law*, from the pungency of his satire, the strength of his language, and his slow analogy which every feature of the illustration bears to the subject, he will not here be gratified by these attainments; but he will yet find an exposure of those false appearances, which, under the mask of religion, delude our vanity and impose upon our weakness. He will find also a warmth of expression which reaches the heart, and the touches of truth and nature, which give so strong a reality to the creations of the fancy. *Vetusta* was a woman of strong passions, to which, in her youth, the dissipation of society afforded constant occupation in frivolous amusements or vicious indulgence; like *Feliciana* in *Law*.

She is to be again dressed fine, and keep her visiting day. She is again to change the colour of her clothes, again to have a new head, and again to put patches on her face. She is again to see who acts best at the play-house, and who sings finest at the Opera. She is again to make ten visits in a day, and be ten times in a day trying to talk artfully, easily and politely about nothing. She is to be again delighted with some new fashion, and again angry at the change of some old one. She is to be again at cards and gaming at midnight, and again in bed at noon. She is to be again pleased with hypocritical compliments, and again disturbed at imaginary affronts. She is to be again pleased with her good luck at gaming, and again tormented with the loss of her money. She is again to prepare herself for a birth-night, and again to see the town full of good company. She is again to hear the cabals and intrigues of the town; again to have secret intelligence of private amours, and early notice of marriages, quarrels, and partings.

In the decline of life, she has recourse to religion for the strong sensations so necessary to her existence, and which pleasure could no longer stimulate. She read, talked and prayed, all that she might feel, and was as much a Christian on her knees at sixty, as at her toilet thirty years before. We give the conclusion of the picture, the taste of which, however, is very indifferent.

Vetusta, though she had ceased to love any thing here, felt nothing but a chilly horror of an hereafter. The ear which had, as it were, borne her affections from the earth, had not, like that of the prophet,

translated

translated them to heaven. "She hung in suspense between two worlds, fired of the one, and unfit for the other."—p. 96.

The character of her niece Selina is of peculiar interest. "A gentler spirit was scarcely ever let loose amidst the snares and tumults of the world." With a mind too delicate to escape the infection of example, and too susceptible of external influence to remain passive, she caught the soul of superstition, and became 'fitter for La Trappe than for the holy happy life of a Christian.' Her weakness of mind soon preyed upon her body; 'a consumption followed, and I saw her, at nineteen, carried out to the grave, the wretched victim of a neglected education and a spurious faith.'—

Of Munster, to a certain extent a character not unknown in the world, we cannot quite approve: many, we believe, are so entangled in the prejudices of party opinions, that they can form no other criterion of worth in society than a similarity of sentiment; of unquestionable probity themselves, they require in others only the Shibboleth of their own sect on questions of government or religion; and to a perseverance in these principles they attribute integrity of life. If to this bigotry (and bigotry is not the exclusive property of one party) we add a sternness of manner, softened, perhaps, by an occasional act of charity, and illumined by starts of better feeling, such a character, we apprehend, is within the experience of every reader. Still there is in this no exaggerated vice, no profligate scorn of morality. To be visited therefore with the ruin of every earthly attachment, and with a shock of calamity so violent and sudden as to overwhelm the reason, is too severe a retribution: this, in fictitious characters, should be reserved for the last atrocity of wickedness.

As a contrast to the above we have the character of Berkley. To those who may be of opinion that there is too strong a line of separation between the parochial clergy and their parishioners, and who consider the shepherd with his flock as an attentive father in the midst of an affectionate family, we may safely recommend Berkley as fulfilling these superintending charities in their most practicable extent. But while he appeared as a parent to all around him, it was his delight to contemplate on God: it prescribed to him the line of his duty in general, and particularly in two instances most worthy of imitation. On subjects of controversy

"His impression was, that as the child had no right to hope and should comprehend all that was intelligible to the matured wisdom of a parent; far less should man presume to dive into the mysteries of God. This at once taught him to prefer carrying the balance rather than the sword, avoiding contending parties in religion."—p. 169.

It

It taught him also to represent God as the father of mankind, and accordingly as interested in the welfare of all his family, and most delighting in his favourite attribute of 'long-suffering and tender mercy.'

Even when the earth shook—when the face of heaven was darkened—when the veil of the temple was rent, and the 'groans of nature proclaimed the just anger of God,'—a voice of mercy was heard amidst the clamours and agonies of the universe—'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;' and the Son of God ascended again hither, not dragging at his chariot-wheel thousands of his proselytes, but bearing in his arms one poor criminal rescued from the cross.

The two little efforts of poetry, interwoven with the circumstances of the history, derive their principal merit from an exact conformity to the vicar's taste. They embrace no descriptions of scenery where inanimate objects are associated with great events and heroic personages; and they contain no rugged moods of romantic passion. They rather discover a limitation of fancy, characteristic of the pastoral divine: they seek for no originality of thought without the pale of his profession, they admit no turn of expression beyond the adaptation of scripture phraseology. The first is entitled the 'Village Church;' the next is a tribute to the memory of an only son; of this we give the concluding stanza; and those who are inclined to smile at the primitive quaintness of the application, may yet acknowledge its neatness and simplicity.

This the blest theme that cheers my voice,
The grave is not my darling's prison;
The "stone" that cover'd half my joys,
Is "roll'd away" and "he is risen."—p. 158.

It is not our wish to dwell on the obvious blemishes attending the lighter parts of this work. We will, therefore, leave at once the stale jokes and tasteless witticisms of the vicar, and express our sentiments on the benefit which such a performance may be calculated to produce on the public mind. An experiment has been made of late years to exhibit in the form of a narrative the operation of religion, as visible in the common habits of society and the duties of daily occurrences, as well as in the pursuits of more permanent happiness. It was the error of this intention that it kept its purpose too formally in view, that every feeling was too strictly disciplined, and that the secret guidance of piety was obtrusively paraded on trivial occasions;—the generality of readers, we are afraid, were in consequence disgusted with what appeared to them the hypocrisy, or, at least, the incumbrance of religion, while others, who respected the intention, thought that equal goodness might be shewn in a more inviting dress, and that the constant display of its means and motives was scarcely in character with Christian humanity.

lity. This purpose we consider as not ill accomplished in the history of the velvet cushion;—for we here see that a religion, strict in faith, and scrupulous in practice, may win the heart by a persuasive cheerfulness, and prove the possibility of attractive goodness. We see also the example of a parochial minister alike amiable in his attachment to his own church, and in his moderate opposition to dissenting doctrines; with opinions resolute on passing questions of controversy, yet untainted with the prejudice of sect or party; a zealous friend, a tolerant enemy, and eager to obliterate smaller differences, though sometimes perhaps not quite understanding them, for the sake of preserving agreement in more important points. Here, then, we shall take our leave of the author; and, while we encroach on the farther attention of the reader, we are bound in justice to observe, that we intend only an explanation of opinions in substantial unison we believe with our own.

Much ill use having been made of the name of Hooker, in connection with the calvinism attributed to the fathers of our Reformation, we should always bear in mind the circumstances under which he wrote. On the settled conviction that the form of worship received by us as the practice of the primitive ages, was best adapted to the spirit of christianity; that ceremonies and postures, purified from idolatry and expressive of humility and adoration, were the most proper modes of prayer and supplication; and farther, that the gradation of episcopal and subordinate superintendence was the most effectual preservative of order,—upon this foundation he reared the mighty edifice of his polity. In this dissent from the discipline of Geneva, in this sisterhood, as it has been invidiously described, with the Romish communion, it was necessary to mark the abhorrence of its corruptions and heresies: while, therefore, in the preface of his work he calls his opponent Calvin "incomparably the wisest man the French church did ever enjoy"; in those points of doctrine, in which they united as against a general enemy, we find a closer assimilation of opinion from a sense of common danger. If the Romish church maintained the efficacy of works to salvation, with a view to the establishment of the penances and charities, which contributed so largely to her temporal authority and affluence; on the side of Geneva the utter incapacity of man was held to have been absolutely fixed before the commencement of his mortal existence,—a doctrine the most mischievous, as predestinating not with Mahomet the dissolution of our present being, but the ulterior decision to which our state of probation conducted, without any regard to human conduct. It cannot, however, be said, with truth, that these opinions were entertained by Hooker, and whatever appearances of them are to be found in him are to be attributed principally to his abhorrence of papal corruptions: we must

must also remember that they were qualified and limited in their extent; for, to quote only one passage out of a great many, in stating the salvation of man through the all-sufficient merits of our Saviour, he carefully adds,

‘Howbeit not so by him alone, as if in us to our vocation the hearing of the Gospel, to our justification Faith, to our sanctification the fruits of the Spirit, to our entrance into rest perseverance in hope, in faith, in holiness were not necessary.’—*Hooker’s Works*, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 476.

On the subject of grace, which is supposed to extinguish the nature of sin, and to preclude the possibility of future error, we know that some slender foundations, but in our judgment totally inadequate to the enormity of the calvinistic superstructure, may be discovered in the treatise on Justification. This notion, however, to whatever conclusion it may have been since perverted, must be chiefly ascribed to the deep-rooted humility of his character: sensible that, with the most powerful inducements to holiness, our nature is unequal to the conflict of its passions, he saw the necessity of the divine assistance; and, if our frailty could be so far conquered as to admit the firm conviction of faith, he trusted that the almighty mercy would supply an unalterable consistency, and preserve to their perfect accomplishment our insufficient, though constant, endeavours: but in this expectation there was no presumption of finished righteousness, no exclusive holiness—no appropriated grace; he allowed no fallible judgment to claim the sensible influence of the spirit; he betrayed not, in the daring certainty of salvation, the unholy rapture of enthusiasm; he corrected all overweening confidence by lowliness of heart, and placed the boundary of his assurance in trembling hope.

There are many persons, we believe, strictly attached to the form of our establishment, and generally satisfied with the performance of duty by our clergy, who still cling to some doctrinal errors which may in part be sanctioned by the earlier fathers of our church, and are now adopted in a fond deference to their authority. To such we would recommend a close attention to the circumstances of the times, to the subjects of existing controversies, and to the character of the disputants; persuaded that these considerations will frequently account for those anomalies which are not unusual to the clearest reason and the soundest judgment; for it could not have been the deliberate intention of our reformers to foster the growth of our establishment, and, at the same time, to plant the certain means of its decay; to overthrow, by invincible argument, the most deadly corruptions, and to introduce a contrary extremity of doctrine, which the weakness of human reason, and the intemperance of passion must precipitate into equally mischievous consequences;—but still, if in such minds error is unable to retrace its wanderings,

if, proceeding from integrity of principle, it discards the ambition of sectarianism, and confines itself to the privacy of its own thoughts, we are thankful for co-operation in other points of agreement, and we profess our respect for the honest doubts of a misguided judgment.

We shall venture to prolong this digression with a few considerations on the subject of methodism.

There are few persons of rank or consequence, of whatever party, who, from a permanent residence in the country, and particularly in the manufacturing districts, have the means of correct information, but feel considerable alarm at the progress of religious delusion in the lower orders of the people. A counterfeited or fancied inspiration (which is only judged of by individual consciousness) is erected into a plenary qualification of a teacher. In the eyes of his followers, this divests him of every previous habit, and converts from the lowest immorality to a state of impeccable righteousness; it supplies the defects of education, and imparts to ignorance the fruits of labour and research; but above all, while it wields the denunciation of the last vengeance, it arrogates to itself the remission of sins and the election to grace; and with these powerful weapons it proceeds to the establishment of its fundamental tenet, a hatred of existing institutions, of the church which opposes it by reason, of the law which restrains it from power. Let us follow this doctrine as it shews itself in practice. Taught to sacrifice his reason at the threshold of error, and rendered irreclaimable by the arguments of common sense, the disciple is dissatisfied with the common subordination to morality, and under his infallible director acknowledges no genuine influence of religion without enthusiasm; into common life, also, he soon learns to introduce the same rule of special appointment, and adopts the accidental impulses of passion for spiritual admonitions: weaned from respect for all human ordinances, an enemy of rank and power, and a despiser of law and justice, he hopes for universal anarchy, and sees in fits of good and evil, in intermissions of devotion and profligacy, the desired millennium. When such doctrines are inculcated on proselytes of daring enormity, we may expect every outrage of private malice, or confederate villainy: we may see religion, taught in ignorance, and practised in blasphemy, proceeding to the dissolution of society; for while it loosens the ties of union and relaxes every moral restraint, it inculcates a most mischievous contempt of human justice, by removing the dread of divine retribution, and by teaching the atonement of crime in the rapture of visionary penitence.

We have confined our views on this subject solely to the apprehensions of danger; for however we may think that a systematic profanation of religion and a methodized fanaticism in the lower orders,

orders, with all their consequences of immorality, of folly, and of domestic misery, are fit objects of legislative interference; we are aware that no encroachment will be permitted on the widest toleration, until self-preservation enforces the necessity. We shall probably be told that the zealous activity of the clergy is the only safe and allowable remedy to a disease which has originated in the neglect of their duty; but if the mischievous imputations of superstition, and the suspicions of self-interest have not already undermined their authority, they are often, from other unfavourable circumstances, without a chance of success; in populous places, from the scarcity of churches, and the extent of duty beyond the power of human exertion; and generally from the small influence of right doctrines upon the weak and the wicked? They cannot calumniate establishments or laws, nor inculcate the desire of innovation, and they dare not enlist in their cause the immediate wrath of Heaven, or unconditional salvation: to the estranged affections and irritated passions of their flock (who now listen but to the most inflammatory opinions) they have only to oppose ineffectual exhortations to goodwill and subordination. Are we then, it will be asked, to commence a system of religious coercion, and as a prop to a failing establishment to enforce an exclusive faith, the koran or sword? Our sentiments are entirely at variance with all persecution in matters of conscience; still we are of opinion that there are methods, which, if properly understood, would protect the established church, and promote the well-being of every conscientious sect.

It was proposed in parliament a few sessions past, that, as the candidates for orders in our own church were previously examined as to their competency, a similar regulation should obtain in the appointment of the dissenting clergy; and for this purpose it was thought, that if the proper qualifications for the ministry should be left to the deputed discretion of every sect, the sanction of so respectable a judgment would form an unquestionable security for capacity and character. It was the misfortune of this intention, that it originated with a nobleman distinguished by his opposition to the claims of the Roman Catholics; and as that question, mingling with the struggles of party, and appearing to involve in its decision the hopes and fears of office, had been debated with the utmost spleen and personality, it imparted to other unconnected discussions the same jealousy and suspicion of individuals. The merit of the present intention was degraded into the most unworthy motive; a respect for the scruples of the crown was construed into a wicked devotion to despotism; a vigilant regard for the church proceeded from religious bigotry, and the defence of precautionary laws breathed the very spirit of a persecuting intolerance:—the intimation therefore of interference from such a quarter touched every

spring of popular excitement, and the feeble voice of reason was overwhelmed in the united torrent of meetings, speeches and petitions. The danger of resistance to so formidable an array of opinion justly prevailed, and while its friends were contented to escape with protestations that they were actuated by no motives of intolerance, a measure the most salutary to christians of every denomination suffered a martyrdom disgraceful to the worst times of persecution and bigotry. Of the probable consequences of such an act, our limits confine us to a very summary consideration. To the established church, and to the higher orders of dissent, it had no immediate reference; it offered no privilege, it abridged no concession, but eventually it proposed equal advantages to both. Into the lower modes of worship it would have introduced reform: the hitherto self-appointed teacher must have submitted to examination the proofs of his calling; in some instances evident incapacity would have been suppressed, and in others, where knowledge might be considered as less necessary, character would have constituted the qualification. For ourselves, we entertain a sanguine persuasion, that frequently sects would disappear in the suppression of their ignorant and malevolent organs, and probably many a conscientious wanderer would return to the communion of the church; in this case, he would probably be reclaimed from the unsocial humours of discontent to the wholesome habits of civil submission, and from hypocrisy and blasphemous fanaticism to a fervent and unaffected Christianity.

ART. VII. 1. *On a new Principle of constructing His Majesty's Ships of War. From the Philosophical Transactions. By Robert Seppings, Esq. one of the Surveyors of His Majesty's Navy, with an Appendix. London. 1814.*

2. *Remarks on the Employment of Oblique Riders, and on other Alterations in the Construction of Ships. Being the substance of a Report presented to the Board of Admiralty, with additional Demonstrations and Illustrations. By Thomas Young, M.D. For. Sec. R.S. From the Philosophical Transactions. 1814.*

NAVAL architecture, as an art, can hardly be said to have existed among the ancient nations of Europe; and all the researches that have been made into its origin and progress, except for the gratification of literary curiosity, have but ill rewarded the labour and loss of time bestowed on them—a confession which has been extorted from more than one of those who have expended a great portion of both in the pursuit.

Unprofitable

Unprofitable however as such researches are, it is by no means unamusing to observe the ingenuity and ardor with which discussions on this subject were carried on, about the middle of the seventeenth century, by Messieurs les Académiciens and the other scavans of France, and particularly in settling the grand question; whether the art of navigation was known to the antediluvians; or whether Noah was not the first shipwright?—a question which was considered as the more important to be ascertained, because if the first point was decided in the negative, it would necessarily follow that the art of ship-building was of divine origin, and ought therefore to take precedence of all other arts.

The ancient poets and historians (we may add some modern poets too) not very careful in their investigation of facts nor over scrupulous in their examination of probabilities, had settled the point of origin to their entire satisfaction, by making rational man the humble imitator of brutes. They sent him to the beaver, in countries where the animal never existed, for instruction how to build a house; he was to

Learn of the little Nautilus to sail;
and it was never questioned that

Fishes first to shipping did impart
Their tail, the rudder, and their head, the prow.

Yet the probable fact is, with regard to ships, that the floating body, on which man first entrusted himself, was neither the result of imitation, nor of reflexion, nor of skill, but a something that mere chance might have thrown in his way, when pressed by necessity to cross a river or a narrow strait. It might be, and probably it was, a floating tree; which, once used, would naturally suggest the superior advantage of binding two or three trees into a raft or float; or, it might chance to be, in some other part of the world, the trunk of a tree hollowed out by accident, or a roll of bark, which, when the sap rises, is stripped off easily; for, as Sir Walter Raleigh, speaking on the same subject, truly observes, 'all nations, how remote soever, being all reasonable creatures, and enjoying one and the same imagination and fantasie, have devised according to their means and materials the same things.'

That such cylindrical vessels were employed at an early period, may be inferred from the almost universal use in which one or other is still met with among the savage islanders of the South Seas, the Pacific Ocean, and throughout the whole extent of the coast of America. The name indeed of almost every species of sailing craft has a relation to something scooped or hollowed out, from the general term vessel (*vas*) down to the canoe, (*canna*) a cane or hol-

low cylinder.* The origin of the word *bark*, which in Danish, Swedish, and English, is equally employed to express a ship and the bark of a tree, is so obvious, that one finds it difficult to conceive how Dr. Johnson could derive '*bark*, a small ship, from *barca*, low Latin:† it seems equally strange that *barge*, (*barkje*,) a little bark, should not have occurred to him as the diminutive of bark, instead of which he derives it from '*bargie*, Dutch,' (the Dutch have no such word,) and this from '*barga*, low Latin.‡ *Chaloupe*, *shallop*, or *sloop*, is from *chalumeau*, a hollow reed or cane; the idea indeed is extended to the general appellative *ship*, whose derivation is obviously from the Greek word *Σκαφη*, *scapha*, *cymba*, *skiff*, *schip*, *ship*, from *Σκαπτω*, to dig out, to excavate;§ and *hulk*, *hull*, *hold*, conveys the same idea of something that is hollow or that will contain or hold.

Abundant examples might be produced to shew that it was from our northern invaders we derived the art of ship-building and navigation: almost all the terms and names employed in the equipment and management of a ship are of northern origin, as *stern*, *star-board*, *oars*, *rudder*, &c. Something too in the way of enlargement and improvement we might have obtained from the Mediterranean, though the nations of the shores and islands of that sea could have derived little skill in the art of ship-building from the ancient Greeks and Romans. In the east the art must have been in the lowest state, if we are to believe that 3000 ships of Semiramis, carried on camels' backs from the shores of Syria to the banks of the Indus, overcame 4000 ships of Staurobates, on that river. The state in which the art of ship-building and navigation was found when Europeans re-visited India, does not certainly invalidate the accounts given of it by ancient authors.

One nation of the east, however, of which the ancients scarcely knew the name, had in all probability made a very considerable progress in naval architecture. The ships of the Chinese, as described by that accurate observer and faithful narrator Marco Polo, were precisely, in the thirteenth century, what they now are, and what they probably were thirteen centuries before that period. We know from the account of one of the Mahomedan travellers who visited China four centuries before Marco Polo's time, that these

* *Primum Galli iuchoantes cavabant arbores.* *Livy.*

† In deriving these words from *low Latin* (written by Ainsworth, *barka*) Dr. Johnson has evidently mistaken the derivative for the original. Horne Tooke's mistake is still more remarkable; he includes *bark* and *barge* in a long list of words, derived, as he says, from *bar*, to defend—the *barks* and *barges* were used for very different purposes than for defence.

‡ Here again we conceive Horne Tooke to be completely wrong in his derivation of *shop* and *ship* from *shape*—the first *formatum aliquid*, (in contradistinction from a *stall*) the latter *formatum aliquid*, (in contradistinction from a *raft*)—just as absurd as his *hull*, *hold*, *hole*, from *to cover*.

ships

ships were in the habit of trading to the Persian gulph, and that they were *large ships*; for 'in this sea,' says he, 'are rocks called Oman, and a narrow strait called Dordur, between two rocks, through which *small vessels* do venture, but the *Chinese ships* dare not.' They are now, and were then, such as may fairly, in point of size, shape and construction, be put on a level with the ships of Great Britain in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII.

If, however, the Greeks did borrow, as we are told, their ideas of ship-building, as well as some of their letters, from the Phenicians, they owed them not much for the secret; as little were the Romans indebted for the lights which they are supposed to have received from the Carthaginians. We must make considerable allowance for the fictions and exaggerations of poetry, and deduct very largely from the magnitude and magnificence of those floating palaces of the Ptolemies Philadelphus and Philopater, and that more extraordinary machine built for Hiero at Syracuse, under the direction of Archimedes; the state of their navigation, their creeping along shore with oars, the manner in which their sea-fights were conducted, their immense losses by shipwreck, and in short every account respecting their navigation, proves the low state of the art among the Greeks, the Romans, and the Carthaginians.

The Roman gallies that invaded our island were probably not many degrees superior to the boats of ancient Britain, made of wattled twigs of willow, and covered with the hides of oxen. But to repel the northern invaders, and retort upon them the evils they inflicted on us, it was necessary to build such ships as were able to meet theirs; and we find accordingly that Alfred and Edward, Athelstan and Edgar, bestowed much attention on the infant navy of England, which consisted of luggers, gallies, and row-boats of different sizes, but nothing that would now deserve the name of a ship.*

For the better protection of the coasts of Kent and Sussex against invasion, William I. established the Cinque ports, granting them certain privileges, on condition of their furnishing when required fifty-two ships, each of which was to carry twenty-four men, and to be employed in the king's service fifteen days, free of expense to the crown. 'The Normans,' says Raleigh, 'grew better shipwrights than either the Danes or Saxons, and made the last conquest of this land; a land which can never be conquered whilst the kings thereof keep the dominion of the seas.'

Richard, Cœur de Lion, is stated to have carried with him on his crusade, upwards of one hundred sail of large ships besides gallies, but we do not believe there exists any authentic account of the size or shape of these ships.

* The gallies of Alfred are said to have rowed sixty oars. Edgar's fleet has been stated to amount to between three and four thousand vessels, great and small.

Edgar had assumed the title of 'sovereign of Albion and the adjacent islands,' but John was the first to lay claim to the sovereignty of the seas; and to assume that lofty tone which England has had occasion to assert at subsequent periods, with regard to her maritime rights, on the maintenance of which her very existence depends.* This spirit was bravely maintained by the Edwards and the Henrys in many a gallant and glorious sea-fight with the fleets of France; against which they almost invariably opposed inferior numbers, but has invariably obtained a victory; though 'the dominion of the seas,' according to Raleigh, 'was never absolute until the time of Henry the Eighth.' It was a maxim of this extraordinary statesman that 'whosoever commands the sea, commands the trade of the world; whosoever commands the trade, commands the riches of the world; and consequently the world itself.'

The discovery of the mariner's compass and of gunpowder, which followed closely on the heels of each other in the fourteenth century, furnished a new era in the history of ship-building and navigation. New ideas had also been brought back from the crusades; borrowed from the commercial republics of Genoa and Venice, and the coasts and islands of the Levant, where their ships, already respectable, are said to have been greatly enlarged, in order to transport the vast armies and their equipments, that assembled in the different ports of Italy and the Adriatic, to the shores of Palestine. The trade which England shortly afterwards commenced with the Mediterranean, and the discoveries undertaken by Cabot in 1496, must have added to the size of our ships as well as to the improvement of navigation.

The first ship of which we have any account as being exclusively appropriated to the service of the state, is the Great Harry, built by Henry VII: but his successor, Henry VIII, laid the foundation of a regular national navy by the establishment of the royal dockyard at Woolwich in 1510, and subsequently those of Deptford and Portsmouth, appointing commissioners of the navy; and settling the rank and pay of admirals, vice-admirals, &c., and thus making the navy a distinct and separate profession. He caused several 'shippes royall,' to be built, of which the *Rugen* was the largest, being about 1000 tons and carrying from 600 to 700 men. She was launched in 1512, and in the same year burnt in an action

* The commanders of the British fleet were ordered to seize, as good and lawful prizes, all ships of foreigners, whether friends or foes, whose masters should refuse to strike to the British flag. Yet we may form some judgment of what this fleet consisted by the account that is given of an action fought in the following reign with the French, who with 'eighty stout ships' threatened the coast of Kent. Hubert de Bragh putting to sea with forty English ships, having got to windward of the enemy, and run down many of the smaller vessels, the English threw into the others so large a quantity of quick lime, that the men were blinded and the ships all taken or sunk.

with

with the French fleet, and replaced in 1515 by the *Henry Grille de Dieu*. Of this ship there is a print in the *Archæologia*; her high and lofty poop and her forecastle, of three tier of guns; her shapeless body and her four short masts, bear altogether a striking resemblance to one of the large Chinese junka. Such too were the floating castles, which carried the king to Calais when he met Francis I. on the *Champ de drap d'or*, as we see them painted in one of those curious old pictures in the meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries in Somersbt. House. These lofty poops and forecastles were the cause of the loss of many a good ship. In coming out of Portsmouth harbour the *Marie Rose*, by a little sway of the ship in casting about, (her ports being within sixteen inches of the waters,) was overset and lost, and in her that worthy knight Sir George Carew, and with him (besides many other gentlemen) the father of the late renowned Sir Richard Grenvillart—(*Raleigh*.) Henry had dined on board this ship the same day, 1572.

The largest ship in Queen Elizabeth's navy was the *Triumph*, of 1000 tons, carrying 60 pieces of ordnance, and 780 men.

James I. paid great attention to his navy. In 1610 he caused the *Prince* to be built of the burthen of 1400 tons, mounting 64 guns; her keel was 114 feet, and the main breadth 44 feet, 'the greatest and goodliest ship that ever was built in England.' There is reason to believe they had now got rid of some of the cumbersome top-works; for *Raleigh* says, 'in my owne time the shape of our English ships hath been greatly bettered—in extremity we carry our ordnance better than we were wont—we have added crosse-pillars in our royall shippes to strengthen them, we have given longer floares to our shippes than in older times and better bearing under water, &c.'

Charles I. in 1637, caused the *Sovereign of the Seas* to be laid down at Woolwich, the first three decker built in England; her burthen was 1600 tons, the length of her keel 128 feet, main breadth 48 feet, and height from the keel to the top of the stern lantern 76 feet. Being found top-heavy, one of the decks were removed, and her name changed to the *Royal Sovereign*. She was rebuilt in 1684 and burnt at Chatham in 1696, in the 59th year of her age. This durable ship, the best and largest that had been built in this country, is supposed to have been constructed of winter-felled timber. Her frame was prepared by Commissioner Pett, in the north of England, and sent to the dockyard in colliers from Sunderland and Newcastle.

The first *frigate* built in England was the *Constant Warwick*, constructed on the model of a French frigate in the time of the Commonwealth; and the first *yacht* seen in England was the *Mary*,

Mary, which the Dutch sent as a present to King Charles II. in 1660,

The first essential improvement in the form and qualities of ships of the line was taken from the *Superbe*, a French ship of 74 guns, which anchored at Spithead, on the model of which the *Harmich* was built by Sir Anthony Deane in 1674: since that time we have constantly been copying, but with some alteration or other, from French models, that have fallen into our hands; improving or spoiling as chance might determine; for our shipwrights, practically the best in the world, had not the least science, and consequently not a sufficient knowledge what effect the alteration in one part might produce upon the whole machine.

In 1677 ships of the first rate, or 100 guns, were from 1500 to 1600 tons burden. In 1720 they were increased to 1800 tons; in 1745 we find them advanced to 2000 tons; during the American war to 2200 tons; in 1795 the *Ville de Paris* of 110 guns, measured 2350 tons; in 1804 the *Hibernia* of 110 guns was extended to 2500 tons, and in 1808 the *Caledonia*, carrying 120 guns, measured 2616 tons; since which the *Nelson*, the *Howe*, the *St. Vincent* and the *Britannia*, have been built, or ordered to be built, from the same draught nearly and of the same size—five such ships as the whole world besides cannot produce. The *Commerce de Marseilles*, brought from Toulon in 1793, was larger, and in her lines more beautiful, but being too weak to support herself, her back was broken in a gale of wind and she became useless. The following are the comparative dimensions of the *Caledonia* and *Commerce de Marseilles*.

	Length of gun deck.		Length of keel.		Extreme breadth.		Depth of hold.		Tons.
	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	
<i>Caledonia</i>	205	0	170	9	53	8	23	2	2616
<i>Commerce de Marseilles.</i>	208	4	172	0	54	9½	25	0½	2747

It will be seen from this hasty sketch that, by borrowing and botching, we have gradually improved the shape and increased the size of our ships of war; but we have done little more.

‘It will scarcely be credited,’ says Mr. Seppings, ‘by persons not conversant with shipbuilding, that little or no advancement has been made, within the last century, in naval architecture, so far as relates to the disposition of the materials which compose the fabric of a ship, whereby alone strength and fixedness of the parts can be obtained.’

Let us endeavour to trace how far Mr. Seppings has succeeded in removing this stigma, for we may say with Raleigh, it is ‘a miserable shame and dishonour for our shipwrights not to exceed all others in the setting-up of our royall shippes.’

The

The arrangement of the timbers of a ship when seen on the stocks, bears, as we have already had occasion to remark, so obvious a resemblance to the skeleton of a quadruped laid upon its back, that almost all writers on naval architecture have made the comparison. Mr. Seppings, in this respect, follows the example of his predecessors, as being a familiar illustration of the structure of a ship, in order that his readers may more clearly comprehend the advantage gained in strength and stiffness by the application of his new principle to a frame so constructed.

He tells us that in a 74-gun ship there rise from the keel, or back bone, and at right angles to it, more than eight hundred different timbers, formed into double ribs, their thickness on an average about fourteen inches, and the spaces between them increasing from one to five inches; that this frame is covered externally with planks of different thickness, or, to carry on the metaphor, with a skin that is thickest near the keel, and gradually diminishing in substance to the upper ends of the ribs; that the inside of the frame is also lined with planks, over which is another set of short and distant ribs called riders.

To bind the two sides of this skeleton together, are a multitude of pieces of large timber, seldom of one, but of mostly two or three pieces, called beams, serving at the same time to support the floors called decks, which in a 74-gun ship are of three tiers, besides a deck nearest the bottom called the orlop. These beams are generally fastened to the sides by two angular pieces of timber or iron, called knees, which, being bolted to each beam and to that part of the side of the ship against which the beam abuts, each has thus its separate local and partial fastening.

Between the beams, and at right angles to them, are several short pieces of timber called carlings, and again at right angles with these, other pieces called ledges, corresponding with the joists in the flooring of a house.

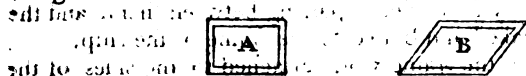
The planks or flooring of the deck are again laid nearly at right angles with the beams or parallel with the sides of the ship.

These are the principal materials that compose the body or hull of a ship, and the manner in which they are disposed is, it must be confessed, inartificial enough. The ribs form a right angle with the keel, the inside and the outside planks are at right angles to the ribs, the beams at right angles to these, the carlings the same to the beams, the ledges to the carlings, and the planks of the decks to the ledges, the beams and the ribs.

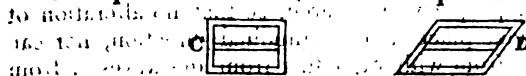
This disposition of materials in carpentry, where all the parts are at right angles and parallel to one another, is the very worst that could be assumed for strength or stiffness, and particularly for the latter quality; take a common chair, for instance, with four parallel

parallel legs, and four cross bars fixed into them at right angles; it requires no great exertion, however well fastened, to shake it loose, or make it, as it is usually called, *ricketty*. An additional bar to each side, or half a dozen bars to each side, placed in the same direction with the first, will add very little to its stiffness.

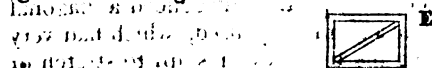
On take Mr. Seppings's illustration. If four pieces of wood be put altogether in the form of a square or parallelogram as A, and secured by pins in the four corners, the least pressure will change its form to the rhomb or rhomboid B.



Let an additional bar be put across as in C. little more pressure will be required to move it into the shape D.



But place the additional bar in a diagonal direction, or, as carpenters term it, as a brace, in E. and it will break sooner than the figure will change its form.



The figures A, C represent the old principle on which ships are built, and figure E. the new principle introduced by Mr. Seppings.

In the dimensions and disposition of the keel, the ribs, the beams and the outside planking, Mr. Seppings has introduced no change, but in almost every other respect a new system of arrangement has been adopted. The inside planking, usually called the ceiling, and the perpendicular short ribs or *riders* which rested upon it, he has dispensed with altogether. Instead of the first, he fills up all the intermediate spaces between the ribs with wedges of old ship-timber driven from within and without, which passing each other constitute one solid mass, so firmly fixed, as to be in no danger of getting loose; this operation being completed, the ship within exhibits one even surface of solid timber uninterrupted from one extremity to the other; and is so firm and tight that, without the outside planking or any caulking whatever, the ship would float without danger. "These fillings," says Mr. Seppings, "occasion no consumption of useful timber, as one-fourth of the produce of ~~the~~ and other offal now sold as fathom wood would supply a sufficient quantity for the consumption of the whole navy."

The next operation is to lay upon this frame so prepared, a series

ries of diagonal timbers from one extremity of the ship to the other, whose lower ends abut against the lumber strake and an additional keelson placed on each side, for about 30 feet, in the middle of the ship, to give support to the main mast. These diagonal timbers are placed in opposite inclinations, from the middle to each end; they are also secured to other pieces running longitudinally, and their upper ends abut against the gun-deck shelf-pieces, which is a large piece of timber passing round the ship, and binding her together, as it were with a hoop. The diagonal frames are firmly kept in their places by truss-pieces passing between them, and the whole are firmly coaked and bolted to the frame of the ship.

By this operation, the frame work attached to the sides of the hold is divided into rhomboidal compartments, which are again subdivided by the truss-pieces into a series of triangles, giving to the whole fabric the property of an arch, so that no alteration of form can possibly take place in a longitudinal direction, nor can any lateral pressure from without, either from the waves or from grinding, change the form, without forcing the several parts of the frame into a shorter or narrower space.

The same principle of trussing is carried from the gun-deck upwards, from whence, between every port, is introduced a diagonal brace, in lieu of the short planks commonly used, which had very little, if any, effect in obviating the tendency of ships to stretch or draw asunder their upper works; and, to make the tie complete, and unite the whole fabric into one continued mass, each beam is not only united to the side by a local and partial fastening, but the whole of them are coaked and bolted to the shelf-pieces, by which each beam becomes a component part of the entire fabric; and in order to secure them the better, triangular chocks are placed under all the shelf-pieces in the wake of each, in such a manner as to receive the up and down arm of an iron knee. These chocks being driven tight into their places, act like pillars in supporting the shelf-pieces, the beams and the deck.

The decks, too, in the new principle, are made subservient towards securing more firmly the beams to the sides of the ship. The planks are laid diagonally in contrary directions, from the midships to the sides, and at an angle of 45° with the beams, and at right angles with the ledges. The flat of the deck so disposed is connected by coaks to the hooks, beams and transoms. Along the ends of the deck-planks, next to the sides of the ship, is laid a series of water-ways, bolted through the ship's sides horizontally, and perpendicularly through the deck and shelf-pieces; and thus the whole machine is combined into one uniform mass of timber of equal strength throughout.

Having thus briefly described, in as few words and as intelligibly

as

as we can, without the aid of a figure, of which a very neat, distinct, and accurate one is given in the Philosophical Transactions; we shall next endeavour to form some estimate of the comparative merits of the old and new principles.—And first with regard to the sailing.

We have already observed, that by making the bottom of the ship one compact and water-tight mass of timber, were the outer planking omitted, or any of it knocked off, the ship would not only keep afloat, but the vessel from sinking—in the old system the starting of a single plank would be, as it has often been, fatal.

The ship, by being thus made one solid mass of timber, and less liable to leakage, affords also more facilities of discovering, and instantly more ease and convenience of stopping, any leak that may occur. In the old system very dangerous leaks may happen from various causes, without being perceived, rendering the timber wet, and the pent-up air foul and damp, equally injurious to the strength of the timber, and the health of the ship's company. This cannot be the case in a ship built on the new principle; the leak must be immediately discovered, and may be immediately stopped. The new principle adds to the security of a ship in another way—while the openings are left, the outer plank, of four or four and a half inches thick, is all that can be said to exist between life and death;—by filling these openings there is interposed a thickness of at least thirteen inches—which, if not sufficient to stand the striking against a rock, may be considered as a protection against foundering at sea.

It is true, and we believe it will not be disputed, that timber when freely exposed to, or wholly excluded from, the action of the air, when kept either constantly dry, or constantly wet, will be pretty nearly preserved an equal length of time from putrefaction, there can be no doubt that by exposing freely one surface only to the air, and excluding air altogether from the rest of the timber, the durability of the ship will be very considerably extended. By dipping the wedges, employed for filling in, in tar, and caulking the seams, all air is completely excluded; whereas in the old method a stagnant air was boxed up beneath the ceiling, and between the timbers, the consequence of which was, that all these parts were more or less infected with the dry-rot, and more particularly about the futtock-heads, and the cheeks which unite the timbers.

But another very important advantage is obtained by filling in the openings between the timbers. It is well known, that in ships built on the old system, these openings are very soon choked up with an accumulation of filth, which is not only destructive of the timber, but, from the impure air arising from it, prejudicial to the health of the crew. They are the resort of rats, mice, beg-lie,

and

and other vermin with which a ship is usually infested; and the multitudes of which, in a warm climate, are scarcely to be credited by those who have not had an opportunity of witnessing them. When the *Abdion* was laid open, after remaining about three years in India, a mass of filth, mixed with cock-roaches and other insects less harmless, choked up nearly the whole of the openings, and was taken out in cakes, that bore some resemblance to the oil-cake with which dogs are fed; where the cock-roaches were sprinkled in the mass, they appeared like grains in a coarse plum-pudding.

As capacity is no unimportant object in a man of war, the substitution of the trussed frame for the perpendicular riders laid upon the lining of thick stuff, gains full eight inches more space for storage; and a tier of iron ballast may be disposed of many inches lower, by which a greater degree of stability will be obtained with less ballast.

Highly as we value the system of filling in the openings between the ribs, and making the whole fabric one solid mass, we think still diagonal-trussing of still greater importance, as by it the counter-pulsion of the sea is more effectually counteracted, whether it strike the ship a-head, athwart the bow, a-midships, or a-beft on the stern; or in other words, the machine opposes more strength to resist the effects of rolling or pitching under every circumstance, than when constructed on the ordinary principles. Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the efficacy of this mode of fastening and tying together the component timbers of a ship, or give a stronger proof of strength and stiffness, than the fact that ships, so constructed, have been found to resist completely the tendency to arch or hog, from the moment of their commitment to the element on which they are to move. The reason of this arching is sufficiently obvious, supposing every part of the ship to be equally strong, the central parts, occupying the largest area, sustain the greatest pressure of the water; the two extremities being less supported, and at the same time having a greater weight of dead wood in them, drop downwards; to prevent their sinking, and the central parts from rising, additional stiffness was required; and this, we conceive, has been very judiciously accomplished by Mr. Seppings, by applying the well known principles of trussing, or a series of triangular braces along the sides of the ship, where the ceiling and perpendicular riders had hitherto been used.

The principle which seems to have governed Mr. Seppings in his new arrangement of the materials, is that of opposing as much as possible to the force acting upon the fabric, the longitudinal direction of the fibres, to give more strength, and to tie together the several parts by a connected series of triangles to give stiffness.

ness. That he has succeeded we shall presently have occasion to shew.

Doctor Young's 'Remarks' follow in the 'Transactions' as a commentary on the text of Mr. Seppings. We have perused them with care, and we may add with pain;—for if we understand them rightly, which we are by no means sure that we always do, the tendency is, if not to deprive the author of the merit of the invention, at least to diminish the value of it. Doctor Young cannot, we think, disapprove of the principle; yet so many conditionals, hypotheticals, and potentials are employed, that if approbation be meant to be expressed, either of the principle or of the application of it, it is at any rate 'damned with faint praise.' With the highest possible admiration of Doctor Young's various and versatile talents, which we have had occasion both to know and to esteem—for *amicus* Plato—a regard for truth compels us to express our regret that he has thought it necessary to publish a paper which, in the very infancy of the application of the principle to ship-building, and after witnessing a few incomplete experiments, he had obligingly addressed to the Board of Admiralty. Dr. Young will not infer from this that we undervalue science, or that we do not cordially agree with him that 'no assistance which can be afforded by the abstract sciences should be withheld from the service of the public, even by those who have no professional motives for devoting themselves to it'—far be it from us to think otherwise; our regret arises from seeing 'abstract science' misapplied; in raising doubts on points of practice, which common sense and experience are best able to determine, and which no calculus can reach. Although abstract science may possibly assign a figure to a body that will pass through a fluid with the least resistance in a still-standing pool or a mill-pond, when the body is moved by a measured force—a problem, however, which it has not, we apprehend, yet settled,—abstract science will not enable a man to become a shipwright. The French are perhaps the worst shipwrights in all Europe, but they are confessedly among the first and best theorists in naval architecture, and it is one of those unaccountable phenomena in the history of man that they never attempted to combine the two. Happily we have at length hit upon that expedient, and the experiment promises the most complete success.*

Dr.

* We have had occasion to mention the new establishment of 'A Superior Class of Shipwright Apprentices.' The report of a recent examination by Professor Luman runs thus: 'In the department of mathematics and the theory of naval architecture the first division have been examined in Euclid, algebra, plane and spherical trigonometry, properties of curved lines, mechanics, hydrostatics, strength and stress of timber, fluxions, Atwood's Disquisition on the Stability of Ships, and Chapmann's Treatise on the Construction of Ships, with which subjects, to say the least, they are quite sufficiently acquainted.'

Dr. Young sets out by observing that 'the advantage derived from the employment of forces acting obliquely with respect to each other, in a variety of cases, which occur in practical mechanics, has been demonstratively established by theoretical writers on the subject'—this, we humbly conceive, was a work of supererogation on the part of 'theoretical writers,' as, we will venture to affirm, the practice was in use for ages before a syllable was written on the subject. The most bungling of carpenters could not be ignorant of this 'advantage;' he sees it in the most familiar objects—from the trussing of a beam to give it strength, and the bracing of a gate to give it stiffness, to its more extended and complicated application in the well known bridge of Schaffhausen—but why mention it here?—the simple question is, Has the principle been applied at any time, and if so, in what manner, to ship-building? Doctor Young says it has: 'attempts have often been made to extend the application of the principle *very considerably* in the art of ship-building; but hitherto with very little permanent success.' We expected, naturally enough, some examples of the failure of such frequent attempts, and of the very considerable application of the principle—but we looked in vain.

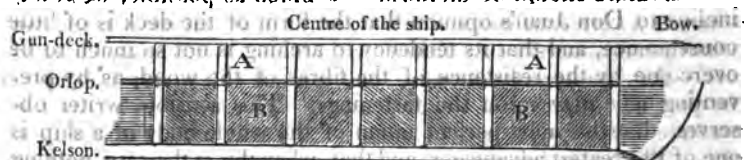
Passing over the next twenty pages, which we consider as merely superfluous, we arrive at the 'authorities' for proving that Mr. Seppings's plan is not entitled to the merit of an invention. And here we must confess that, though somewhat disappointed, we are not displeased to find, that only *one* single instance is produced of the application of a principle which had 'often' and 'very considerably' been made to the art of ship-building—and this solitary 'authority' is neither more nor less than that of our old friend Gobert's *oblique ceiling*, mentioned by us in a former Number;* a plan which is certainly not 'recommended,' as Dr. Young says, by Bouguer, and is rejected by M. Groignard. Who the other 'experienced authors' are favourable to 'similar arrangements,' he does not inform us; but as the more frequently and the more considerably the principle has been applied, the less merit would be due to Mr. Seppings, we shall endeavour to supply Dr. Young's omission.

But let us first see what this plan of M. Gobert's actually is. Luckily we have a specimen of it in the *Jupiter*, now the *Malda*, one of the line-of-battle ships captured by Sir John Duckworth at St. Domingo; of which the following figure will convey a pretty

outlined. . The second division are equally perfect to the end of Atwood's Disquisition; the third division to the end of hydrostatics; and the fourth to the end of plane and spherical trigonometry.'

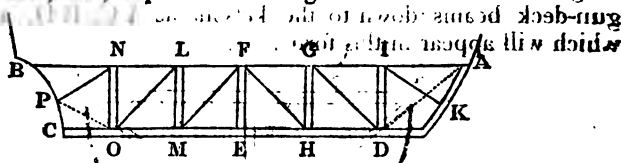
* No. XIX. Art. I.

correct idea; AA being perpendicular ridges, and BB the oblique ceiling placed between them.



That this is Gobert's plan of an oblique ceiling, for the purpose of preventing a ship from arching or breaking, we infer from Bouguer's description of its short planks and frequent interruptions by being placed 'comme un parquet.' The advantages derived from this plan may be estimated by its effects in the Maida, whose arching or breaking is to so great a degree as not to be measured by inches but by feet! Well might Messrs. Bouguer and Groignard disapprove of such a ceiling on account of 'every interruption in carpentry being to be avoided as dangerous,' an objection which, however, Dr. Young pronounces 'so vague as neither to require nor to admit a very distinct reply.'

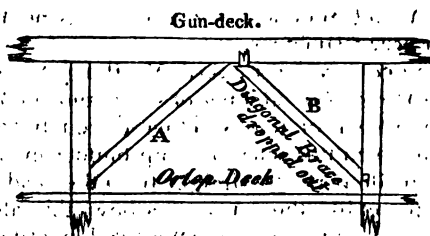
But he seems to have overlooked M. Bouguer's own plan for preventing the hogging or arching of ships, though he too has one for the 'employment of forces acting obliquely to each other.' The opinion to which this scientific ship-builder inclines, is, that if the decks were made perfectly straight from the head to the stern of the ship, so as to act like the string of a bow, this alone would be sufficient to keep the ship from arching; and, in order to retain the decks in that position, he recommends that a certain number of diagonal braces of iron should be placed from the pillars that support the beams, proceeding from the middle, in contrary directions, to the head and stern of the ship, all of them strapped to the kelson, and the two extreme ones made to clasp the stem and stern posts. The following is a fac simile of Mr. Bouguer's figure, in which GD, NP, LO, &c., represent the diagonal braces of iron.



M. Bouguer, however, seems to have committed a small mistake, by placing these braces in the wrong direction. Mr. Chapmann, who has also something of the same sort, places them, as they unquestionably ought to be placed, in the direction of the dotted lines AD, OP, &c. We have little faith in the straight deck as a preventive

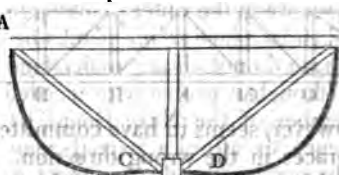
prevent a ship from arching. Though Grosnard recommends that the curvature should be diminished as much as possible, we rather incline to Don Juan's opinion that the form of the deck is of little consequence, and that its tendency to arching is not so much to be overcome by the resistance of the fibres of the wood, as by preventing any play upon the fastenings. This sensible writer observes, that the most perfect union of the whole body of a ship is one of its greatest advantages, and that, when this is the case, nothing more is required than just as much timber and iron as may be necessary to give her sufficient strength and stiffness to preserve her form.

We have a French ship too stiffened on this principle of M. Bouguer, though not exactly on the same plan, to prevent her from arching. It is the *Genoa*, recently taken at Genoa and sent home as a prize. Between that part of the pillars which support the gun-deck and the orlop-deck are two diagonal braces A and B, as in the following figure.



The reason of the brace B, next to the fore part of the ship, has dropped out of its mortise by the arching of the ship, which is so considerable as to be visible to the eye.

The next application of forces acting obliquely to each other, is that of Mr. Snodgrass, the surveyor of the East India Company's shipping. Contrary to these we have noticed, he recommended diagonal braces to be placed transversely from the extremities of the gun-deck beams down to the keelson, as A C, B D, a section of which will appear in this form:



This plan had the fairest trial possible, for in spite of prejudice and opposition, the late Lord Melville, on comparing the decayed state in which he found the navy, with that of France and Spain,

where combined effects exceeded any force that we were or could be, in any reasonable time, able to bring against them, determined to ramp up, in the speediest way, some of the old ships that required large repairs, by means of these braces, and by doubling their outside planking. These temporary expedients answered the purpose most effectually, and it may be doubted if the battle of Trafalgar could have been fought without the adoption of them:—but the opposition to the diagonal braces was not ill founded; they not only interfered with the stowage of the hold, but, by their tendency to push out the sides, it was pretty apparent that, in the event of the ship touching the ground, the beams and decks would either fall in, or the ends of the braces be forced through the bottom; and owing to these serious objections, most of the captains soon contrived to get rid of the diagonal braces.

Mr. Seppings need be under no apprehension of the imputation of plagiarism, from our mention of these clumsy and ineffectual attempts, which have been unattended, as Doctor Young justly says, with any 'permanent success;' we doubt indeed whether Mr. Seppings ever heard of Bouguer, or Gobert, or Groignard; and even if he has, we are certain that he is too good a shipwright to adopt such miserable expedients. The remainder of the section, in which Dr. Young notices 'Mr. Seppings's braces,' we reluctantly confess, is beyond any endeavour of ours to comprehend. One paragraph of it we shall venture to quote, because we think that we have caught the glimpse of an error in it.

It may be questioned how far it is allowable to omit any part of the inner planks between the ports, for which the braces are a substitute, on account of their utility in securing the butts of the planks, which are always made to shift where they are supported by this subsidiary tie; but, with the outer planking which remains, and with the partial assistance of the braces, to say nothing of that of the shelf-pieces, it can hardly be believed, that the tie is more likely to part between two ports of the same deck, than immediately over one of them.—p. 328.

If it be here meant that the *inner* planks are useful in securing the butts of the *outer* planks, there is a mistake in point of fact; there are *no* butts to secure in the outer planking between the ports, care being always taken to place *whole* planks between them—the rest of the paragraph we do not clearly understand.

The observation, (though it probably proceeded from an acute and experienced member of the Navy Board,) that 'arching has an immediate tendency to afford a partial remedy for the cause which produces it, by making the displacement greater at the extremities of the vessel, and smaller in the middle,'—strongly reminds us of the remedy of the quack who eradicates the corn by amputating the toe;—this ingenious argument would prove the *Maida* to be

is an excellent ship, in spite of her broken back and drooping extremities.

The case of the *Kent*, which broke in a remarkable degree, notwithstanding the employment of riders of large dimensions, is imperfectly and ambiguously stated. With the ordinary perpendicular riders she *had* broken, but not in a remarkable degree for ships built on the old principle, though we believe it amounted to about seventeen inches. With the new riders which, for the first time, Mr. Seppings applied to this ship's sides, not with an angle of a few degrees only, with a vertical line, but in a series of X's, she broke or arched only two inches on coming into the water; and this simple experiment convinced him so completely of the practical efficacy of the principle, that he extended it considerably in the building of the *Warspite*, and reduced it to a system in rebuilding the *Tremendous*.

The shelf-pieces, and the fastenings of the decks, are approved by Dr. Young, but the weight and expense of the former, he conceives to be drawbacks on their advantages. This would not appear to be the case, as we understand that more than one contractor, engaged in building his Majesty's ships, requested to be permitted to build them with 'shelf-pieces,' instead of the 'wooden knees,' as stipulated in the contract, which Dr. Young admits to be 'less economical;' but the 'iron knees' employed by Mr. Seppings, he thinks inferior to 'the straps of a simpler form which other builders have used.' We can assure him however that these straps were found so very defective, that the use of them has been discontinued, and that those of Mr. Seppings are gradually supplying their places.

These, however, are minor parts of Mr. Seppings's improvements. The system of trussing we conceive to be the first; the filling in between the intervals of the timbers, and getting rid of the ceiling altogether, the next; but Dr. Young thinks the latter to be *perhaps* the most indisputably beneficial of all the alterations which Mr. Seppings has either introduced, or revived in an improved form. We are not told which of the two—an introduction or revival—the process of 'filling in' is to be considered; though the glance made to 'the timbers of the *Sandwich*,' which 'were found perfectly sound in the lower half of their length, opposite to the wedges which had been driven in between them,' would seem to imply that Mr. Seppings had only 'revived' an old practice.

The fact is not so: there are ships in which the narrow spaces between the timbers have been filled up as high as the floor-heads, and others where the floor-timbers were in contact with each other, which is the case we believe in ships built at Bombay; but none were ever filled on system up to the orlop-deck clamps, in the man-

ner that Mr. Seppings fills them, much less did any one before him ever think of getting rid of that greatest of all nuisances, the ceiling. We care not whether the 'economy of timber' be or be not so great as Mr. Seppings is disposed to believe, though we cannot see on what grounds the calculation of savings, made by one whose whole life has been passed in a dock-yard, ought to be called in question—but if it expended ten times the quantity of timber, the benefits resulting from the employment of it would even in that case ten times exceed the expense.

Having shewn what has been done in the way of bracing, we are unwilling to leave the subject without pointing out what has also been done in the way of filling in. The only example that we find in the French writers, which at all approaches to the method of Mr. Seppings, is in a Memoir of M. Groignard,* where, to prevent a ship from arching, he proposes to dove-tail all the timbers together by pieces of four to six feet in length, which he calls *remplissages* or *clefts*, and the intervals between these he would fill up with smaller pieces in the shape of wedges, driving them forcibly on the outside, so as to fill all the spaces between the timbers as far as the floor-heads. The bottom of his vessel would thus become one compact solid body, and, as he observes, might be sent afloat without either inside or outside planking. The objection to his dove-tails is not so much the great additional expense of labour, as the weakening of every timber in the ship, by the deep grooves made in two of its sides for the reception of the dove-tails. His description is not quite consistent in the two parts of the Memoir where he mentions his plan, nor do they accord exactly with his figure; but the object is rather that of binding the ship together, and uniting her into one body to give her strength—*vis unita major* being his motto—than any idea of getting rid of the ceiling.

The bad effects produced by leaving open the spaces between the timbers have long been known and complained of in England, and a Mr. Bosquet took out a patent many years ago 'for the better preservation of his Majesty's ships, and all trading vessels, from that rapid decay to which they are at present subject, &c.' His plan was to fill them up with 'a composition of pitch, tar, charcoal dust, and ox hair, so as to make it firm, adhesive, and durable;' which he states might be done, in a first rate Indiaman or a fourth rate man of war, for at most five hundred pounds; and that the duration of a ship so treated would be prolonged from twelve to twenty years. It is into these recesses that the rats, so very destructive in ships, carry their plunder—it is here that they breed, die, and rot, infecting the whole ship with foul and malignant air; and he states that, to get

* *Memoire sur le Rôle et le Usage des Navires, par M. Groignard, 1787.*
 rid

rid of these obnoxious vermin would alone in a few months save the whole expense. 'Six full grown rats,' says Mr. Bosquet, 'will eat as much as a man of good appetite, and it is well known, that a rat will devour nearly twice its weight in twenty-four hours; and that they destroy as much as they devour.' We are not aware that this plan met with any encouragement.

Our prescribed limits prevent us from noticing some other parts of Dr. Young's 'Remarks,' in which we incline to think he has taken an erroneous view of the subject; but we can on no account omit such testimonies of the practical results of Mr. Seppings's plan, as will, we think, allay all the doubts and fears of Dr. Young for its complete success.

When the Tremendous was set afloat, in November, 1810, the master shipwright of Sheerness reported that the sights placed on the *gun-deck*, at the distance of 163 feet, had not altered a single line; those placed at the same distance on the *upper-deck* altered $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, and those on the *quarter-deck* and *forecastle*, at the same distance, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. The following day, when the bowsprit and foremast were put in, the sights were again examined, when these two masses of timber had remained at one extremity of the ship four hours, and the foremen reported, that 'they found not the smallest deviation from what was reported by the master shipwright the day before, though' the said mast and bowsprit had brought the ship down (in the water) forward full five inches.

In February, 1811, Captain Campbell, her commander, reports that he 'experienced a most violent gale of wind at west, which reduced the ship to storm staysails;' that the ship 'shewed no signs of weakness whatever, but much to the contrary, as there was not a crack in the whitewash to be seen at any of the butments;' that he 'had not seen a ship in a more trying situation during the time he had commanded one.'

On the 5th October, 1811, Captain Campbell, then off the Texel, reports that since the 22d of the preceding month, 'they had been mostly in a gale of wind, under close-reefed maintopsails, reefed foresail, and occasionally storm staysails;' that during the time 'he went round the wings and all other parts of the ship;' and that 'she shewed no signs of weakness whatever.'

On the 11th July, 1814, the master shipwright and master attendant of Malta yard took a particular survey, and report 'that the diagonal riders and diagonal chocks which butt against the riders, had not the slightest appearance of having worked; that the bolts with which they were fastened, were in as perfect a state as when first driven; that there was not the slightest appearance of the orlop-deck beams having worked on the internal hoop or thick clamp, which receives the beams, the crust of the whitewash not

being disturbed; the plates and bolts which secure the diagonal riders and the heads of the riders appeared as close as when first laid; the chocks for receiving the forked knees, and the bolts which fasten the knees, had not the slightest appearance of having worked; no appearance whatever of the gun-deck beams having worked, nor of any leaks or dampness betwixt the gun-deck water-ways, the beams being so perfectly dry, that in many places the cobwebs were collected between the timbers;—that, upon the whole, the ship throughout appeared in as perfect a state, as if she were in dock upon the blocks. The Tremendous it still at sea in the Mediterranean.

There are four reports from Sir Thomas Hardy, on the qualities of the *Ramillies*, from the coast of America, between the 1st of January, 1813, and 1st May, 1814. The first states, that on a violent gale of wind off Cape Finisterre, on the 23d and 24th of December, 1812, the ship being deep, many seas came on board, which washed away the starboard hammock-board; the ship rolled very deep but easy, the lower-deck guns did not work half an inch, which, says Sir Thomas, 'I consider to be a great proof of the ship's strength,' and he concludes by stating, that he has every reason to believe she is as strong a ship as any in his Majesty's service. The second report states, that after a gale of wind the water-ways were perfectly tight throughout the ship, and that there was every reason to think that the plan of laying the decks would be found to answer. In March, 1814, after experiencing the winter gales usual in this country (Sandy Hook), I find, says he, that the abutments and other fastenings as firm and secure as any ship I have ever been in during such weather, and she appears strong to last answer in every respect. The last report, in May, 1814, and from Halifax, where the hold of the *Ramillies* had been stowed, 'I have the satisfaction,' says Sir Thomas, 'to observe that the timbers and every part of her frame are in a perfect state, nor is there the least appearance of fungus to be seen in the ship; the magazines and store-rooms are perfectly dry, and the powder was found in excellent order. The abutments and fastenings have in the smallest degree complained, and from every observation I have been enabled to make during our winter cruise, she appears to answer in every respect.' The *Ramillies* is still on the coast of America.

From the *Albion* there is but one report, in January, 1814, signed by Captain Devonshire, the first lieutenant, master, and carpenter. It states that after a four months' winter's cruise, in which several heavy gales were encountered, the water-ways and diagonal bars decks have remained perfectly tight, and no timbers in any part of the ship that can be discovered have worked in the smallest degree from

from that in which they were originally placed; that it is impossible for a ship, with respect to her comforts, to possess better qualities than as a proof of which the average number of sick has not exceeded five (in 590) during the whole winter; that she requires not the least repair, except caulking, which is owing to the farther shrinkage of the new plank;—and Captain Devonshire adds, 'I do not think there is a stronger or more efficient ship of her class in His Majesty's service.'

These reports, we conceive, embrace all the points which are necessary to establish the superiority of Mr. Seppings's plan over that of the old principle with regard to strength, stiffness, dryness, health, and comfort; and, we may add, durability. As, however, those very qualities of strength and stiffness have given rise to an objection against the plan, as tending to injure the sailing qualities of the ship, and as we wish, in a matter of such national importance, to obviate every objection, we have a report too on this point from Captain Campbell of the *Tremendous*, of which the following is an extract: 'I do not hesitate to say that the sailing of the *Tremendous* is far superior to any thing I have ever seen. The extraordinary style in which she beat the *Hannibal*, *Impetueux*, *Vanguard*, *Mars*, *Berwick*, and indeed all the ships under my command, surprized me extremely;' and he concludes, 'as far as appears to me, she is as complete a man of war as can go to sea, and the most desirable ship of her size I have met with.'

There is but one more test for Mr. Seppings's plan to undergo—but it is a test as severe as it will be decisive—and one by which his reputation as an ingenious practical shipwright must stand or fall. Aware of having staked his professional character on the success of the experiment, and acknowledging the liberal encouragement which he has met with from his superiors, he manfully observes, 'that no subterfuge can avail him should any failure be found in the system.' The trial we allude to is this:—The *Nelson* was probably the best built ship of modern times; all possible pains were taken by Mr. Sison, the builder, that the timber put into her should be sound and well seasoned, and the workmanship of every part of her does him, and all who were employed on her, the highest credit; every possible attention was bestowed to keep her dry; and her motion into the water, when launched, was slow, easy, and majestic, without a shake or a plunge—yet the *Nelson* was found to have arched after launching no less than 8½ inches. The *Howe*, now on the stocks at Chatham, and ready for launching, the sister ship to the *Nelson*, was built under the direction of Mr. Seppings and on his new principle. If, after launching, the *Howe* should be found to have broken or arched 8 inches—if she should break 6 inches—nay, if she should arch even 4 inches—we should say, the advantage

advantage gained by his diagonal riders and trussing was scarcely worth the general introduction of so great a change in the building of His Majesty's ships—but we will venture to predict that she will not break 3 inches; and if this shall be the case, the most deeprooted prejudice, from whatever cause it may have arisen, must for ever be put to silence.

- ART. VIII. 1. *Erreur de Napoléon, ou Réponse à un Article du Moniteur.* 12mo. pp. 34. St. Pétersbourg. 1813.
2. *Sir Robert Porter's Narrative of the Campaign of Russia.* 4to. pp. 282. London.
3. *Relation circonstanciée de la Campagne de Russie.* Par Eugène Labaume, Capitaine au Corps Royal des Ingénieurs-Géographes, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 404. Paris. 1814.
4. *Tableau de la Campagne de Moscou en 1812.* Par René Bourgeois, Docteur en Médecine de la Faculté de Paris, &c. &c. témoin oculaire. 8vo. pp. 196. Paris. 1814.
5. *Campagne de Moscou, en 1812, composée d'après la Collection des Pièces officielles sur cette Campagne mémorable, où plus de trois cent mille braves Français furent Victimes de l'Ambition et de l'Avenglement de leur Chef.* Par R. J. Durdent. Quatrième édition. 8vo. pp. 95. Paris. 1814.
6. *Carte des Pays compris entre la Vistule, la Dwina, et le Borysthène, pour servir à l'Intelligence des quatorze premiers Bulletins.* Nos. 1, 2. 4to. Paris. Le Normann. 1812.
7. *Sketch of a Journal of the Retreat and Flight of the French Armies from Moscow, and the Pursuit of the Russians, to their Arrival on the Vistula.* 4to. pp. 25. London. 1813. —Schulze.
8. *Skizzen zu einer Geschichte des Russisch Französischen Kriegs im Jahr, 1812.* 8vo. pp. 534. Leipzig. 1814.
9. *Relation impartiale du Passage de la Bérésina par l'Armée Française en 1812, par un Témoin oculaire.* 8vo. pp. 48. Paris. 1814.
10. *Critical Situation of Buonaparte in his Retreat out of Russia, translated from the French, with notes.* 8vo. pp. 65. London. 1815.

WHEN we consider that the Russian campaign was the period from which the final overthrow of Buonaparte may be dated, we shall not be surprised at the number of publications marshalled in array at the head of this article. We have perused them all; some, indeed, possess peculiar merit, according to the opportunities

of observation which the writers enjoyed. Thus Labrousse's narrative principally relates the operations of the 4th corps to which he was attached as captain of engineers; the German work chiefly details what happened in the neighbourhood of Riga, though it contains some interesting anecdotes of what passed elsewhere; the historian of the Beresina, as may be expected, makes the passage of that river and the events which took place on its banks, the great features in his publication; whilst René Bourgeois and the rest have attempted, with more or less success, to give a general outline of the whole campaign. In our sixteenth Number the reader will find some observations on the subject of the present article; to which we were led by the perusal of M. Eustaphiève's work on the Resources of Russia; which, although published in America, previously to the breaking out of the war, most strikingly foretold the exact line of conduct which would be pursued by the Emperor Alexander and his people, should Buonaparte attempt the invasion of that country.

One of the most powerful engines in the hands of him who, for a time, was lord of the ascendant in Europe, was the journal to which the pamphlet placed at the head of this article alludes. Whatever could in any degree serve to increase the slavery of the people of France, or to irritate them against the objects of the tyrant's peculiar and personal hatred, here found ready admittance; whilst every thing which might tend to open their eyes to their real state was carefully excluded.*

As our readers may not have the means of reference to the journals in which these papers appeared, we shall not apologize for laying before them such extracts as appear most worthy of observation.

Extract from the Moniteur, Monday, 6th August, 1804.

Constantinople, 29th June.

But Russia is now at peace with France, and has no more motives to break with her than she has advantages to expect from such a step. Markoff and his party have, it is true, succeeded in procuring an ill-timed note to be presented at Ratisbon, in favour of the Germanic body; by dint of evasions, punctilios, and petty wranglings of every description, they have produced a degree of coldness between the two powers, whose good understanding, equally advantageous to each, had enabled Russia to play a part both new and brilliant.

Russia can do no injury to France; with her, she can do whatever is just and noble. Russia has nothing to fear from France; nature has

established her inviolable frontiers. The vigilance of a tyrant seldom succeeds, however actively it may be exerted: to prove this we need only mention that Reinard, the French minister at Hamburg, gave to Napoleon a list of all many copies of the answer to the Moniteur; the sum was paid to Buonaparte's own bookseller, who had volunteered to publish the pamphlet in question, in a secret printing-office which he kept for Antigallican publications.

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destined these two powers to be friends; and whatever direction their armies may unfortunately receive from hostile counsels, neither of them will feel much interest in their undertakings. When a power, whose capital is at the extremity of the north, and whose armies, placed on the frontiers of Persia and Tartary, are engaged in combating the Tartars and Persians, interferes on its own account, and at its own risk, in the affairs of the south of Europe, it loses sight of its true position. However powerful the monarch, however brave the soldier, they are still but men; they can do nothing beyond the limits prescribed by nature. When Russia, taking part in the concerns of the south of Europe, seconds either of the three great powers, Austria, France, or Prussia, she acts as becomes her, and is truly worthy of respect; if, on the other hand, she takes the lead in the affairs of the south of Europe, she requires the assistance of Austria, France, or Prussia; she quits her station; she is wanting to her own dignity; she is no longer herself; and she ought to know that, to raise her power above that of all other states, she is in want not of provinces, but men. A twelvemonth's war destroys more than many years of peace may produce. Peace, lasting peace, is therefore, for Russia, the surest means of attaining the objects of her ambition, and the increase of her population of supplying her most urgent want.

Answer to the Article from Constantinople.

Sept. 1804.

It must be acknowledged, morally speaking, that it is to France, Russia is indebted for the situation which she now occupies, and which cannot be denied to be of the very first order. The period from whence this commanding and prominent position was occupied by Russia, may be dated from the commencement of that system of tyranny and injustice, which France has established; a system of invasion, of rapine, and of oppression, which has been exercised wherever its power could reach; and above all, since it became apparent that its ambitious views were directed to no less an object than the attainment of universal monarchy.

Since that time Russia is become the shield of the weak, and Alexander, seated on his throne, has assumed the character of the protector and arbitrator of empires. Can France compel her to lay aside this dignified character? Let her not deceive herself in imagining she can; Russia is not in the situation of an actor who puts on the purple to act the part of a king; she is not an upstart, who appears what she really is not; the attitude of the lion befits her, because she possesses both his force and his dignity; she is a colossal power, whose eyes have been unsealed by the faults of others, and viewed in her true light, a Colossus of the most formidable description. Whether Russia will unite herself to Prussia, or to Austria, whether she attaches herself to England, or stands alone, she must always be respectable, and among the first order of powers—respectable as long as she shall follow a system of justice and disinterestedness, and, that confident in her strength, she shall openly resist a plan of universal despotism, and

lay open to the world the violation of rights the most sacred; that impious violation, which has been so well described in the strong but temperate note which was presented at Ratisbon.

It is certainly true, that the population of Russia is, compared with its extent, rather small; but this, however, admits of some explanation. In the first place, the population is not equally distributed throughout the empire; and again, there are parts of Russia which are absolutely uninhabitable. Besides, where is the necessity of augmenting the population of the country? it is the duty of a sovereign to make his people happy, but it is not so clear that it is his duty to increase the number of them. In a moral point of view war is assuredly a very great calamity; but, in a political consideration, it is sometimes a necessary evil and much good results from it.

All this serves to prove, that a declaration of war, on the part of Russia against France, would be sufficiently formidable to encourage the German empire, now crushed by the latter power, to occupy the troops of France, and by that means, to afford an opportunity to Italy, to Switzerland, to Spain, to Portugal, to Holland, and to Hanover to shake off the Gallic yoke.

As to the project of invading England, it is an absolute chimera, a castle in the air, which can never be successful; and even if it were so, it must prove destructive to the rest of the world. England is at this moment at the highest point of elevation; she can never decline if she continues where she is, for higher she cannot be. But how can England, who only exists by her industry, and her trade, preserve her present situation unless by upholding the balance of the world? It is then the obvious interest of Russia to assist England, who, by its system, should be friendly to all nations, and to repress France, the selfish principles of whose government are inimical to the greater powers of Europe, and oppressive to the smaller.

So much for the anticipation of the triumphs of Russia. We now come to the consideration of the subsequent publications.

The first in order, and therefore that to which the most indulgence may fairly be shewn, is by Sir Robert Ker Porter. It was published in the beginning of 1813, previously to the appearance of any other work on the subject; and before the merits of the chief persons concerned had fallen under discussion.

The chief value of Sir Robert Porter's book consists in its official documents, and as the writer was not with the army during any part of the campaign, it is to be supposed that his information is almost entirely derived from these sources; that his account therefore should be so correct in the general outline, and so near the truth even in the details, is certainly a strong proof of the unanimity which prevailed between the government of the country and the people, and constitutes a high eulogium on the Russian nation.

The public documents, proceeding from the pen of Buonaparte will not furnish equally faithful materials for the future historian.

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They form a singular contrast to the simplicity and clarity which breathe throughout all those published by the Russians on *Bonaparte*; as it is observed by Dürden, not content with devoting to destruction that part of the French nation which followed his footsteps, appears to have considered those whom he left behind as devoid of common sense; if we are to judge by the fallacious and even ridiculous reports which he sent home of the victories of his army. It were to be wished that Sir Robert Porter had adopted a style less ornamental, and more suited to his subject, and that he had taken more pains in the compilation of his maps, which are very imperfect: as the work is published in an expensive form, it should have been accompanied with those engravings which the author is so well qualified to supply; his portrait of Kutisoff is certainly the best likeness of the old warrior which has ever appeared.

Labaume's Narrative is by far the best written of all those we have noticed; and we understand that it is considered by Russian officers to be altogether the most correct. Nothing so dreadfully ludicrous, so ludicrously dreadful, ever appeared; it is the Dance of Death realized in all its varieties! or, as it is described by a French officer on the retreat, whilst sinking under the horrors of his situation, 'Ah, Messieurs, n'appellez pas cela une retraite, c'est une procession des pénitens qui vont quérir des indulgences.' The philosopher Pangloss coughing out his last tooth with his last breath, in an almshouse, and at the same time pertinaciously maintaining that 'all was for the best,' is certainly the fittest portrait of the French nation, if we may judge from the traits here recorded. The remembrance of 'nos revers en Russie,' (as the complete annihilation of the most powerful army which France, or perhaps the world, ever sent forth, has been mildly called,) will not easily be forgotten in that country; but it is curious to observe that a Frenchman, even when writhing under the severest pangs of bodily suffering, never loses his vanity and self-importance. There is a most amusing instance of this related in Labaume, p. 389, where an old grenadier, whilst dying with hunger on a bridge covered with the dead bodies of his comrades, expresses his full conviction, that nothing but the severity of the season can prevent him from marching in the spring to the conquest of St. Petersburg!

The style and tone of the master may here be distinctly traced. Buonaparte, in the early part of the campaign, had told his soldiers in his usual strain, 'Au commencement de Juillet nous serons à Petersbourg. Je punirai l'Empereur Alexandre, le Roi de Prusse sera empereur du Nord!' and the eyes of his infatuated followers were not as yet opened to the fallibility of their deity;—for such indeed, even until a very late period, he appears to have been considered

considered by the greater part of them. His misdeeds were sufficient to establish in the fancy of a people ardent in the pursuit of military fame, and to add fuel to the exuberance of national vanity. The French, who were lately confined in this country, manifested a disposition to resistance, and an impatience of contempt, from a notion that their emperor was the greatest being upon earth, and those who were taken by the Russians, even in the midst of their miseries, preserved the same insolent tone and haughty bearing. It must at the same time be observed, that, during the retreat, curses not only deep, but loud, were heard in the French army, against the author of their calamities; and that he was frequently upbraided, to his face by wretches, whose imprecations it was thought prudent, latterly, to disregard. To those who are curious in drawing comparisons, the following quotation from Plutarch will not be unacceptable; it relates to the conduct of Crassus on his retreat from the Parthian expedition, and affords a striking contrast to the cold-hearted indifference displayed by Buonaparte to the sufferings he had brought upon his army: "Although the troops looked on Crassus as the author of all their calamities, yet they anxiously wished him to make his appearance and to speak to them: but he had muffled up his face, and withdrawn to an obscure spot, where he flung himself on the ground, a sad example, to the vulgar, of the instability of fortune, and to men of deeper thought, of rashness and inordinate ambition."*

La Baume's work, though occasionally inaccurate, is upon the whole drawn up with much ability. It must be recollected under what disadvantages his journal was composed, that (as he states in the preface) his pen was made with the same knife which he occasionally employed to cut up his miserable ration of horseflesh; and that a little water mixed with gunpowder, in the hollow of his hand, was his substitute for ink; and though we should prefer a greater simplicity of style, the story is told in so interesting a manner, that few, we apprehend, will be inclined to lay down the book without giving it a complete perusal. That part which might be thrown into the Narrative is too often told by a third person, who is introduced like the chorus in the drama, or like the speakers in Thucydides and Livy, for the instruction of the readers. An apology, for instance, upon

* On the retreat, as may be supposed, desertions from the French army were extremely frequent; on one occasion of this sort, a tall grenadier presented himself to a Russian officer—"M. le Commandant Russe," said he, "je suis de la garde; j'ai déserté; je ne veux plus servir ce coquin.—Il nous maltraite."—"Mais que fait l'Empereur?" says the Russian—"quelle mine a-t-il?"—"Ah! ma foi, il ne fait rien," was the reply; "il marche, qu'est-ce que cela lui fait, tout cela! Les hommes crèvent, mais cela lui est égal, ce n'est pas lui qui les fait; pour les chevaux, c'est autre chose, car il les paye, cela le chagrine; pour la mine, c'est la même qu'il a toujours, noir comme l'as de pique."

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the Emperor of Russia, with the detail of the preparations made at Moscow, is put into the mouth of an old man, with whom the author became acquainted in the course of the advance, and who certainly may have afforded the information stated, although it is not very probable. Again, we find that the 4th corps, which did not arrive in time for the first entry into Moscow, are informed of the destruction of the town by a fugitive French merchant, who makes a florid speech on the occasion. Rastopchin is introduced haranguing the multitude from a balcony on the approach of the French; and the miseries attendant on the occupation of the city are described in an episode on the fate of an unfortunate but interesting female. Buonaparte appears throughout in colours the most odious, careless of the lives of his followers, but extremely attentive to his own safety, and obstinately bent upon the pursuit of a great scheme, which he must at a very early period have perceived to be unattainable.

Beauharnois, on the other hand, is every where well spoken of; his military arrangements seem at all times to have been judicious; and indeed the part he had to play was one of no small difficulty, for his corps suffered beyond all the rest. It originally consisted of 48,000 men, 800 of whom alone survived to repossess the Niemen. The French prisoners, with that levity and acuteness which never forsake them, used to say that their army retreated in three divisions, viz.

1. Murat, ou l'armée battue.
2. Buonaparte, ou l'armée pillarde.
3. Ney et Beauharnois, ou les enfans perdus.

It is not surprising that in the course of a long train of events, of unexampled importance, there should be many points which still remain subject to dispute; and to these we shall chiefly direct our attention, as we are fortunately enabled to pronounce upon many of the works before us upon authority which cannot be disputed.

Similes have been exhausted, and description beggared, in painting the magnitude of Buonaparte's undertaking, and the extent of the means with which he proposed to achieve the conquest of Russia.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By Northern Bren, or Scythian Timour led,

His army was certainly the finest and best appointed which was ever assembled together either in ancient or modern times; not France alone was drained to supply the flower of her youth, but all her tributary states were compelled to furnish a similar contingent. Those corps which were composed of natives from the south of Europe were of course most exposed to suffering from the inclemency of the weather. Whole regiments of Spaniards and Portu-

gueze

stagnated in the Russian provinces, even before the army commenced its retreat from Moscow, and there is no part of Napoleon's offensive more painful than by account of the gradual accumulation of a body of Italians of good family, who had originally formed his main body-guard, so Buonaparte was obliged to order a vast number of workmen of all descriptions, such as masons, carpenters, &c. were under orders to attend the march of the army, and small soldiers were pressed into the service, as it had been with the contemplation of Buonaparte to make some permanent improvements in the horticulture of Russia.

In none of the accounts before us is the French force on entering Russia, estimated at less than 400,000 men. The official report found among Berthier's papers, which were seized at Moscow, raises it as high as 575,000 men. The following statement, which we have in our possession, was furnished by a Westphalian lieutenant-colonel belonging to the staff, who was taken prisoner between Smolensko, and Krasnoi, and we are induced to give insertion to, as authentic a document, as it shows the proportions of the contingents which were brought up by the different powers.—

Westphalians	80,000
Bavarians	40,000
Württembergers	16,000
Grand Duchy of Berg	3,000
Prussians	20,000
Austrians	30,000
From Baden	5,000
Poles	60,000
Swiss, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese	300,000
Various	20,000
Total	524,000

No general foresight was required to find supplies for so large an army, and the arrangements on this head appear to have been perfect in the outset: a certain number of bullocks were attached to each regiment; and in all the frontier towns, grain was collected from the surrounding country, and laid up in store. The same precautions were not taken, however, in providing subsistence during the retreat. At Smolensko, where provisions were said to be in abundance, only a scanty supply could be obtained, and such was the disappointment of the soldiers, that from the date of the destruction of the magazines in that town the organization of the French army was completely at an end.

For a long time the object of these immense preparations appeared uncertain; Prussia, England, Turkey, Persia, and even the

East Indies were in succession supposed to be menaced; and Buonaparte's own generals were for a long time kept in such complete ignorance of his intentions, that his public proclamation from Wilkowsky was the first decided intimation they received of the real object of the armament.

In his professions of a strong desire to erect Poland into an independent kingdom he was never sincere; but though the Poles had experienced how little reliance was to be placed in his promises, the appearance of independence had still a charm for them. In Lithuania his reception was very different; there the French were dreaded as conquerors, and the offers of freedom, made to the people in pompous detail at Wilna, received with coldness and distrust.*

As the Emperor Alexander was perfectly well acquainted with the precise day when the French were to pass the Niemen, and had in his possession all the dispositions for their advance,† the Russians retreated from Wilna, according to previous arrangements, to an intrenched camp which had been formed at Drissa, as a rallying point, behind the Dwina. Here it was imagined that a stand might effectually be made; but this being found impracticable, a farther retreat became necessary, for the new levies were not yet come up, and the war with the Turks still occupied a large portion of the Russian force. The retreat was conducted in the most orderly and beautiful manner, not a single broken carriage or dead horse was left behind to shew the route which the army had taken; and the French cavalry, who appear to be very inferior to the infantry, and indeed are never able to act without a proportion of sharp shooters, quite lost sight of the enemy they were pursuing.

It is clear that the Russians were unable in the outset to offer

* As the fate of Poland is still undecided, it would be premature to enter on the subject: we may observe, however, that those who are hostile to the incorporation of Poland with Russia, or rather to the restoration of that country to the dignity of a kingdom under a Russian sovereign, condemn the measure upon grounds which are not tenable, when they assert that 'the two countries have neither religion, laws, customs nor language in common,' since it may be easily shewn that a greater similarity exists between them than any two nations upon the earth. The fact, we believe, is, that the Poles are desirous of seeing their country united under the dominion of Russia, as Hungary is subject to the Emperor of Austria, and that they look forward with anxious hope to this, as the only step which can for ever prevent the recurrence of those scenes of blood and slaughter, which have so often desolated the two countries in the wars which they have carried on against each other.

† We have understood from good authority, that previous to the opening of the campaign, the intentions of the Emperor Alexander, in regard to Poland, were contained in an address presented at Petersburg; but as the aspect of the times was not favourable to the adoption of any new schemes, the Poles had no choice but to co-operate with the invading army.

† Rapetel, Moreau's aide-de-camp, had resided at St. Petersburg for a year previous to the opening of the campaign; and it is not improbable that the Emperor may have derived through that channel some information respecting the projects of Buonaparte.

any effectual resistance to the overwhelming force by which they were assailed—for although the total amount of their armies may be reckoned at 500,000 upon paper at the breaking out of the war, it does not appear that more than 200,000 men were actually opposed to the French on the Polish frontiers; and of these, 60,000, who, under Prince Bagrathion, composed the left wing, were so much in advance, that their junction with the main body at Smolensko was not effected without considerable difficulty. In order to comprehend fully the extent of the danger to which the Prince was exposed, and to appreciate the military skill which enabled him, in spite of opposition, to rejoin the army under Barclay de Tolly, we must refer our readers to the two maps published in France, to illustrate the advance of the French, and to their counterpart which appeared in this country at the time of their retreat. Buonaparte has at all times been careful to take with him draftsmen and engineers, to record his triumphs, and demonstrate to his 'good city of Paris' the extent of his victories: in this, as in numberless other instances, he shewed his intimate knowledge of the people with whom he had to deal; for, to judge by the preface to the French work just mentioned, the prospect of the entry of Napoleon into Mosco seems to have blinded all ranks to the certain destruction which awaited the greater part of the troops engaged in this frantic expedition.

Russia committed a great fault, in a military point of view, in acceding to the proposition of Buonaparte at Tilsit, and adding the province of Bialystock to her other possessions in Poland. The strength of the frontier between Riga and Oczákow, which had been established by the great Catherine, was, in this quarter, entirely broken; and we accordingly see that, when attacked in the centre, the two Russian armies were obliged to fall back to Smolensko before they could effect a junction—and for some time so alarmed was Barclay de Tolly for the fate of Bagrathion, that he had resolved to offer battle at Witepsk, in order to create a delay and enable the left wing to come up.*

It was at Smolensko, one of the most beautiful and most considerable towns in Russia, that the first conflict took place between the contending armies. The Russians defended it most gallantly, and the attack was not less spirited.

General Barclay de Tolly, foreseeing that the town would be immediately attacked, reinforced the garrison with two fresh divisions,

Bagrathion in his retreat had exhibited great military skill. On joining the main army he gave a strong proof of the superiority of his character. Although senior to Barclay de Tolly, he, without hesitation, consented to serve under his orders from the conviction, that, as the latter had been at head-quarters when the plan of the campaign was arranged, he was the more fit to direct the operations of the army.

and two regiments of infantry of the guards. Soon after the commencement of the action, thick columns of smoke were observed; in proportion as the darkness increased, the flames became more distinct, and bursting forth with great violence, communicated themselves as it were simultaneously to the principal quarters of the town, and in the midst of a fine autumnal night, presented to our view the magnificent but dreadful spectacle which an eruption of Mount Vesuvius offers to the inhabitants of Naples. About an hour after midnight the Russians abandoned the smoking ruins: at two o'clock the advanced corps of ~~our~~ grenadiers made preparations to storm the works; to their astonishment no resistance was made, and it was then first discovered that the place had been completely evacuated. We found near the walls several pieces of artillery, which the enemy had not been able to carry off. "Never, no never," continued the officer, "can an adequate idea be formed of the horrible scene of devastation which the interior of Smolensko presented.—The entrance into this town will form an epoch in my life.—Figure to yourself every street and every square heaped with the dying and the dead; and the distant flames shedding a lugubrous light over the awful scene. Merciful heaven! how much have those princes to answer for, who, to gratify their own ambition, expose their subjects to such horrors."—p. 92.

The Frenchman, like his countrymen in general, felt more correctly than he reasoned. This apostrophe is directed against Alexander; while he totally forgets that he had, himself, marched in the train of a sanguinary ruffian, two thousand miles from home, to invade an unoffending people, who were reposing in the bosom of peace.

The Russians, at last, finding themselves compelled to abandon it, set fire to the town; and Buonaparte is said to have exclaimed, with visible spleen, on witnessing the orderly manner in which their retreat was conducted, '*C'est la guerre des canons. Il paraît qu'il y aura une guerre sans bataille, ou une bataille sans guerre.*'

From this period it appears that the impetuosity and rashness of his character quite got the better of the prudence with which he commenced the campaign. At the outset, he had taken an extensive base for his military operations, and a vast tract of friendly country was thus secured for the supply of his numerous armies; but, on his farther advance, he was confined to one narrow line of march, and he thenceforth adopted that destructive system of warfare which on the retreat operated so fatally against himself.

On the side of Petersburg, the French had certainly nothing to boast, nor do they even pretend to have.—They had spread their troops, it is true, over a large tract of country, but it was one which the Russians did not expect to defend, and it was accordingly abandoned by them as had been previously arranged.—When Count Wittgenstein had retired as far as he considered advisable, he made
a stand,

a stand, and with such effect, that the united forces and manœuvres of Macdonald and Oudinot could not force him from his position, which effectually covered the road to St. Petersburg.

Before we proceed farther, it will be well to observe, that as the French divide the history of this campaign into two parts, the advance and the retreat, so have the Russians considered the arrival of Kutusoff at the army, as the point which divides it into two distinct periods, as far as the proceedings of their troops are concerned. A few words, therefore, are necessary on his appointment to the command of the army, as well as on that of Chichagoff, which has been much canvassed.

In proportion as Russia perceived that a war with France was inevitable; peace with her neighbours, the Swedes and Turks, became to her a matter of greater importance;—Bernadotte was soon induced to alter his politics, to the dismay of his former master, and the successes of the Russians against the Turks seemed to afford a reasonable hope that the termination of hostilities in that quarter could not be far distant; peace with Persia would then follow as a necessary consequence.

Kutusoff at that time commanded the army in Moldavia, and though he had exhibited much diplomatic talent in the negotiation for peace at Constantinople, in the reign of Catherine, the treaty which it was now so important to secure was still unaccountably delayed. Whether the fault lay with him or Romanzoff, it was impossible to decide.

It was at this crisis that the Emperor fixed his eyes on Admiral Chichagoff, as a proper person to be employed to bring the negotiations to a speedy issue. The admiral had lately returned from France, where he had been unfortunate enough to lose his wife. Although weaned from former prejudices, which led him to admire the character of Buonaparte, and to consider an alliance with France the most advantageous for Russia, he still was not popular amongst his countrymen, from the recollection of opinions which he had formerly supported; and his selection, at this moment, marks in a strong degree the high sense which the Emperor entertained of his talents, as well as his boldness in taking upon himself the responsibility of such an appointment.

René Bourgeois, in a note at the conclusion of his volume, has unjustly accused Kutusoff of duplicity, in his conduct towards Chichagoff, on his arrival to relieve him in the command of the Moldavian army. But it would appear, that by the time the admiral reached the Danube, the terms of peace had been finally settled, and nothing but the signature of the treaty was wanting. This was done by the Vizier on one side, and Kutusoff on the other; but as Admiral Chichagoff had also his diplomatic powers, it

was indispensable that his name should likewise be added. This was done. Kutusoff then quitted the army for Petersburg, and the admiral assumed the command; but the peace was so entirely the work of the former, that he is said to have frequently boasted of his success in effecting it, without the intervention of any other person. It is but justice, however, to the admiral to add that he disputes this statement. He is now in this country, and is understood to claim for himself the settlement of the peace; not that Kutusoff was at all blameable, but that Orichagoff went with fuller powers.

On the appearance of Kutusoff at Petersburg, he was unanimously chosen by the nobility of that government to command the militia. He was then entrusted by the Emperor with the defence of Petersburg, and finally appointed, by an ukase, commander-in-chief of all the Russian armies. The character of Prince Kutusoff does not appear to have been sufficiently appreciated, excepting by those to whom he was well known. He was, in every respect, a very superior man. Of a mild, kind-hearted, and generous disposition, he possessed, together with great good humour, a quickness of understanding, and vivacity of expression which rendered his society extremely attractive. Although fond of ease, he could bear any privation without a murmur, and as he enjoyed comfort himself, it was the anxious wish of his heart that the army which he commanded, as well as his family at home, should also be comfortable and happy. In the course of his life he had seen so much service, he was so completely a Russian, and knew so well what a Russian can perform, and what hardships he can undergo, when he becomes attached to his leader, that he had more the air of a father than of a general when at the head of his army.

It is the practice in Russia for public functionaries of all descriptions to send in annually a statement of their services,* and that transmitted by Prince Kutusoff will give a better idea of the extent of his exertions in the service of his country than any other document can possibly do. Those who form a judgment of the talents of a general from his age and bodily appearance will probably smile at the notion of a corpulent warrior of 72 years of age, for such was Kutusoff; but, in spite of these disadvantages, his activity of body was quite surprizing, and his plans for military operations, which were always upon a great scale, were formed with all the quickness and vigour of youth, in happy combination

* In the Russian army, navy, and even civil service, every person employed by the government, let his rank be what it may, is obliged to be able to shew, if required, a document descriptive of the services he has performed; this is kept up as he advances in rank, or situation, till, at last, on his retirement, a general certificate is given, which recapitulates the whole of his career.

with the prudence and caution of the veteran soldier. Indefatigable on the march, and prompt to advance when required, he was immovable when a stand became necessary; his humanity led him to avoid all useless effusion of blood; and his good humour made him naturally indulgent to his troops, but any neglect of duty was visited by him with the greatest severity; and, when counteracted in his projects by the pride and malevolence of others, he became passionate to excess. A revengeful feeling towards his enemies never entered his breast, whilst gratitude to his friends was ever predominant there; and his love for his country was of the most enthusiastic description. By this character will Kutusoff be known to posterity. He died leaving to his wife a sufficiency to pay his debts and no more, for he was always regardless of wealth; and as he left no male heir, his daughters, of whom there are five, have been provided for in the most generous manner by the Emperor of Russia.

On taking leave of the emperor, Kutusoff expressed his doubts of being able to save Mosco, but assured his Imperial Majesty that the destruction of that town would ensure the salvation of Russia; the possibility of wintering there he did not anticipate, and if the French were forced to retreat, he pledged himself not to give them breathing time till they had recrossed the Vistula. With these expectations he set off, and on his way was informed by Sir Robert Wilson of the battle of Smolensko, and of the continued retreat of the Russians. He joined the army at Viasma; and as the position which it here occupied was not considered sufficiently favourable, a more advantageous one was made choice of at Borodino, where it was determined to give the enemy battle.

Labaume's account of this tremendous engagement is not equal to the rest of his narrative; and as to the occupation of the field of battle after the action, he evidently gives two statements which are at variance with each other, for after informing us in p. 142, *que l'armée (Française) hivonnaqua sur le terrain qu'elle avoit gagné*, (by which must be meant the scene of action,) he states in the following page, *que le lendemain de très bonne heure nous allâmes de nouveau sur le champ de bataille*. Now though we consider the question itself to be of little importance, Labaume's inconsistencies must not pass unnoticed; and as even René Bourgeois, whose statements are in general less tinged with national vanity, has not in his detail of this battle shewn his usual fairness, it is only by an accurate examination of all the reports, that the claims to superiority which have been brought forward by each of the contending parties can be in any degree reconciled. The fact appears to be that, after a combat of unequalled fury, no very decided advantage was gained by either party; but as the Russians quitted the ground on the

following day, the French are entitled to assert their pretensions to the victory with more propriety than in many other instances, where they have equally laid claim to it.

During this action the Russian right wing never lost ground; and their left, which was the weak part of their position, only retreated a short distance, when their lines became too thin, from the destruction which was made amongst them, to cover the ground which they had originally taken up. It was in this quarter that Prince Bagration commanded, and of his division, which went into action 40,000 men strong, 12,000 were either killed or wounded.

On the termination of the contest, the field of battle remained unoccupied, so much so that more than 15,000 wounded Russians were removed during the night, and 12 pieces of cannon were fetched away which had not been brought off from the redoubt on the left; the most obstinate struggle had taken place in the battery in the centre; and it was here that Barclay de Tolly slept, after having desperately fought on the same spot during the whole of the engagement.

The Russians retired, without molestation, on the Moscow road, which they could not have done had the French retained possession of the batteries on the left; and a corps of cavalry under Platoff and Ouvaroff was dispatched in pursuit of the enemy: they succeeded in turning the left of the French army, and even at one time menaced their rear, which forced them to fall back to their position for the night.

At the commencement of the action the strength of the two armies was nearly equal—about 130,000 men: according to Berthier's report, which we have already noticed, the loss of the French amounted altogether to upwards of 50,000 men; and we find no less than 15 generals numbered among the killed; 90,000 cannon shot were fired by the French on that day according to their own calculation, and the whole army expended their cartridges, of which 100 had been distributed to each man. The loss on the side of the Russians was less, as they occupied an entrenched position; it cannot, however, be estimated under 82,000 men.

A more horrible spectacle cannot be conceived than the appearance of a field so strewn with dead and dying: 60,000 men are said to have been burnt or buried, and above 25,000 horses lay extended on the ground.

The battle of Borodino was fought on the 26th August, old style: the French did not enter Moscow till the 3d of the following month; a proof, as the distance between the two places is only 75 English miles, that the French did not advance with the speed they might have done had they been pursuing a beaten enemy. Seven entire days were employed by Rastopchin, the governor, in the evacuation of

of the town. Having imagined that the farther progress of the French would be stopped at Borodino, he was quite unprepared for such an event; but as the necessity of abandoning it was apparent, he exerted himself with the same alacrity for its evacuation as he had done in providing it with means of defence. Most of the public stores were embarked and floated down the river Moskwa into the Oka; and the Russian army, by its march towards Kalomna, covered all the caravans on the Rezan and Volodimir roads. The greater part of the wounded were conveyed to places of safety, though Buonaparte has asserted that 20,000 perished in the flames when the town was consumed: that some were abandoned to their fate, who were in too deplorable a situation to bear removal, is not improbable, but their numbers cannot have been very great, for the Russian soldier is known to dread captivity to such a degree that there is no sacrifice which he will not make to avoid it. In the campaign which preceded the peace of Tilsit, when the Russians abandoned Königsberg, where their hospitals had been chiefly established, the road to Memel and other places in the line of the retreat were covered with their wounded; who, in every possible stage of suffering, preferred the attempt to escape under all the difficulties to which they were exposed, to the certainty of being made prisoners by the French.

We shall have occasion in the course of the French retreat to observe, in more than one instance, the military skill and prudence displayed by Kutusoff, but at no period were they more conspicuous than in the movements of the army under his orders during the time that the French occupied Moscow. Lord Cathcart appears to be the only one who does justice in his dispatches to the abilities shown by the veteran in taking up the position on the Kalouga road; and those who trace on the map the operations of the Russian army in this quarter will probably be inclined to agree with him. Few manoeuvres have been more ably planned or more skilfully executed; and so completely were the French at a loss on this occasion, that Sebastiani was removed from the command of the advance for losing sight of the Russian army at the time they made this masterly march.

After the battle of Borodino it appears to have been Kutusoff's object to avoid, as much as possible, all general engagements; 'a famine and theague' would sufficiently thin the ranks of the enemy without loss on his side, and as he, even at a much later period, thought it not improbable that the French army, in spite of all its disasters, would be able to muster a formidable force at Wilna, his pursuit of the enemy was never so rapid as to endanger the order and discipline of his troops. This cautious system was, at the time, condemned by many, and those aspersions were thrown upon the general's character, which it has been the lot of every commander

commander to be exposed to, whose plan, like that of Fabius, into weary and elude the enemy.

Whenever Kutusoff halted, he never failed to place strong intrenchments around his army; for, said he, 'this precaution requires but little trouble, and often costs the enemy very dear.' It was by this and similar traits that he obtained from Buonaparte the name of 'le vieux renard;' and his refusal to listen to the proposals for an armistice, which were made to him whilst the French were in possession of Mosco, must have convinced them that they had no common man to deal with.

On examination of the map it will be found that the position first taken by Kutusoff, whilst the French were fatally revelling in the plunder of Mosco, was on the Rezan road. We trace his march thence, covered by the river Roshra, to that which leads to Toula, and afterwards, when he found that he was not sufficiently near to intercept the French line of communication we find him posted on the Kalouga road. Here he, as usual, fortified his camp; the manufacturing towns, where an alarm might have been excited by the approach of danger, regained their confidence on seeing the firm attitude of their defenders, and the Russian army was abundantly supplied with provisions, whilst the French in Mosco were suffering from the total want of the necessaries of life; of some of its luxuries, it is true, there was still a satiety.

Our remarks upon Kutusoff's conduct have led us to a point of time subsequent to the most striking event in the campaign, the occupation of Mosco by the French, and the conflagration to which the town was doomed by the resolution and patriotism of the inhabitants; for although, for obvious reasons, the Russians may be unwilling to acknowledge the fact, it is quite clear, that the chief share in the destruction is to be attributed to them.* René Bourgeois, while he unequivocally admits this, attempts to prove that the measure was equally impolitic and unnecessary; that a more striking example of determined courage would have been afforded by the resolute defence of the town, than by abandoning it on the approach of the enemy; and that the severe visitation which the capital suffered was of no material injury to the designs of the French. But to say nothing of the general effect produced in the country by so striking a sacrifice, so strong a proof of undaunted resolution, it cannot be disputed that by the destruction of the magazines, the French were reduced to such a state of distress that a longer stay in their present quarters was

* So, indeed, Buonaparte has always asserted; and we have heard that in one of his late conversations at Elba, when speaking on the subject, he contended that it was impossible for him to be prepared for such an event, as he believed there was no example of the kind in ancient or modern times.

absolutely

absolutely impossible; and whatever might have been the original plan of Buonaparte, had he anticipated a mode of defence so fatal to his views, we cannot suppose that he would have been rash enough to expose his army to the disasters they suffered on their retreat, by advancing into the heart of the country before the return of the fine season. In regard to the defence of Mosco, it could not be attempted with any prospect of success; it has no fortifications whatever, for the Kremlin (the old Tartar fortress) lies completely buried in the heart of the town. On the approach of the French some field-works were raised, and a position traced at Poclonigorod about twelve versts from Mosco; but the idea of making a stand in this position was afterwards abandoned; for a defeat here, which the superior force of the enemy and the open face of the country rendered extremely probable, would have only increased the confusion attendant upon the evacuation of the capital, and materially crippled the future operations of Kutusoff.

The entry of the French into the town was the signal for the work of destruction; combustibles had for some time been preparing at a few versts distance, and the pretence for their fabrication was the construction of a balloon to destroy the invaders by fulminating powder and other expedients of a similar nature. Such, at least, is the account we have heard from those who are inclined to consider Rastopchin as the chief instrument in the scene which ensued; though it may no doubt be attributed, without any degree of improbability, to the rage of the inhabitants at the conduct of the French in the course of their advance, which is described to have been so atrocious, that their subsequent miseries, great as they were, instead of awakening commiseration, only appear a just retribution for the cruelties they had committed.*

Labauime gives an animated account of the horrors which attended the conflagration of this great city, and a more fearful scene cannot well be imagined.

Thus, neither noble blood, nor the candour of youth, nor even the tears of beauty, were respected. Penetrated by so many calamities, I hoped that the shades of night would cast a veil over the dreadful scene, but they contributed, on the contrary, to render the conflagration more visible. The violence of the flames, which extended from north to south, and were strangely agitated by the wind, produced the most awful appearance, on a sky which was darkened by the thickest smoke. Nothing could equal the anguish which absorbed every feeling heart, and which was increased in the dead of the night, by the cries of the

* The criminals who were emancipated from confinement on the approach of the enemy, are acknowledged by all parties to have taken no small share in the destruction of the city; and their activity on this occasion is not surprising, as they probably hoped, by their exertions in so good a cause, to obliterate in some degree the remembrance of former iniquity.

miserable

miserable victims who were savagely murdered, or by the screams of the young females, who fled for protection to their weeping mothers, and whose ineffectual struggles tended only to inflame the passion of their violators. To these dreadful groans and heart-rending cries, which every moment broke upon the ear, were added the howlings of the dogs, which, chained to the doors of the palaces, according to the custom at Moscow, could not escape from the fire which surrounded them. pp. 210—211.

At this alarming crisis we find the Emperor Alexander at St. Petersburg undismayed by the fall of the ancient capital of his empire; he appears very early to have made up his mind to the worst which might betide him, and to have determined upon resistance to the last extremity. His conference with Bernadotte at Abo assured him of the favourable disposition of Sweden to his cause, and as in some of his first proclamations we may observe that he alludes to the possible necessity of giving up Mosco, its occupation by the enemy must have been foreseen by him as a possible contingency. His address to his people on the fall of that town is couched in a tone of pious resignation and manly confidence in the justice of his cause, which cannot be too much admired. Sir R. Porter, in his usual rhetorical style, introduces the emperor as expressing his intention of retiring to Archangel and taking shelter on board his fleet; but he never looked for security beyond his own dominions.

With a view to provide against future emergencies, a foundry of cannon was erected at Casan, and a thousand horses were posted at each stage between St. Petersburg and that town, to remove the court in case of necessity.* As the Emperor had given positive orders that no proposals of peace should be accepted,†

* It has been asserted that an oath was taken by the Russian Generals commanding the advanced guards, not to allow any proposals of peace to be forwarded to the Emperor: but so far is this from being the fact, that couriers with dispatches of that nature did actually reach Petersburg, though they remained unanswered. The apprehensions of the Russian officers at this moment proceeded not from any doubt of the Emperor's firmness, but the integrity of Kutusoff himself was strongly suspected for his interview with Lauriston, from prudential motives, had been conducted in the most secret manner, and he had contrived most adroitly to amuse Buonaparte with the prospect of peace, whilst the Russian reinforcements were gathering from all quarters.

† It is said that Kutusoff refused to forward a letter addressed by Napoleon to his Imperial majesty, because it was directed to the Emperor of Russia, instead of 'all the Russians.' This of course was a mere pretence; for on another occasion he distinctly gave the enemy to understand, that it was not a time for the Russians to listen to terms of accommodation, when on their part the campaign was only in its commencement. In one of the meetings for the purpose of proposing terms of peace, in the neighbourhood of Mstob, a French general said to Miloradovitch, 'On fait un point d'or à un ennemi qui se retire.' At Krasnoi, when the same Russian officer saw the columns of Marshal Ney advancing, he cried out, 'Point de pont d'or!' and immediately placed a battery of twenty-four pieces of cannon across the road, which was never forced, and caused the destruction of the French corps.—We have heard that General Piré, who came from the French advanced posts to propose the armistice, observed to a Russian officer,

the only armistice which took place whilst the French were at Mosco, was after the battle of Vinkovo, from the 23d to the 27th September; and this was only between the advanced guard of Miloradovitch and the troops under Murat; in every other quarter, even at the distance of a mile from the out-posts, hostilities never ceased, which distressed the French to an excessive degree. Their foraging parties too, in every direction, fell a sacrifice to the thirst for revenge which animated the whole body of the neighbouring peasantry, and which was carried to such an extent that the natives were in some instances found bargaining with the Cossacks for their prisoners, in order to enjoy the horrible satisfaction of putting them to death. This practice, however, was immediately stopped.

On no rational ground can we account for the conduct of Buonaparte in lingering at Mosco, after he found that all chance of accommodation with the Russians was out of the question; and, whilst we are fully disposed to give all due praise to the ability of those generals, who, by unexpected manœuvres, completely succeeded in surrounding the French army, we must seek for some farther explanation of the total want of military skill exhibited by Buonaparte at this period.

The following considerations will, perhaps, serve in some degree to explain his conduct.

In the first place, as the name of Kutusoff was associated by him with the laurels which he had gained at Austerlitz, he naturally inclined to undervalue the ability of the veteran commander, and probably thought as lightly of the military skill of the other Russian officers opposed to him.

His agents had formed their estimate of the character of the nation from the degenerate Russians who were base enough to keep up a correspondence with them. This misled Buonaparte materially. Even the information given by the French consul Lesseps, was, in many instances, extremely incorrect; and the general hatred of the common people towards the enemy was so strong, and the exertions of every man to deceive the invaders directed with so much intelligence, that they completely succeeded in keeping the French in ignorance of the movements of the armies.

The general map of Russia being faulty, the French maps which were copied from them on a larger scale became still more so, and thus all the calculations for their marches were rendered incorrect. Frequent instances are mentioned in the works before us of fatal accidents occurring to detachments of the French from ignorance of the country.

Buonaparte, in governing the French nation with a degree

of severity, alluding to the late affair at Vinkovo, where Murat had been very roughly handled, said, *Messieurs, vous n'êtes pas faits de la paille.*

of

of despotism before unheard of, seems to have imagined that the people of Russia would as tamely submit to the mandates of their Emperor, of whatever nature they might be; instead of which the spirit of the nation carried along with it even that part of the government whose patriotism and love of independence were of a more questionable nature.

A more beautiful sight cannot be imagined than the first opening on the city of Mosco. The splendour of its appearance, and the exultation which pervaded the ranks of the French army, when this great city, in all its magnificence, first burst upon their view, is well described by René Bourgeois.

At the sight of this vast capital which, situated at the extremity of a wide basin and built in the form of an amphitheatre upon the hill which bounds it, burst at once upon our view, there was not one of us that did not experience a feeling of pride and pleasure. Above an immeasurable mass of superb houses, ranged in a semi-circle of considerable extent, rose a prodigious quantity of steeples of all descriptions, the greater part surmounted by cupolas painted with the most glowing colours. Amidst all these buildings, of which the disposition and elegance formed a magnificent coup-d'œil, was distinguished the superb tower of Iwan; placed in the Kremlin and surrounded by palaces, it overlooked the whole of the city, whilst its gilt cupola eclipsed all the others by its size and brilliancy.

Around the basin were observed at intervals neat villages, and a number of country seats, upon which the eye agreeably reposed, and completed the beauty of the scene.—p. 52.

The description of the same scene by Labatut, is equally vivid and interesting.

While the fourth corps was constructing a bridge over the Moskwa, I ascended a hill with the officers of the staff. From the summit we perceived a thousand gilded spires and steeples, which, as the sun shone full upon them, appeared to be so many globes of fire. One, among the rest, which surmounted a pillar or obelisk, bore the appearance of an immense balloon floating in air. Nothing could equal our surprise at this glorious spectacle, which was the more interesting to us from the contrast it formed with the gloomy objects that had hitherto met our view. We found it impossible to suppress our feelings, and actuated by a simultaneous impulse, we all shouted *Mosco! Mosco!* At the sound of this long wished-for name, the soldiers rushed up the hill in crowds, discovering at every step new prodigies. Some admired a magnificent castle on the left, built in the oriental style; others directed their view towards a palace or a temple; but all were equally struck with the grandeur with which this immense city presented itself to them. It is situated in the midst of a fertile plain: the Moskwa winds through it, breaking, into picturesque groups, a vast cluster of houses of all sizes, and of every possible species of architecture: the walls curiously painted, the domes covered with alabaster, tiles, or copper gilt, in the most pleasing variety; while the terraces before the palaces, the obelisks

obelisks over the gates, but above all, the immense multitude presented to our eyes one of those cities which we had hitherto supposed to exist only in the powerful imagination of the Asiatic poets, or in the wild and wonderful imagery of the Arabian tales.

But all this fair prospect had the ferocious violence and cruelty of the French completely blighted, and they were now seeking a miserable existence among the ruins of the town. Under most of the chief hotels vaulted cellars were originally constructed, where such valuables had been deposited as it was found impossible to carry off. In most instances these hiding-places were rendered more secure by the fall of the buildings to which they belonged; but some hoards of this kind were discovered and eagerly ransacked by the marauding parties. In the midst of all these horrors Buonaparte appears to have maintained his usual sangfroid, and his accustomed tone of arrogance and blind confidence in his own superior fortune. To occupy the minds of his officers directions were given that a French comedy should be performed, at which the emperor signified his intention of attending. It was in vain that he was told that the actors had taken flight, that the decorations of the theatre were destroyed; a play-house must be established.

During the conflagration, he and his staff had for one night lodged in the Petrofskoe palace, and so closely were his motions watched by the Cossacks, that if he had delayed his departure thence one quarter of an hour, nothing could have saved him from falling into their hands. 'When I saw him pass by,' says Labaume, 'I could not behold, without abhorrence, the chief of a barbarous expedition who endeavoured to escape the just marks of public indignation, by seeking the darkest roads, but in vain: from all sides the flames seemed to pursue him, and extending over his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of the Eumenides, pursuing the criminals devoted to the Furies.'—p. 201.

Buonaparte had a still more narrow escape, a short time afterwards, at what is commonly called by the Russians the Hourrah of Yaroslavetz, out of compliment, we conclude, to Platoff, who probably had a principal share both in the plan and execution of this unexpected attack; and René Bourgeois has given such an animated account of this affair, that we shall transcribe it as an amusing picture of the desultory warfare by which the French were so incessantly harassed.

'A cloud of Cossacks dashed suddenly upon the squadrons which were escorting Buonaparte, with frightful howlings, and shouts a thousand times repeated of Hourra, Hourra! They came upon our people with so much impetuosity that they had not time to form. They crossed the road in an instant, striking with their lances all whom they

they met, and soon disappeared behind the woods. It would seem that this change, of a surprising audacity, since it took place in the centre of our army, was directed against Napoleon himself: in fact he ran many risks, and was near being taken.—We did not soon forget this hour, which was generally known among us by the name of the Emperor's Mourra.—p. 87.

Whilst Napoleon wasted his time at Mosco with the delusive hope of intimidating the emperor, his chief occupation appears to have been organizing a system of plunder and devastation. The hotels of the nobility were stripped of their statues, pictures, and even wine, which, when packed up in cases, were sent off on carts, daily dispatched in considerable numbers; and to encourage these disgraceful proceedings amongst all classes of his officers, a conveyance similar to our mail coach was established under the direction of the post office, by which parcels of all descriptions were safely carried beyond the reach of recapture. In some instances, indeed, these mails were stopped by the Russian partizans, who always finding a list of packages, never failed to make the guard who had charge of them accountable for their amount.

Papers also in great abundance were occasionally seized, which related chiefly to the internal regulation of the departments in France, and amongst these it was not unusual to find licences for a fraudulent trade with Great Britain and her colonies, already signed by Napoleon, and on their way back to Paris for the countersignature of the minister of the interior, who would then deliver them to the smuggling vessels: such were the noble occupations of the 'greatest captain of the age!' The extreme peril of his situation forced him, however, now to have recourse to an expedient which before this campaign he appears to have considered unworthy of his dignity:—a council of war was assembled and the cry was for retreat. He is said to have thought it right to demand the advice of his generals in a similar manner on two other occasions, at Smolensko, (as mentioned by Labaume,) and at Mojaik, and we know that in the campaign of 1813, when at Dresden, he was again forced, however unwillingly, to consult with his chief officers as to the best course to be pursued.

The triumphant tone in which Labaume describes the departure of the French from Mosco, loaded with the spoils of the east, forms a striking contrast to the horrible recital which follows of the unparalleled miseries attendant upon every stage of the retreat.

Those who did not witness the departure of the French army from Moscow, can form but a faint idea of what the Greek and Roman armies were, when they abandoned the ruins of Troy or of Carthage! But they who observed the appearance of our army at this moment, acknowledged the accuracy of those interesting scenes which are so aptly

described in the writings of Virgil and Livy. The long files of waggons, in three or four ranks, extended for several leagues, loaded with the immense booty which the soldiers had spatched from the flames, and the Moscovite peasants, who were now become our servants, resembled the slaves which the ancients dragged in their train. Others carrying with them women, children, or prostitutes whom they had found at Moscow, represented the warriors amongst whom the captives had been divided. Afterwards came numerous waggons filled with trophies, among which were Turkish or Persian standards, torn from the vaulted roofs of the palaces of the Czars, and, to complete the triumph, the celebrated cross of Saint Iwan* gloriously closed the rear of an army which, but for the imprudence of its chief, would have been enabled to boast that it had extended its conquests to the very limits of Europe, and astonished the people of Asia with the sound of the same march with which the Pillars of Hercules had re-echoed.—pp. 240—241.

The winter was not by any means remarkable for its severity, but the cold was sufficiently intense to be fatal to the natives of a southern climate, whose minds were enervated by the dreary prospect before them, and whose bodies were debilitated by the want of sustenance and rest. It is well known that at this disastrous period the fourth corps, to which Labaume was attached, was exposed preeminently to all the accumulated evils which befel the French army, and the Viceroy appears to have conducted himself with great ability and firmness on several trying occasions. His troops formed the rear-guard, and after the pillage and destruction to which every place had been exposed by the main body of the army, it is not surprizing that they found neither food nor shelter. Though René Bourgeois appears not to consider the fact as established, there can be little doubt that it was the intention of Buonaparte on quitting Mosco to effect a retreat through the southern provinces of Russia, in preference to retiring through an exhausted country. This scheme Kutusoff rendered abortive by opposing his progress at Malo Yaroslavetz, and the French army was thus compelled to measure back its steps on the road upon which it had advanced. Kutusoff, in the mean time, had retired towards Kalouga, for the purpose of recruiting his troops; and as soon as he had ascertained that the French were on the retreat no time was lost in commencing the pursuit.

During the parallel march which was made by the Russians in the first part of the retreat, they kept their distance through the day directed by the smoke of the burning villages, and at night by the flames; and such was the activity of the light troops employed

~~These are of Labaume's poetical fictions, introduced no doubt to add to the effect of the triumphal exit of the French from Moscow; for we have ascertained that the French did not carry away the famous cross of Iwan Veliki, but that it was found amongst the rubbish in clearing out the Kremlin.~~

to watch the movements of the enemy, that more of the French mails were brought to the Russian head-quarters than reached Wilna after Buonaparte had advanced beyond Smolensko, and the French themselves confess that on their return to that town, the troops which they had left there were ignorant that the army had commenced its retreat from Mosco.

The days of the French army now appeared to be numbered; each hour produced fresh discomfiture and disgrace, and it seemed impossible that they should be able to force the passage of the Beresina. The arrangements made for the junction of the Russian armies on that river were such as to promise a speedy conclusion to the campaign, and the capture of Buonaparte himself was not without some degree of reason confidently anticipated. It is well known that these hopes proved fallacious, and no small degree of disappointment has been expressed on the occasion, both here and on the other side of the water:—with what justice we shall proceed to examine. Labaume's account of this important affair is sufficiently interesting; but the appearance of a work on this campaign (which we conclude from the title to be that by Durdent, though from its general tenor we should have suspected that another publication, which we have noticed, was pointed at) has brought forth a pamphlet exclusively devoted to the subject, which we understand to be drawn up by the Chevalier Guillaume de Vaudoucourt, and which has since been translated into English, with explanatory notes, as the title-page announces, 'by an officer who was with the Russian army at the same period.*'

However well intended may be the design of the author, we doubt whether he has done wisely in inviting discussion on this question, and he has certainly much mistaken the import of the word in applying the epithet 'impartial' to his statement. It is always unfortunate for a commander to be employed on a service where public expectation is raised to a high pitch of enthusiasm: the difficulties of his situation are generally overlooked, and his means over-rated. If he disappoints the hopes of his countrymen, his lot is far from enviable, for to exculpate himself, he must criminate others; and we accordingly find that the author of the defence of the conduct of Admiral Chichagoff when opposed to Buonaparte at the Beresina, enters upon his justification at the expense of Kutusoff and Wittgenstein, upon whom he has thought proper to deal out censure in no very courtly or measured language.

Before we proceed farther, however, it will be necessary to cast an eye upon the positions of the Russian armies.

After the battle of Krasnoi it appears to have been more than ever the object of Kutusoff to avoid, as much as possible, any ge-

* This is now understood to be C. himself.

neral engagement; to let the enemy waste away by the simple operation of cold and hunger; and to preserve his own forces in a condition to cope with any additional strength which the French might gain on approaching the frontier.

We have before observed that the line of operations upon which the invading army moved after their departure from Smolensko was one of considerable danger; and to the mistake committed by Buonaparte in not securing a more extended base for his movements, and in not providing for the safety of his supplies, his subsequent disasters are to be attributed, even more than to the inclemency of the weather. This was seen by Kutusoff before the commencement of the retreat, and he then declared, 'Actuellement je ne donnerai pas un Russe pour dix Français; ils périront tous de mort naturelle.'

It will be right to bear in mind that this was the principle upon which Kutusoff acted, when we find him blamed for tardiness in the pursuit; we have before remarked that a strict adherence to this line of conduct exposed him at an earlier period to similar imputations.

Wittgenstein had maintained, in a masterly manner, that position on the Dwina which effectually barred the progress of the French in the direction of St. Petersburg,—his army was already on the march to oppose the passage of the Beresina, and it was conceived that the junction of the Moldavian army under Chichagoff with that with which Tormasoff had kept Prince Schwartzberg in check, would render the total defeat and captivity of the French army unavoidable.

'Telle était l'idée qu'on s'était fait, sur-tout en Russie, de la situation de l'armée française à la fin de Novembre, 1812; et cette opinion exagérée sous tous les rapports, comme on le verra plus bas, fit naître des murmures contre le général qui semblait par sa position n'avoir pour ainsi dire qu'à tirer les cordons du sac.*—*Relation Impartiale*, p. 9.

The inadequacy of the means which were placed at the disposal of Chichagoff, for the execution of the duty imposed upon him, has been assigned as a reason for the failure of his attempt; it is true, that, although the troops under his orders amounted to 34,000 men, the army under his own immediate command did not exceed 15,000 infantry, and 9000 cavalry, with from 150 to 160 pieces of cannon: but however insufficient this force might have been to make any head against a powerful body of French in the early part of the campaign, it surely might be expected to keep at bay, at

* This certainly was the general opinion, and at St. Petersburg a caricature was for some time in circulation, where Kutusoff and Wittgenstein were represented to be drawing up the neck of a bag in which Buonaparte was inclosed, whilst Admiral Chichagoff is cutting a hole at the bottom by which the cauld escapes.

least till the arrival of farther succours, the remains of that once formidable army; which was now reduced to 70,000 men, in a state of disorganization and distress almost without a parallel.

The local advantages too were very much on the side of the Russians; the Beresina, though a narrow river, is at all times most difficult to cross from the depth and rapidity of the stream; and the morasses which extend along its banks; and at this time the difficulties of the passage were materially augmented by the continual descent of large masses of ice.

These were circumstances which fully justify the alarm which Buonaparte is known to have felt on approaching this critical point in his retreat; and we have only to read Labaume's account of the spectacle which the opposite bank of the river presented to those who had already crossed, and the piteous condition of those who were even thus, in comparative safety, to be convinced that the least delay here would have proved fatal to the whole of the retreating army.

Napoleon being gone towards Zembin, left behind him this immense crowd, which, standing on the other side of the Beresina, presented a lively, but frightful picture of the unhappy ghosts who are said to wander on the banks of the Styx, and press tumultuously towards the fatal bark. The snow fell with violence; the hills and forests presented only some white indistinct masses, scarcely visible through the fog. We could only see distinctly the fatal river, which, half frozen, forced its way through the ice that impeded its progress.—p. 359.

The author of 'La Relation Impartiale' begins by stating that it has long been considered by all great commanders that it is impossible to prevent the passage of a river, when the general who undertakes it is a man of enterprize and skill. He brings many proofs from ancient as well as modern times in support of his assertion, and in a note on this passage in the Translation the question is asked, 'why in the instances above enumerated, blame did not attach to the unsuccessful opponents?' We doubt not that, in many of the cases mentioned, the success of the assailing party has thrown no inconsiderable degree of discredit on the general who was thus ineffectually opposed to them—in some, it has incontrovertibly. The Archduke Charles, for instance, suffered considerably in his military reputation for permitting that very passage of the

* All order and discipline were so completely at an end in the French army, in consequence of the hardships they had suffered, that it was now become impossible to render it efficient by any accession of strength. Labaume expressly states, after mentioning the junction with the main body of the 12th and 9th corps, and of the Poles under Dombrowski, that 'though these re-inforcements were very acceptable, we almost feared to think whether the assembling so many men together in the centre of a vast desert, might not serve to increase our misfortunes.'—p. 348.

Danube here quoted. We allude to that which took place at Ebersdorf on the 22d May, 1809: in the translation, by mistake, the French are said to have effected the passage on the 12th.

We believe it will be found that, although several splendid attempts of this kind have been crowned with success after a prodigious sacrifice of men, in most instances the result has been failure, attended with considerable loss. The propriety of making the trial must, of course, depend upon the urgency of the case; but the danger of leaving a difficult river or defile in the rear, especially when likely to be attacked by a superior force, must be apparent to every one. This common rule in tactics, the Russians unaccountably neglected on the fatal day of Friedland; and most grievously answered for their disregard of so useful a maxim. And Chichagoff has exposed himself to the same species of blame for having sent a whole division under Count Pahlen across the Beresina, solely for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy. They were attacked, as might be expected, by a superior force, and driven back to Borisof with considerable loss.

The author of the pamphlet before us, after stating the difficulties which, in his opinion, render the defence of a river impracticable, proceeds to tell us, that

‘The only rule of conduct that can be laid down for a general whose task it is to defend a river, a rule sanctioned by the great Frederick of Prussia, is to station himself with his whole army within a day’s march of the river, and at an equal distance from the points which he supposes will be forced, that he may be able, on the first intelligence, to attack the party that shall have passed the river, with a superior force.’

Though this strikes us as somewhat like the precaution of the sagacious constable, to prevent the escape of the thief who had robbed Joseph Andrews, yet we do not find that even these general rules were in any degree attended to by Chichagoff. He appears to have wandered with nearly the whole of his army from place to place, at a time when, of all others, he ought to have been stationary, with but scanty information respecting the movements of the enemy, and without taking advantage of that which he did obtain.

The enemy seems to have constructed his bridges, (which are allowed to have been made of such frail materials as to have required frequent repairs during the night,) and to have thrown the greater part of his force across without any molestation, although in proportion as Chichagoff felt the weakness of his own powers of resistance, if attacked by the enemy in superior numbers, his efforts to prevent the establishment of any communication with the right bank ought to have been vigorous and unremitting.

It must not be supposed that we are at all inclined to undervalue the exertions of the admiral during the peculiar service on which

he was employed. His spirit and decision in instantly quitting the Turkish frontier on the conclusion of peace, and the high order and condition in which he contrived to bring up his army to Borisof by the appointed time, are deserving of every commendation. Many allowances must also be made for a naval man engaged in such an expedition; and it is possible, (as is asserted by the writer of the pamphlet before us,) that from this cause his commands may not have been obeyed with the same alacrity as if his talents had been more exclusively devoted to the military profession. We, at the same time, must express our disbelief of the reply said to be given by General Hertel to some orders received from Chichagoff. Those who know the strictness of the admiral's ideas in regard to naval discipline, or remember the opinions which he gave respecting the capitulation made at Jutland and Lisbon by admirals Bodisko and Simiavin, will not suspect him of permitting General Hertel to remain unpunished, unless his reasons for disobeying the orders of his superior officer had been of the strongest description.

The account of the march from Moldavia to the Beresina is extremely well given, and it reflects the greatest credit upon the admiral, as well as his subsequent pursuit to Wilna, in which he displayed considerable activity. Nothing could be more perfect than all his arrangements until he arrived on the banks of the river, where a task awaited him which required a degree of experience in military operations which could only belong to one long used to the stratagems of war. No quarter is given by General Vaudoncourt to the Polish officer left by Buonaparte in the command of Minsk, whose conduct, in abandoning this important depôt, and allowing the Beresina to be taken in reverse, he conceives to have had a most pernicious influence on the fate of the campaign, and to have reduced matters to such an extremity, that a fortunate combination of circumstances alone facilitated the passage of the French army across the river. This general appears, indeed, to have been unequal to a charge of so much responsibility; no steps were taken by him to destroy the magazines in the town when he determined upon a retreat, nor to assemble a force which might oppose Chichagoff with success; but we are far from thinking with the writer, that the preservation of this post would have saved the French army, notwithstanding its disasters; nor should we, after all the events which have since taken place, have expected to meet with the question which occurs in the notes:—'If Buonaparte had succeeded in wintering behind the Beresina, who knows what turn affairs might have taken?'—*Trans.* p. 16.

We have here a remarkable instance of inconsistency on the part of General Vaudoncourt, or rather, perhaps, a trait of national vanity: When he contends that the magazines formed by Buonaparte

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in Minsk (however well stored they might be) would have enabled the French army to maintain itself behind the Beresina against the united force of Russia during the winter, he appears to forget that the whole tenor of his book is to demonstrate the impossibility of defending this or any similar position against a powerful attack when conducted with enterprise and skill.

That Buonaparte, in case he was driven from the first line, presented by the Dnieper and Smolensko, had looked forward to Minsk, and the Beresina as a second, from which to resume his operations, with more effect in the spring, cannot be doubted; but, surely, these projects must have been formed in brighter moments of success; these visions must have been dissipated before he reached the Beresina, and Minsk would ultimately have proved as unstable winter-quarters to his jaded troops as Mosco and Smolensko.

The admiral left Minsk on the 19th November, marching in three divisions upon the Beresina. At Borisof the corps of Count Lambert came in contact with Dombrowski, who was most advantageously posted, and after a severe engagement compelled him to retire to the left bank of the river with considerable loss. Oudinot, in the mean time, was rapidly advancing to the support of Dombrowski, and the admiral ought then (as it appears never to have been his intention to carry on operations on the opposite side of the river) to have destroyed the bridge at Borisof, to have prepared to fire the town if necessary, following up the mode of defence which had been pursued with so much success elsewhere during the whole of the campaign, and by these precautions to have rendered the passage a matter of so great difficulty that a very small force would only have been required to watch it;—none of these steps were taken. Here, however, the enemy kept a considerable force and a numerous artillery, with the apparent intention of attempting that passage which they were meditating elsewhere. The admiral was certainly deceived by these demonstrations.

Soit que les feux placés en face de l'ennemi lui eussent masqué cette manœuvre, et lui eussent fait croire, que toute notre armée étoit concentrée sur cette ligne; soit qu'il se fut persuadé que le passage par un autre point fut absolument impraticable, il ne bougea pas, et n'eut pas même l'air de nous observer. — *R. Bourgeois*, p. 142.

We find it contended in the notes to the translation, that the only deception which really imposed upon the admiral, and proved fatal to his designs, was that which was practised upon him, no doubt unintentionally, by his friends; that he was deceived in the hope of Heriot's arrival, in the junction with General Wittgenstein, and in Kutusoff's slow pursuit; however this may be, the only effect which the operations of the enemy appear at this time to have produced upon him was, to induce him to extend his right, which

he immediately did, leaving only a small force at Weselovo, where the French actually did effect a passage on the 26th. It is said that he made this movement in consequence of orders from Kutusoff, who had received information that the enemy intended to try to cross at Beresina, to the south of Borisof; but Chichagoff, being near the scene of action, ought to have known that this information was incorrect, and to have taken his measures accordingly.

It is stated by General Vaudencourt, that Buonaparte finding on his approach to the Beresina that he had gained but three days the start of Kutusoff's advanced-guard, resolved upon forcing the passage of the river; and that having done so, his first object was, to ascertain whether the points of Borisof and Weselovo (which are evidently the only two places which he considered practicable) were strongly guarded; for if Wittgenstein had already formed a junction with Chichagoff, (which was extremely probable,) all attempts at crossing the river might be considered as nearly hopeless. The general then explains the cause of this anxiety on the part of Buonaparte, and at the same time enumerates the chief circumstances which ought to have given confidence to Admiral Chichagoff, whilst they served to discourage the hopes of the retreating army. 'The nature of the ground,' says he, 'was of itself very unfavourable to a forced attack, even though supported by superior numbers: at Borisof we had to defile over a bridge six hundred yards in length, under the fire of batteries placed on the heights in front of us, and forming a semi-circle, in which we should be enclosed. At Weselovo, it is true, the heights commanding the passage were on our side; but adjoining to the opposite bank was a swamp, across which the road was very narrow; and in such a situation it would hardly have been possible to draw out our columns into line, (deployée,) which it would be necessary to do, in order to contend with a considerable force.'—*Trans. of Relation Impartiale*, p. 44.

Had Chichagoff divided the force under his orders in a more judicious manner, he might have rendered the passage of the French a most hazardous enterprise without the aid of Wittgenstein; and the apprehensions of Buonaparte might have been completely realized. The French began to pass the river on the afternoon of the 26th, and the march was continued, without interruption from the Russians, during the whole of that night. Buonaparte had expected here a most obstinate resistance, (as is stated by René Boingeois,) instead of which he found that his operations were not interrupted except by a feeble cannonade, which soon ceased entirely; and that the force under Tchaplitz, which was posted on the right bank, was totally insufficient to make any successful opposition, or to profit by the unfavourable nature of the ground for the landing of

of the French. The translator, in a note upon this part of the narrative, endeavours to explain, in the following manner, what appears to manifest a want of energy on the part of General Tchaplitz:—'It was, no doubt, difficult to reply with vigour to a battery which, placed on an eminence by the side of a river, with full play on the country below, commanded a range of six hundred yards, and was itself terminated by a forest. The cannonade, however, was continued on the part of General Tchaplitz to the utmost of his power, and the contest only ended with the day.'—*Note on Trans. of Relation impartiale*, p. 51.

We are not disposed to impute to the officer here alluded to, any want of zeal in the employment of the small force entrusted to his command: but surely there are positions on the right bank of the Beresina from which artillery might have been directed against the enemy with considerable effect. René Bourgeois makes mention of a height on the left of the French, and parallel to the village they occupied, which was a source of much uneasiness to their army, lest the Russians should there place batteries, which might materially have impeded the construction of their bridges; and Labaume particularly states, that 'as the retreating army, after effecting the passage, continued its march towards Zembin, on ascending the right bank of the Beresina, the distressing scene, which was then passing on the shore they had quitted, could be distinctly witnessed.' From this spot, therefore, it is clear the French might have been annoyed in their operations.—There is another point which we do not exactly comprehend from the accounts before us; we allude to the actual state of the river at the time when the French crossed it. Admiral Chichagoff, in his official report to the Emperor of the 29th November, states that 'the Beresina is so narrow and shallow, at the spot which the enemy had selected for his purpose, that his infantry passed upon horses under the protection of the batteries, which had been placed to cover the passage.' Now this is completely at variance with the general accounts which we have heard of the rapidity and depth of the stream in question, as well as with the statement in the pamphlet before us, where we are told, that 'in consequence of a sharp frost, which had commenced on the 24th, the marshes were sufficiently hard to bear artillery;' and Labaume says expressly, in a part of his work which we have already quoted, that 'as the French army pursued its march to Zembin, the snow, which was falling, rendered every object indistinct, except the fatal river, which, half frozen, forced its way through the ice which impeded its progress.'

It is vain to say that it was the business of Count Wittgenstein to defend the passage at Weselovo, and that he ought to have reached

reached at an earlier period the right bank of the Beresina according to the orders he had received. That general, being well aware of the force which Chichagoff had under his orders, and that sufficient time had been allowed him to prepare the ground for the enemy's approach, was not called upon to make more rapid exertions; and in fact, as he arrived the evening of the 26th at Kostritz, he was quite near enough to make a diversion, had he heard any firing on the right bank of the river. His advanced-guard did actually reach Studentzy on the afternoon of the 27th, and it was the approach of his army, indeed, which chiefly contributed to the destruction which the rear of the French army suffered on this critical occasion; a scene of horror which is well described in the following extract:—

‘La plaine assez grande, qui se trouve devant Weselowo, offrait le soir un spectacle dont l’horreur est difficile à peindre. Elle était couverte de voitures et de fourgons, la plupart renversés les uns sur les autres et brisés; elle était jonchée de cadavres d’individus non militaires, parmi lesquels on ne voyait que trop de femmes et d’enfants, traînés à la suite de l’armée jusqu’à Moscou, ou fuyant cette ville pour suivre leurs compatriotes, et que la mort avait frappés de différentes manières. Le sort de ces malheureux, au milieu de la mêlée des deux armées, fut d’être écrasés sous les roues des voitures ou sous les pieds des chevaux; frappés par les boulets ou les balles des deux partis; noyés en voulant passer les ponts avec les troupes, ou dépouillés par les soldats ennemis et jetés nus sur la neige, où le froid termina bientôt leurs souffrances. Il est impossible d’évaluer avec quelque précision la perte de cette journée, parceque la plus grande partie des morts n’appartenait pas au neuvième corps; le rapport le moins exagéré des Russes la porte à dix mille hommes.’—p. 43.

The conclusion of this dreadful scene may be given from Labaume:—

‘At length the Russians advanced in a mass, and drove in the Polish corps which had hitherto held them in check. At this sight those who had not already passed, mingled with the fugitives, and rushed precipitately towards the bridge. The artillery, the baggage-waggons, the cavalry, and the infantry all pressed on, endeavouring to push before one another. The strongest impeded the passage of the rest, or threw them into the river: all the sick in their way were unfeelingly trampled under foot; and hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon. Multitudes, hoping to save themselves by swimming, were frozen in the middle of the river, or perished by placing themselves on pieces of ice, which sunk to the bottom. Thousands and thousands of victims, driven to despair, threw themselves headlong into the Beresina, and perished in the waves.’—p. 358.

The character of Count Wittgenstein stands deservedly on too high ground to require that praise which we may be disposed to lavish

lavish upon him. As an officer and a man he is universally beloved by his soldiers and his friends; and possessing great information, and a vast deal of military talent and enterprise, he unites with them that modesty and diffidence which does not always accompany splendid acquirements.

No man is so unlikely as himself to have been guilty of that disobedience of orders of which he is accused in the pamphlet before us, as no man is more celebrated for fulfilling with scrupulous exactness, and at any risk, the commands of his superior officer. When ordered by the Emperor to attack Polotsk, a packet was also sent him, which he did not open until he had carried the place. He then found that he was promoted to the rank of general-in-chief. The system of tactics introduced by him into his corps during the peace, proved him to be a most able officer; and the régiments which had formed his division, though newly embodied, distinguished themselves every where. His army was latterly increased by the militia of the country, to which the author of the *Relation Impartiale* 'is candid enough to give credit for fighting well "pro aris et focis."'—But we must remind this French officer that these new levies did not stop, as they might, at the frontier of their country, but that many régiments of them advanced even to Paris. Their exertions were in truth extraordinary throughout the whole of the campaign, for many peasants, mounted on their own horses, served in the advanced posts as cavalry from the very first day they joined the army; and at Borodino, the whole of the second rank and one quarter of the third rank of infantry were filled with militia, the greater part of which were without muskets, until they seized the arms of the enemy.

We have already stated that a rapid pursuit was not the object of Kutusoff, nor indeed was such a measure practicable for an army impeded as his was, by artillery and baggage. The French in their flight abandoned all their encumbrances. Kutusoff wished to preserve his army in health and vigour for future operations; and it was with this view that he decided upon moving to the left, (on Béresino,) as he states in his report from Lanniki, 23d November, for he hoped in that direction to secure provisions for his troops, which he could not expect to do on the direct route. There are other obstacles also to be taken into the scale,—the Dnieper, when the Russians arrived on its banks, was in a state which rendered the passage extremely difficult. The ice was floating down in large masses, (for these rapid rivers are never completely frozen over,) and owing to the slippery state of the roads, it was impossible to bring up the pontoons with the army. The French too had destroyed every piece of timber which could serve to construct a bridge. In spite however of all these impediments, the advanced guard

guard of Kutusoff under the command of Miloradovitch formed a junction with Wittgenstein's army at Ratoulitz on the afternoon of the 27th. Miloradovitch had under his orders fifteen regiments of Cossacks, twelve of infantry, and some artillery; and he was preceded at eighteen hours distance by General Yermoloff with fourteen battalions of chosen light infantry, a brigade of cuirassiers, and an advance of Cossacks; whilst Platoff, with all the rest of his tribe, was on a line with Yermoloff on the left. These arrangements do not shew any want of energy on the part of the commander-in-chief; and had he not conceived, like most other people, that Chichagoff had a sufficient force under his command, to enable him at least to arrest the French in their flight, until the main body could come up—there can be no doubt that he would have pressed forward with greater expedition.

We are glad to hear, from those who visited Russia in the course of last year, that Moscow is reviving from her state of desolation. The merchants and shopkeepers have in general rebuilt their houses, and the town will benefit materially in point of appearance from the improved regularity of the streets. Many of the hotels of the nobility too are restored, but it will not be easy to replace the cumbersome magnificence with which they were furnished. During the summer, the inhabitants, to the amount of 150,000, bivouacked in the open spaces in the town till dwellings could be prepared for them.

At Viasma and Smolensko the streets are still in ruins, and the same may be said in a less degree of Dorogobusch and Mojaisk—but the villages and wooden cabins are soon restored, and an uninclosed country can receive but few marks capable of adding to its general appearance of solitude and discomfort. The posts are every where re-established, as may be supposed, and those public buildings which had suffered the most from the French, have been repaired, and restored to their ancient uses. None were more injured than the cathedrals of Smolensko and Yaroslavetz. The latter was appropriated by General Guilleminot as a stable for his horses, who directed that a board should be posted up against the edifice stating that it was occupied in that manner; and this and similar indignities which the French offered to their religious feelings, appear to have exasperated the Russians beyond any other part of their conduct. But those who have no sense of religion themselves, cannot be supposed to feel for it in others; and there is something peculiarly horrible in the impiety and profaneness which may be observed in the conduct of the whole of the French army, even at a time when their sufferings might have brought along with them some moments of reflection.

We regret to find that amongst the arrangements which have been

been made for the recovery of the country, some regulations against foreigners have been established, (particularly at Mosco,) which are likely to operate in a contrary way. For though we can easily comprehend why the name of a Frenchman must be as much abhorred in Russia, as we are told it is; foreign wealth, and the spirit of enterprise created by a free communication with the natives of other countries, would be the true means of healing the wounds which this town, as well as the country in general, has received.

The Continental System, as it is called, (the subtle contrivance of Buonaparte,) gave a wound to the finances of Russia, which her subsequent sufferings and exertions have rendered still more afflicting. The exchange between St. Petersburg and London is, at this moment, less favourable than when the French were in the heart of the empire. Instead, therefore, of throwing new impediments in the way of foreigners, it would seem to be the wiser course for Russia to lessen or remove the restrictions to which her commerce has been so long subject. The great landed proprietors, who receive their rents in kind, are sensibly affected by the captious interruptions of the trade carried on with this country in particular; and we cannot but lament that, on the establishment of peace with Russia, a treaty of commerce had not, at the same time, been agreed upon. The judgment of Lord Cathcart, in military affairs, is said to have proved of essential service in more than one instance. We wish that he had exercised a portion of it on the subject of our commercial interests. These, however, he appears to have quite overlooked; and, at all events, he has neglected to provide for them.

ART. IX. *Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer.* By the Author of *Waverley*. Edinburgh. 3 vols. 12mo.

TO the observations with which we introduced our Review of *Waverley* we have on this occasion little to add; '*Guy Mannering*' is a work not only of the same genus but of the same species; for our opinion therefore on this particular class of novels we beg to refer to our former article.

But though *Mannering* and *Waverley* be of the same species and by the same author, we are not surprised to find them of very different merit. Had they been equal, the second could hardly have pleased us as much as the first; but being absolutely inferior, it appears relatively much more so from the predilection which we entertain for its predecessor.

We trust our respect for the talents of the unknown author has been

been so decidedly pronounced, that we may, with the greater freedom, express our opinion of his new attempt; and in placing *Mannering* far below *Waverley*, we may still pronounce it to be a work of considerable merit.

Its inferiority to *Waverley* is, however, very decided, not only as to general effect, but in every individual topic of interest. The story is less probable, and is carried on with much more machinery and effort; the incidents are less natural; the characters are less distinctly painted, and are less worth painting: in short the whole tone of the book is pitched in an inferior key. The scenes, dialogues, and actors are all of the lowlands; the language, though characteristic, is mean; the state of society, though peculiar, is vulgar; and the eccentricities in style and manners want that elevated and picturesque spirit (if we may unite the words) which charmed us in the mountaineers of *Waverley*. The time too of the action is lowered as well as the scene; the manners of Scotland, previously to 1745, were much more interesting than those which so rapidly succeeded them; and to pursue a metaphor of which we ventured to make use in our former Review, the Dutch portraits of boors in *Mannering*, though ever so well painted, do not excite the same class of sensations with those which we derive from the *Salvator banditti* of *Waverley*.

The story is as follows. A young Oxonian, of the name of Guy Mannering, travelling in the south-west of Scotland, being benighted, is hospitably received at the house of Godfrey Bertram, Esq. laird of Ellangowan; a gentleman of ancient family, but to whom no great portion of the land of his ancestors had descended. At the moment that Mannering enters the house, the lady of Ellangowan is actually in the pains of labour, and the Oxford scholar, who had learned some of the gibberish of astrology from his college tutor, takes it into his head to draw the horoscope of the new-born infant: this he finds threatens him with danger in his 5th, 10th, and 21st years. After performing this notable service, and leaving his predictions carefully sealed up under an injunction that they should not be opened till the 'native' had passed the first threatened period, Mr. Mannering mounts his horse and absents himself from the story for nearly three and twenty years.

Ellangowan was close to the sea, and afforded a point of union to a gang of smugglers and a tribe of gypsies, who are the main agents of the plot. One of the latter, called Meg Merrilies, a kind of ballad-singing sorceress, is the pivot of the whole story; but we must confess that the author seems to have swelled her character into a very unnatural importance.

Mr. Bertram, after a long and peaceful connivance at the smugglers and gypsies, becomes a magistrate and of course an auxiliary

to the excise, and a persecutor of the Egyptian race, whom he banishes from their ancient seats on his estate. On the day that the gypsies migrate, the laird is met by the retreating troop and is addressed with a prophetic imprecation and denunciation from Meg, which, like Mannering's astrological predictions, are all in due time most strangely accomplished.

As a specimen of our author's style, we shall quote his account of this transaction, and we are induced to select this passage because it is one of the few which affords an intelligible extract, and because it is certainly one of the most striking and interesting incidents in the whole work.

'At length the term-day, the fatal Martinmas, arrived, and violent measures of ejection were resorted to. A strong posse of peace-officers, sufficient to render all resistance vain, charged the inhabitants to depart by noon; and, as they did not obey, the officers, in terms of their warrant, proceeded to unroof the cottages, and pull down the wretched doors and windows,—a summary and effectual mode of ejection still practised in some remote parts of Scotland, when a tenant proves refractory. The gypsies, for a time, beheld the work of destruction in sullen silence and inactivity; then set about saddling and loading their asses, and making preparations for their departure. These were soon accomplished, where all had the habits of wandering Tartars, and they set forth on their journey to seek new settlements, where their patron should neither be of the quorum, nor custos rotulorum.'—p. 117.

'It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr. Bertram met the gypsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose great coats, that hid their tall slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broad sword without a sheath, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts, or *tumblers*, as they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepid and the helpless, the aged and the infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate care of the little caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr. Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to their drivers to allow free passage to their betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass."

"He shall have his share of the road," answered a male gypsy from under his slouched and large brimmed hat, and without raising his face, "and he shall have no more; the highway is as free to our cuddies as to his gelding."

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'The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing, Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, upon such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed him, without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition,—“Giles Baillie,” he said, “have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?” (The question respected the young man who had been pressed.)

“If I had heard otherwise,” said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, “you should have heard of it too.” And he plodded on his way, tarrying no farther question. When the Laird had pressed onward with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, in which he now only read hatred and contempt, but which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Charlotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.—His sensations were bitter enough.—pp. 118—121.

‘As he was about to turn his horse’s head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

‘She was standing upon one of those high banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural height. We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, actually adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf locks from the folds of this singular head gear. Her attitude was that of a sybil in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

“‘I’ll-be d——d,” said the groom, “if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit Park.”—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

““Ride your ways,” said the gypsy, “ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that.—Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram

Bertram—what do ye glowr after our folk for?—There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger—yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father.—And now, ride e'en your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan.”

‘So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foe her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find half-a-crown; the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.—pp. 122—126.

On the very day in which young Henry completed five years, being the first period of fatality, he and his tutor are met by a guager who is in pursuit of a desperate set of smugglers—the guager, notwithstanding his urgent and dangerous business, and the shot of the action which is already commenced, takes the child from his preceptor and hurries on to accomplish their double fate, (for it has been prophesied also of the guager that he should die a violent death.) The poor guager is murdered by the smugglers, and the child is carried away to Holland, not without the connivance of a roguish attorney who, in process of time, becomes, as is usual in such cases, the proprietor of the family estate of the Bertrams.

The loss of her son kills Mrs. Bertram at the moment she gives birth to a daughter; and after seventeen years of obscurity and dilapidation, the health and fortune of Mr. Bertram are totally ruined, his estate is purchased by the roguish attorney, and his daughter becomes dependant on the bounty of Mannering who, after a long service in the East Indies, returns, and with, we think, a more than usual curiosity and gratitude hastens to visit the mansion of Ellangowan in return for one night's hospitality—he arrives at the critical moment of Mr. Bertram's death, and the sale of the household furniture. It will be observed that both Colonel Mannering's visits at Ellangowan are unnaturally well timed.

It now becomes necessary to fill up the chasm of the colonel's Indian absence; and we are accordingly told that having married a wife, with whom he was desperately in love, and by whom

he has a daughter, he takes umbrage at the attentions of a young ensign of his regiment, which, though meant for the latter, appear to the haughty and jealous Mannering designed for his wife—he soon finds occasion to fight Ensign Brown on some other pretence, and in the duel, mortally, as the colonel supposes, wounds him. Mrs. Mannering soon after dies, and the colonel returns to England with a troublesome sentimental obstinate daughter, and the agony of thinking that his violence has caused the death of poor Brown, and consequently that of his wife.

Mannering had before cast the nativity of his wife and had found that she was to die in her 39th year, which happened to coincide with the 21st year of young Bertram of Ellangowan; our readers of course already discover that Mr. Brown is no other than this very Bertram, and that the astrologer's predictions of the danger of the gentleman and the death of the lady are both accurately accomplished.

Brown, however, recovers, and by following Miss Julia to her different residences, gives much uneasiness to her father, who, however, knows only of an anonymous suitor, and does not suspect that his old antagonist Brown is the cause of his new anxiety. At once to remove his daughter from this dangerous pursuer, and to afford an asylum to his adopted child Miss Bertram, the colonel wishes to purchase Ellangowan; but by one of those unlucky mistakes which, to use one of Mannering's own observations, 'never happen but in novels,' he is anticipated in this scheme by the attorney who becomes possessed of that ancient seat. The Colonel, however, soon obtains a house in the same neighbourhood, a choice of residence, we must be permitted to say, which does but little credit to his taste, and which appears utterly inconsistent with all his former habits and prejudices; in fact, it is but one more of those violent exertions of the author's despotic power by which, for the little purposes of his plot, he sets all probability at defiance, and does not scruple to overturn even the laws of nature when they stand in the way of the progress of his story.

To her northern retreat Mr. Brown follows Miss Mannering, (who witnesses her father's remorse for the supposed death of the ensign, with admirable indifference) and after divers 'hair-breadth scapes' from the arts of the roguish attorney and the violence of his old acquaintances the smugglers, he is, chiefly by the assistance of the gipsy Meg Merrilies, discovered to be the true Bertram of Ellangowan, and is restored to the estates of his ancestors, while Meg, the attorney and the smugglers all die by one another's hands. Young Bertram, of course, marries Miss Mannering, and his sister has also a lover to whom she is in due time united, when the restoration of her family makes her a suitable
match

match for the young laird of Hazelwood, and the novel concludes, like the ordinary run of novels, with the reward of all the good, and the punishment of all the bad characters of the drama.

We suppose that our readers will see in this sketch of the story visible marks of inferiority to *Waverley*, and we are sorry to be obliged to add that we think the details and filling up are, in a still greater degree, below that standard.

The first and most striking objection is the supernatural agency (for so it may be called) of Mr. Guy Mannering of Oxford, and Mrs. Meg Merrilies of Derncleugh. An Oxford scholar might, perhaps, in a family in which he was intimate, have amused himself, as a '*plaisanterie de société*,' in playing the part of an astrologer; but that he should have fallen into this absurdity on such an occasion as that of his spending *one* night in the house of an *utter stranger*, is absolutely incredible. But if this be incredible, what expression can we find to characterize the *fulfilment* of his prophecy? an event which, considering that the fates had fair notice that it was to come to pass, they contrive to bring about by very clumsy expedients! It is within the doctrine of chances that *one* such a prediction should be, by accident, fulfilled; but we believe that numbers are scarcely competent to express the chances *against* the accomplishment of the *second* prediction; and when that prediction is combined with another, pronounced at a different time, with regard to a different person, of a different sex, age, and nation, we believe we may safely assert, that all the combinations of Hoyle and De Moivre would be insufficient to calculate the degree of improbability, and that the statements in which the plot of this novel is founded are absolutely impossible. But we have not yet stated the full extent of this monstrous absurdity; for the gipsy-woman, in ignorance of Mannering and his astrology, prophesies on sundry occasions to the same effect, and her predictions are all accomplished in conjunction with his.

We think we are therefore authorized to say, either that our author gravely believes what no other man alive believes, or that he has, of malice prepense, committed so great an offence against good taste, as to build his story on what he must know to be a contemptible absurdity.

The next objection we have to make is, that the incidents of the story, though thus unnaturally brought about, and though in themselves sufficiently improbable, are nevertheless trite and hack-nied. The cave in the ruined tower—the death of the wounded bandit—the preservation of the traveller by the female accomplice—the den of the smugglers on the sea shore—the stealing away of the young heir—his gentlemanly manners, air and education, under all his disadvantages—his subsequent identification by means of a

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little bag, which he carries about his neck, and which is produced when all the dramatis personæ are assembled together to discover one another,—must be as familiar to every novel reader as they are rare to the observer of society and nature.

Our third objection is, that the greater part of the characters, their manners and dialect, are at once barbarous and vulgar; extravagant and mean.

In Miss Edgeworth's works, the peculiarities of low manners are made auxiliary to the development of national character; in the *Cottagers of Glenburnie* the minute description of scenes of vulgar life contribute to the moral lesson inculcated by that work. In *Waverley*, the picturesque scenes and the original manners of the country, the romantic spirit and the generous devotion of the characters are heightened and stamped, as it were, with the impress of reality by the use of the appropriate dialect. But the events and objects of *Mannering* not only do not require, but do not excuse the pages of barbarous slang with which the author wearies our ears and puzzles our understandings; and we assure him that we think his work, though it should thereby become more intelligible, would be on the whole improved, by being translated into English; and so far is the story from being so peculiarly Scottish as to require the use of the Scotch jargon, that the whole apparatus of the fable might be transferred to Yorkshire or Cumberland, without doing the slightest violence to the narrative.

To this, however, there is one exception:—an eminent Scottish lawyer is introduced, who certainly could not, by any ordinary process, be changed into any thing at all resembling an English, or, indeed, any other lawyer that we have ever seen or heard of, unless it be 'the little French lawyer' of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy.

We shall not pretend to know the character of the Scottish bar better than the ingenious author, but we are, with great humility, inclined to believe, and indeed to hope, that such a dull humorist as Mr. Paulus Pleydell cannot have had a prototype at the Scottish bar within the last half century; and that Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, &c. who are described as friends of this barrister, had better taste than to admit the intimacy of a cock-brained pedant, a laborious jest-maker, and a superannuated pretender to gaiety and gallantry: we know, that when these Scottish luminaries descended into our southern sphere, they chose companions of a character the most dissimilar from that of Mr. Pleydell.

We have thus stated, strongly and candidly, our complaints against this hasty and undigested work; but we must not omit to add, that notwithstanding all these defects, the natural energy of the author's mind, his sly observation of the details of society, his discrimination

crimination of character, and the unaffected sprightliness and spontaneous vigour of his pen, all of which shone so brightly in *Waverley*, are still, though in a diminished degree, to be found in *Mannering*; and though we cannot, on the whole, speak of his novel with approbation, we will not affect to deny, that we read it with interest, and that it repaid us with amusement.

ART. X. *Letters and Miscellaneous Papers by Barré Charles Roberts, Student of Christ Church, Oxford: with a Memoir of his Life.* London. 4to. 1814.

A BOOK printed for a private circle can scarcely be deemed a subject for public criticism. But we are persuaded that we shall render an acceptable service to our readers if we lay before them an account of the diligent talents, early acquirements, and domestic happiness of which this volume contains the memorial and the proofs.

What Shakspeare says of the course of true love; may be applied to the course of genius,—how seldom it runs smooth,—how seldom it finds a free channel! and what obstacles are to be overcome before it can make one, even if it have strength and fortune finally to force its way! To say nothing of the ‘mute inglorious Miltons,’ who lie in many a churchyard;—the mighty spirits which have never found opportunity to unfold themselves;—it is but too true that the greatest efforts of learning and industry and intellect have been produced by men who were struggling with difficulties of every kind. A morning of ardour and of hope; a day of clouds and storms; an evening of gloom closed in by premature darkness:—such is the melancholy sum of what the biography of men of letters almost uniformly presents. In the present instance, however, there were no early difficulties to contend with: Barré Roberts might, like Gibbon, have been thankful for all the accidents of birth and fortune; but the latter part of Shakspeare’s words applies too literally to the fair promise of this favoured mind—for

death did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen unfolds both earth and heaven,
And ere a man hath power to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick, bright things come to confusion.

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A biographical account, written at some length and with much feeling, is prefixed to the memoirs of this extraordinary youth.

'These memoirs,' says the writer, 'record a happy, though, alas! a very short life; a life passed in the enjoyment of affluence, leisure and study. They record a youth in whom the hopes and wishes of parents and friends were centered, and who justified these in the cultivation of his natural talents, and the exercise of the domestic affections, creating and maintaining the happiness of that circle of which he was the delight and ornament. To some who were connected with him by friendship, they will recal many circumstances to perpetuate him in their recollection, and keep alive that tender regret for his loss, which, when it is preserved in kindred hearts, is the worthiest and most valuable monument that can be raised to virtue. Nor is it presuming too much to say, that these pages may contain enough to draw from such as value the display of early talents, the wish that a longer period had been granted to one whose matured taste might have perfected the produce of his youthful industry, and whose diligence might have added to the stores of a mind formed by nature to accumulate and decorate them.'

The events of so short a life are soon summed up. Barré Charles Roberts was born 13th March, 1789, in St. Stephen's-court, Westminster, in a house which his father inhabited as Deputy Clerk of the Pells. After being successively at the schools of Dr. Horne at Chiswick, and the Rev. William Goodenough at Ealing, where his father then resided, he was entered at Christ Church in 1805, obtained a studentship there by the presentation of Dr. Hay at the request of Lord Sidmouth, graduated in 1808, and after a lingering decline, which began to show itself in the autumn of 1807, terminated his short career on the first of January, 1810.

'During the whole progress of his ailment, his mind remained unaltered in its inclination and desires. The thirst for knowledge continued, but the exhausted state of his corporeal system opposed physical obstacles to its gratification: he bore up with cheerfulness and courage against evidences of that which certainly he himself could not be ignorant of, and lamented only the languor of nervous debility which rendered him unable to pursue his favourite and wonted occupations. To those about him he always spoke in a tone of hope and confidence in his recovery; no word of complaint, no appeal to pity ever escaped him. Of all the house, he for whose sake every one was suffering appeared to suffer the least.

'This exercise of patience and effort, to support the spirits of his parents was continued unremittingly to the first of January, 1810, and ceased only with existence.

'The last and unequivocal symptom took place only twenty-four hours previously. Painful as the recollection and detail of these circumstances must be to the writer of this Memoir, to whom Barré was endeared by many ties of affinity and esteem, he does not shrink from the

the task while one duty remains to be performed to his friend and relation. The strength of affection triumphed in a moment when life and death were struggling. The world was passing away, the fair hopes and blossom of youth were withering, energy was benumbed, every interest was fading fast from the scene—one only remained to animate and light it to the last moment. The sentiment of filial love survived all others. He had desired, with admirable fortitude, to be acquainted with his real state, and when Mr. Douglas, who attended him professionally, and had passed the night in his chamber, communicated to him the truth, he received it without alarm or surprise. "Then take care of my Mother. Do not leave her," he cried, with a prescience of what her sufferings would be. His father was summoned to his chamber; and such was the tranquillity and cheerfulness of Barré's countenance and manner, that hope even in those moments could not be stifled. Death could have no terrors for himself. His spirit was about to be rendered up pure and unspotted as he had received it; and if any thing marked his transition to a better state, it was a smile and a look of intenser love, that fixed his eyes on the objects which had ever been the first and dearest to them.—p. xliii.

We could not forbear inserting a passage, painful as it is, which reflects so much honour upon the subject and the writer.

The letters chiefly consist of Barré's correspondence with his parents during his residence at the University. They exhibit the rare union of a playful disposition with a predilection for antiquarian researches, and would, if only on this account, be well worthy of being thus preserved. But in another respect they are highly interesting: a few of his father's letters are inserted where they were required to make his own more clearly understood; and it is not possible to conceive a more beautiful idea of the intercourse between parent and child than is here exhibited;—the father always attentive to the real welfare of his son, always entering into his pursuits, encouraging and assisting them, always affectionate and always prudent; giving the wisest counsel in the most endearing manner, and finding his reward in the perfect confidence, the perfect friendship and the perfect duty of his child.

The correspondence begins with the young student's first arrival at Oxford. Aware of what had been, at no very remote period, the contagious vice of the universities, his father writes to caution him against the abuse of wine, expressing 'the fears of affection, which,' he says, 'I doubt not are groundless, as far as your own inclination may govern; but I am not to learn how often the frequent occurrence of bad example prevails over the best intentions.' Barré, who knew not so well what the manners of the place had been, and who had no propensity that required a curb, replies, 'I shall endorse your letter of yesterday, "advising me to leave off my old habit of drunkenness,"' and concludes by saying, 'I have been

to a wine party, and am dead drunk as you advised.' His feelings respecting the university may best be related in his own words.

'You fear my residence here is uncomfortable, and it is therefore incumbent upon me to hasten to remove any idea that I am compelled to remain here in opposition to my own inclinations.

'If in a moment of solitude, or perhaps of vexation, I am led to contrast a transient adversity with the undisturbed repose which I have enjoyed, and which I only exist in hoping to enjoy again, it is not in such a time that my more solid and real feelings can be judged of. I perfectly agree with all your notions respecting the advantages of the University with regard to reputation and fortune; but you are a most convincing and decisive proof, that every advantage expected here may be obtained otherwise.'—p. 47.

'While I was attempting to shew you how little the University should be regretted, I perhaps failed to assure you, that I am happy to be a member of it.

'Solitude is little painful to me; there are very few that I wish to interrupt it, and those are my own family, and very old friends. It amuses me, indeed, to walk perhaps for an hour or two in discourse with the few I live with here, but I return to my rooms with the prospect of passing the latter half of the day alone, in the best spirits, and with the most perfect content. There are, perhaps, moments, when tired with thought, or reading, I should wish to hear a footstep; then I am dull: and in what situation of life can I ever be, wherein I shall not pass many melancholy moments?'—p. 49.

The latter part of his residence was clouded by ill health, and by a feverish fear of failing in the examination for his degree; this in all probability accelerated the progress of that fatal malady which had already begun its work. In his case, perhaps, born as he was with a delicate frame, his life could not, under any circumstances, have been much prolonged; but stronger constitutions have sunk under this wearing and wasting excitement. The reform in the examinations was indispensable; but it is to be wished that some means could be devised which might prevent this most serious evil. He speaks of the approaching trial with great judgment.

'No other kind of examinations can be at all compared with them; there are no other means in which a man's intellectual character is brought to a trial: what approaches nearest to an examination in this respect, is a man speaking in parliament: that is a test of ability, but not near so accurate a one as an academical examination. In the latter, you propose yourself as being able to give the sense of certain authors, and to answer questions in certain sciences. It is a known fact, that nine-tenths of mankind can do both; if, therefore, you fail, it is owing to defect either of penetration or of application: if the former is allowed, you are declared to be so stupid and dull a man, that you cannot do what every one else can do; if the latter, you are justly asked, what have you been doing in all the years which have been devoted

voted to your education? If you reply, hunting and playing at billiards, you plead vacuity of mind; if you answer, I have been reading useful books, of another sort, it is as if Buckland, when employed by you to make new book-shelves, should employ himself in forming a mahogany table; in short, Cicero would put it thus:

Men are plucked from	{	1st, Stupidity arising	{	1st, Want of penetration.
		from		2d, Want of memory.
		2d, Idleness		1st, Doing nothing at all.
				2d, Doing something useless.

However, I do not apply all these pretty qualities to myself; I only mean, that if there is a doubt of success, it is a very awful one. La Rochefoucauld observes, "Every one says he has a bad memory; and no one says he has weak or bad judgment." Memory is considered as a contingency, but no one can bear the imputation of wanting common sense or abilities. Mr. G. is very well satisfied with my knowledge of all the leading facts in logic, ethics, and theology; in them I place all my strength: as to construing, I deeply feel the want of the discipline of a public school.—pp. 66, 67.

He stood for no honours, but acquitted himself as well as he wished and better than he expected, though not better than his tutor had anticipated. He did not, however, undervalue university honours for others; for when one of his friends would have declined standing for what Barré thought was within his reach, he remonstrated with the utmost earnestness against the determination.

I am fully convinced that if you choose to qualify yourself for it, you may ensure a niche in the first class; and I am well convinced both from my own feelings, and from what little knowledge I have of our nature, that any early distinction, especially any literary honour, is the very highest advantage to all sorts and ranks of people. To be declared by the University one of her most distinguished members, is a character which it would be very difficult to get rid of. A thousand subsequent acts of folly will not be enough to eradicate it from the memory of contemporaries. It will be a passport, an introduction, and a protection to you for life; and I think if you heedlessly decline attempting to obtain it, you will regret your imprudence deeply, and frequently, in every situation in which you may hereafter be placed. For God's sake consider this matter thoroughly; you cannot be unconscious that your abilities are more than ordinary—your friends think them uncommon. You must have observed that men very inferior to yourself in intellect, succeed, because they have more confidence, more ambition, and perhaps more industry. Yet these men will stand in the estimation of every one, superior to you, merely because they have practised certain arts, and taken those pains which you have carelessly neglected. I wish to God I could express energetically and persuasively what I feel upon this subject. You cannot judge how anxious I am that you should come forward and assert your merit, and that you should not be prevented from obtaining an honour to which you are entitled, by not being qualified for it in other inferior respects; I say inferior, because I

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hold that reading the *Ethics* and *Aristophanes* in your situation, is like a man of forty thousand a year in the funds buying three hundred a year in land, in order to be qualified for a seat in parliament. —pp. 111, 112.

A few detached passages, taken as they occur, may show his mind in its lighter moods—it will be seen that it retained its sportiveness almost to the last.

‘An odd thing happened to-day about half-past four, Tom suddenly went mad, he began striking as fast as he could about twenty times; every body went out, doubting whether there was an earthquake, or whether the Dean was dead, or the college on fire; however, nothing was the matter but that Tom was taken ill in his bowels; in other words, something had happened to the works, but it is not of any serious consequence, for he has struck six as well as ever, and bids fair to toll 101 to-night, as well as he did before this attack.’—p. 18.

‘I have just had a tailor with me to mend clothes, who shewed me the pattern of a striped waistcoat, which he said was the “sweetest thing he ever saw.”—I suppose the Africans express their sense of approbation by calling things salt, as we call them sweet. Think of salt music, or a salt temper.’

‘I have been to Oxford in consequence of a fire at Christ Church, which was within sight of my rooms; and of course it was necessary to break all my furniture, spoil my books, and steal my wine, in order to prevent my being a sufferer from the flames. Unfortunately the conflagration extended only to singeing my ceilings a little; I sincerely wish the rooms had been destroyed, in which case the Chapter would have built me much better ones. My private papers were not touched; but can you tell me why it is that, though I knew there was nothing important or discreditable in those papers, I was more anxious about them than any thing else? My little books were all carried down stairs very carefully, but the folios, as being calculated to bear a fall well, were thrown out of the window. The fire originated from a beam which crossed the chimney, which is natural enough, as the building was not erected before the reign of Henry the VIII. and of course there has not been a sufficient trial before, whether all was safe or not.’—p. 116.

The exertion and the exposure to the air which he underwent on this occasion at a season peculiarly unfavourable to an invalid, were injurious to his declining health. The state of his constitution about this time is indicated in a letter to his cousin Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, which, though written with his wonted pleasantry, tells a melancholy tale.

‘I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in seeking and trying a horse for me, nor am I less sorry at the delay of the post, and all the other causes which prevented me from thanking you yesterday.

‘I can judge pretty well from your description of Mr. Hall’s horse, that it would speedily acquire a sovereign and unlimited authority over me.

me. If any body cannot ride him, I am the man; and the price of him is a sufficient proof that he is too good, for no man would have the impudence to ask ten pounds for the horse that I want, and which is the only horse that I can use at present.

My horse should be large, blind, deaf, and asthmatic: he should be extremely slow in all his paces, very sure-footed and lazy, by no means apt to start, shy, or canter. If very much out of condition, he would be preferred; and he should be warranted twenty years old.

This being my idea of a perfect horse, I would advise you to bind it up with Lord Bolingbroke's idea of a patriot king, and Lord Bacon's idea of a palace.

In short, my dear Uncle, nobody but myself can describe, and nobody to whom I have not described, can conceive the sort of animal that I want. In regard to fear of injury, I would undertake to break in Bucephalus. It is not fear of breaking limbs, &c., but stark folly, of which I am ashamed, that hinders me from riding. If my horse sneezes suddenly, I am agitated; and if he starts, I tremble so much that I am obliged to leave him to his own inclinations. The horse William lent me soon discovered my infirmities; when we had gone half a mile, he used to pretend to hear a gun, or see some straw, &c. and jump round; I immediately acquiesced and we went to his stable directly. A horse I tried lately, jumped round on meeting a carriage; I was obliged to say "you are very right, we will go home as soon as possible." On these occasions I tremble so much that I can hardly keep my balance. What is the reason of this I cannot tell; I am loth to say I am nervous, because I might as well say I am Windsor Castle, or I am the Convention at Cintra. Dr. Baillie would understand me as well, and give the same medicines.

Sanders, the horse dealer, describes in the Morning Post every day, the exact horse I want; but on going to him, he has either just sold him, or produces a fiery tiger that I would as soon eat as mount.—pp. 106, 107.

Do you not think the following a very good recipe for a strengthening plaster?

R. Olei Quercûs

Sanguinis Elephantum

Extracti Pyramidum

Aquæ Vitæ q. s. ut fiat emplastr.—p. 132.

A passage from one of the letters of Mr. Roberts, the father; shall conclude our extracts from this interesting volume: it contains a very curious anecdote in the history of one of our first literary men.

You ask about the anecdote which Sir Edward Walpole told me he was privy to respecting his father and Swift. Lord Peterborough, the common friend of both these personages, persuaded Sir Robert to take Swift into favour, and to promote him in England, urging that Swift had seen the folly of his adherence to Tory principles, was become a Whig; and a friend to the reigning family, and to Sir Robert's administration; that he found himself buried alive in Ireland, and wished to pass his remaining

remaining life with English preferment, on English ground. After frequent importunities Sir Robert consented to see Swift; he came from Ireland, and was brought by Lord Peterborough to dine at Chelsea; his manner was very captivating, full of respect to Sir Robert, and completely imposing on Lord Peterborough. After dinner, Sir Robert retired to his closet, and sent for Lord Peterborough, who entered full of joy at Swift's demeanour: this was soon done away; Sir Robert said, "You see, my lord, how highly I stand in the Dean's favour, you have witnessed the heap of compliments he has uttered!" "Yes," replied Lord Peterborough, "and I am confident he means as he speaks." Sir Robert proceeded; "In my situation, assailed as I am by secret enemies, I hold it my duty, and for the king's benefit, to watch correspondence. This letter I caused to be stopped at the post office, read it." It was a letter from Swift, I think, to Arbuthnot, saying, that Sir Robert had consented to receive him, that he knew no flattery was too gross for Sir Robert, that he should receive plenty, and added, that he should soon have the rascal in his clutches. Lord Peterborough was in astonishment. Sir Robert never saw Swift again. He speedily returned to Ireland, became a more complete misanthrope, and died friendless. I mentioned this anecdote to old Sheridan, who was outrageous at hearing it. I mentioned Sheridan's disbelief to Sir Edward, who was almost equally outrageous, and applied, in my hearing, to his brother Horace to confirm it, but Horace, for reasons best known to himself, had a convenient want of recollection. I have no doubt of the fact, though Sheridan denies it, and alludes to it in his life of Swift in the edition which he published, page 244,—pp. 20, 21.

Among the miscellaneous papers are Notes on Oseney and Boxley Abbies, to which the collections that the young antiquary had made upon these subjects are properly appended. In such researches he was indefatigable; but he was not one of that tribe who, to use his own words, consume the greater part of their time in ascertaining the exact position of a portal, or the precise dimensions of a staircase. He loved antiquity as devoutly as old Thomas Hearne himself, and this love betrayed him sometimes into such feelings of indignation at the barbarous manner in which the monasteries were destroyed, and into such expressions of regret for the ages which are past, and the ceremonies which are now no more, as to have excited apprehensions in his mother of a dangerous bias in his mind toward the church of Rome. He saw these objects at distance and imagination had coloured them; his feelings proceeded from a right principle, and his daily increasing knowledge and ripening judgment would assuredly have led them to a right conclusion. These antiquarian papers are completed with infinite care, but he complains of the scarcity of materials, and had not discovered that, as a necessary consequence of our Reformation, books of monastic history are the scarcest of all works in England; and that the English writers who touch upon that subject are commonly

very

very ill informed. Weever has misled him into an assertion that the orders of St. Basil, Augustine, Benedict and Francis existed in the earliest ages of monachism, and that all other Orders have been derived from these. He has been misled also by another writer in estimating the rents of abbeys, and using 77 as the multiple of value. This cannot be taken higher than 20, as may abundantly be proved by the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* in the 26th year of Henry VIII. Wheat was then valued by the commissioners at 6s. 8d. per quarter, and at present 6l. 13s. 4d. would be far above the medium price, though the ancient nine-gallon measure were used. Barley they value at 3s. 4d.: the best marsh and meadow land, (we are speaking of the county of Kent,) at about 3s. per annum; arable, though very irregular in valuation, appears to average at 1s. 6d., and upland pasture at 1s. per acre. These sums multiplied by twenty would very well represent the modern rental.

The antiquarian collections in this volume are of considerable extent. The remaining papers are of a lighter description. The first in order are some remarks on Gibbon's Dissertation concerning the Iron Mask. Gibbon's solution of the mystery is, that this unhappy victim of state-policy was the offspring of an intrigue between Cardinal Mazarin and the mother of Louis XIV. This king, he says, being born after a sterile union of twenty-three years between his parents, was suspected not to be the son of Louis XIII. a man whose indifference toward women was the subject of sarcasm in his own court. If Anne of Austria became a mother after her husband's death the fact would be carefully concealed. When Louis succeeded to the kingdom, and became possessed of the fatal secret, he was deeply interested in the guard of his own and of his mother's honour; for had her frailty been revealed to the world, it would have confirmed all the suspicions concerning his own birth, shaken his hereditary claim, and in a feeble or infant reign enabled some ambitious Condé to subvert his posterity. 'In a word,' he concludes, 'the child of Anne of Austria and of Cardinal Mazarin would have been at once the brother and the most dangerous enemy of his sovereign. The humanity of Louis XIV. might have declined a brother's murder; but pride, policy, and even patriotism, must have compelled that prince to hide his face and his existence with an iron mask and the walls of the Bastille.'

With this solution Gibbon was perfectly satisfied: he seems never to have asked himself why a spurious child should not have been disposed of in infancy. Mr. Barré Roberts argues, that as the mask must manifestly have been intended to conceal some striking resemblance, that circumstance alone would invalidate Gibbon's hypothesis; 'for, whom did the prisoner resemble, Mazarin or the queen? If the former, the reputation of his eminence might have been somewhat

what scandalized, but nothing more; and if he resembled the queen as much as a son ever does resemble his mother, there is yet so much difference between masculine and feminine features, that the secret need not necessarily have been betrayed. Nor, however striking the resemblance might have been, could any danger have resulted, either to the state or to any individual in it, from his resembling the queen. Mr. B. Roberts observes, that the person thus jealously confined must have been an object of terror to the state itself, not to any particular minister, for he survived several successive ministers; and that he was not an enemy to the state, but a cause of dread to it, because he was so mildly and respectfully treated,—he was feared but not hated. His inference is, that he was a twin-brother of Louis XIV. The Salic law has made no provision for such a case, and civilians are divided in opinion which of twins should inherit according to the natural and canon law. The government could not have decided without the interference and consent of the States-General, a body which it would perhaps have been as fatal for Louis XIII. to assemble as it was to Louis XVI. In such a case it would have been good policy to declare the birth of one child only, and preserve the life of the other in secret, to be produced in case of his brother's death. The resemblance may be preserved: the concealment and the mystery follow of course. This is a more probable hypothesis than Gibbon's, and Mr. B. Roberts indulges himself in a triumphant but respectful motto from the *Iliad*:—

Χαίρω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς

Οὐκ ἔστι δόκειν νικησέμεν Ἐκτορα δῖον.

But the policy which he supposes is, perhaps, neither so obvious nor so good as he represents it. The claim of such a concealed successor, whatever precautions might have been taken to secure the proofs of its validity, would certainly have been denied. The likeness would have been represented as the motive for the imposture, and the unhappy heir, if he had failed to establish his right by the sword, would have shared the fate of Perkin Warbeck. So many difficulties attend every solution which has been offered of this most extraordinary and frightful story, that we are tempted to ask, upon what authority it has been so universally admitted as a received historical truth? Mr. B. Roberts says, he believes the earliest mention is by Voltaire in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.* ‘for it is not a little extraordinary,’ he adds, ‘that neither Madame de Sévigné, Dangeau, nor any one of the contemporary writers who seem to have discussed every article of news, and every subject of conversation, ever make the slightest allusion to this mysterious anecdote.’ There seems less difficulty in suspecting the whole story

story to be what is now termed a *mystification*, than in any solution which has yet been proposed, or can be imagined.

Among the remaining papers is that criticism upon Mr. Pinkerton's Essay on Medals, which appeared in the first number of this Journal. At a very early age, Barré had formed a taste for numismatology, and soon discovering how far beyond his means it must ever be to form a general collection, confined his pursuit to the coins of his own country, including the Anglo-Norman. As this was taken up not as a mere amusement, but as a pursuit connected with and illustrating historical studies, he was encouraged in it; and the matchless series which since his lamented death has been transferred to the British Museum, will perpetuate the memory of the youth by whose persevering diligence it was formed, and of the father whose liberality enabled him to form it. Much more might be said of his thirst for information, of his diligence, and of his attainments. There are many who love to saunter in the gardens of literature and cull its flowers,—few like him who are disposed with wise and well-directed industry to cultivate its fields: what harvests he might have reaped it would be vain to say,—what his friends, what the world have lost. Upon this subject we dare not trust ourselves. Next to the contemplation of moral evil, there is nothing so mournful as the early death of the good and wise. Better is it to reflect that through the course of his short life he enjoyed every indulgence, every happiness which he was capable of receiving;—that he was exempt from those cares and incidental miseries which make the bitter portion of so large a part of the human race; that he suffered no other evils than such as were inflicted by nature, and that those sufferings are past:

ἰσχυρὸν ἔκπνοον

Κοιμώμενος διήσκειν μὴ λυγρὴ τῆς ἀγῶνης

καὶ τὴν ἀντιπαύσασθαι

τοῦτο ἔστιν ὁ ἀντιπαύσασθαι

καὶ τὴν ἀντιπαύσασθαι

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